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PERIODICAL COLLECTION



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Yours Truly
Edward C. Delavan

THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE



EDITED BY
S. F. CARY. P. M. W. P.

THE
AMERICAN
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AND
SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
OFFERING.

EDITED BY
GEN. SAMUEL F. CARY,
PAST MOST WORTHY PATRIARCH
OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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Among the many cheering signs of the present, may be considered as not the least gratifying the favor, with which works, executed in the finest style of Mechanical Art, and replete with the elevating, the refining, the purifying elements of Temperance are received by the intelligent public.

In the early periods of this Reform, the pioneers of the cause, sincere, ardent, laborious, were not to be diverted from their task to amuse the fancy or to please the taste of the public; they were not disposed nor had they time for art and embellishment. It belonged to them to break the ground by affecting appeals and powerful logic. Faculties sensibilities, energies were brought to labor on this "new idea." Then was a moving and collecting of the rude materials; then followed the period of arrangement, construction, proportion and finally ornament. On the deep foundation first laid is to be erected a superstructure of elaborate architecture of Corinthian beauty.

While vice far and near is exerting her blandishments, and displaying her seductive attractions, the virtues need not for the sake of contrast be constrained to assume a severe or repulsive aspect, and surely Charity the loveliest of them all may be permitted to invest herself with all her native grace of purity and elegance.

Under these impressions with anxious solicitude we present this Magazine to our readers, hoping that it will commend itself to their approval. This work will contain no elaborate, argumentative treatise, nor didactic essays but will comprise a collection of gems of rare lustre and varied beauty.

The Selections of *original* articles, prepared expressly for this work by the most popular and talented writers, give us confident assurance of public approbation.

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This work is undertaken with the design of adding something to the *pure* literature of the day. We are willing to amuse, in order to benefit and instruct—and if we cannot furnish an antidote which shall altogether counteract the poison which exudes from a vast majority of our publications, we will use our best endeavors to effect a partial diversion of ephemeral reading to the side of Virtue and Temperance, and perhaps even to awaken an interest in favor of this Reform, which may result in consequences both durable and beneficial.

Though something has been done, much remains to be accomplished. In our halls of legislation, in the drawing-rooms of the opulent, in the cottages of the indigent, there is still work for reform. The consequences of Intemperance may be found among the rich—gout and plethory in broadcloth; in the hovels of the poor—rags and wretchedness, and countenances to which God has forgotten to be gracious. Intemperance checked, chastised, severely rebuked, still kindles its lucid fires and pours its lethean streams.

While we feel confident of its favorable reception from the character of its literary material, we would say one word of the artistic embellishments of our Magazine. When the impressive present shall indurate into historic marble, this age will have its candidates for immortality.

War will present its heroes of the passing hour to be associated with those of Marathon, Bannockburn, and Bunker Hill. Painting and Statuary will be employed to preserve the memory of those whose scientific discoveries have almost exhausted the admiration of their contemporaries; and we will contribute our best efforts to transmit the memory of those pioneers in a holy cause who at least deserve a wreath as enduring as the blood-nursed laurel of the warrior. It is with this view as well as to add interest and give attractiveness to this work, that a portrait gallery is introduced of most of the prominent actors in this beneficial reform.

SAMUEL F. CARY.

# THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE OFFERING.

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## LITTLE PELEG, THE DRUNKARD'S SON;

BY WILLIAM. T. COGGSHALL,  
Author of "Oakshaw," "Ned Elton," "Tom Toper, Esq." and other Tales.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE CHRISTMAS SUPPER.

PELEG.—A homely name for a homely boy, but a boy as good as he was homely. Peleg Brown, or as the school boys tauntingly called him, because his complexion was nearly the color of a hazel nut, Brown Peleg, was the only son of a worse than widowed woman, who lived in an humble cottage on the outskirts of a village situated upon the romantic stream, Kishacoquillas, a Pennsylvania tributary to the noble Juniata.

Peleg's mother, one of those gentle women, who seem only able to hold life in its sunshine aspects, but whose experience is an evidence that they have latent strength for cloud and storm, was worse than widowed, because her husband, John Brown, had, for several years, been a confirmed drunkard, dependent upon the efforts of his gentle wife and feeble son for his food, raiment and shelter, as well as for the means, obtained through force and stealth, by which he purchased, at the village grog-shop, the numerous drams that rendered his wife a creature of sorrow, and his son a youth shunned and forsaken by the boys of his age.

It was Christmas—a holiday to most boys—but a day of labor to Peleg Brown. With his saw-buck upon his shoulder and his wood-saw under his arm, Peleg trudged through the snow, from one house to another, seeking a job. A pile of wood in front of the mansion of one of the wealthiest men of the village attracted his attention, and he begged the privilege of sawing it into proper stove-lengths. He was told that he might carry it into the back-yard, saw it, and pile it in the wood-house. It was a good job, Peleg was a small boy, but he thought how many comforts he might buy his mother with the money the job would bring him, and, with a cheerful heart, and a willing hand, he went to work. Noon came and he sat down on his saw-buck to eat his frugal Christmas dinner. It was a blustering day, and the snow, whirled from the tops of the houses, fell upon Peleg, until he looked as if he were a miller's apprentice, but he heeded not the snow or the cold, and was hurrying with his repast, that he might have the more time to work, when he found himself face to face, with a handsome, well dressed boy, about his own age, but of much larger size, who said to him :

“Halloa, little fellow, how much did you have to spend for Christmas?”

“I had nothing, sir,” honestly answered Peleg, somewhat

astonished at the abrupt question, "but if I work well to-day, mother will make me a nice pie when I go home."

"Ha, ha," cried the well dressed boy—"work on a Christmas and get a *nice* pie for it. You're a little unfortunate. Where *do* you live?"

This was said with an air, as if the speaker regarded Peleg a curiosity ; but Peleg was too honest to notice such irony, and he answered frankly.

"I live in the little house back of the church on the common."

"Oh ! ho ! then, you're the son of drunken Brown. No wonder you don't have any money to spend on Christmas. I had three dollars—*my* father ain't a drunkard."

Peleg was hurt—sorely hurt—but he thought of his mother and uttered no retort. He made his saw run glibly through the wood, and paid no attention to the careless boy that had taunted him. When he turned around to get another stick of wood to lay upon his buck, he noticed that his tormentor was gone.

This boy was the only son of the merchant for whom Peleg was sawing wood. When he left the yard, he ran into the parlor, where his mother, father and sister were sitting, and marching up to the latter, he whispered,

"There's a character in the yard, Jane, a chap that'll just suit you. He is sawing wood on Christmas to get a pie at night. Ain't he a character?"

"What character," inquired the father, catching the last words, "come, Frank, what mischief have you been up to now?"

"Nothing, Pa," returned the boy, "only I had been out to see my pony, when I found a character in the yard—the son of drunkard Brown is sawing our wood, and I had some fun with him."

"You did not make fun of his misfortunes, I hope, my son," said the mother.

"No, mamma," returned Frank, "I only laughed at him a little for having to saw wood on Christmas, and being content with a *nice* pie at night."

"That was naughty, Frank," said Jane.

"Come, come, Jane," interrupted the father, "let Frank have his sport to-day. You may preach to him to-morrow. But, Frank, you must not associate with drunkard's sons and wood-sawyers. It is bad enough to have *one* in the family given to such company."

The last sentence was intended as a reprimand to Jane. She felt it, and left the parlor. As she walked to her own room, the tears started in her eyes, and her heart said "Why does not father love me? He tells me I am homely. He says Frank is his only pride: but I love father, though he never does call me Pet. I'm sure if I do associate with drunkard's children it's not to disobey *Pa*, but it is because I love to see them have something good to eat, and wear. Ma loves me for this, and other people say I am good. Why does not *Pa* love me?"

Again, and again she asked herself this question, and still she could find no answer, but that she was a homely girl, and Frank was a handsome boy. She did not feel that her father was a worldly man—one whose heart was on houses and lands and stocks and bills—that he loved Frank because he was fine looking, and, what the parent was pleased to term, a "*sharp*" boy—that he expected him to sustain the credit of the house of Pridore & Co., and that he had nothing to expect of Jane, because she was not only homely, but seemed to have no joy in the society of the rich and proud who visited his house—would rather, even when it stormed, carry a basket of clothing around to the poor children in the neighborhood, than sit in the parlor

and play the piano for visitors. Frank laughed at Jane for these "*whims*." He loved the dashing company that visited his father's house—he was well pleased when his father allowed him to sit down with the proud visitors to a rich supper, and drink the choice wine which flowed freely around the board. Sometimes his mother thought he took too much wine, but the father said,

"No. It don't hurt him. He's of the real Pridore stock. He knows what good wine is, and it is *good* for him."

Night was approaching—little Peleg prepared to quit work for the day. His "job" was not finished, but he sent a modest request into the house that, as it was Christmas, he might be paid for what he had done; promising to come on the morrow and complete his work. His request was granted, and he was carefully placing the hard earned sixpences in the pocket of his ragged jacket, when a young lady crossed the yard towards him. It was Jane; who had determined to do something for the drunkard's son, which would cause him to forget Frank's harshness, and remember that Christmas with pleasure.

She spoke kindly to Peleg, and told him he must not think hard of what her brother had said. He was a thoughtless boy.

"I didn't only for a moment, kind lady," said Peleg, "I know he doesn't feel what it is to be a drunkard's son. I am a poor boy, but I've got a good mother, and I love her."

"You are a good boy," said Jane, "stay here a moment. I have something to send your mother."

Peleg put down his saw-buck, and Jane ran into the house. In a moment she appeared again, bringing a basket which was carefully covered, and which Peleg found to be heavy when Jane put it into his hand, saying,—

"Carry this to your mother, and tell her it is from Jane Pridore."

"We are not beggars," was on Peleg's lip, but Jane smiled



upon him so sweetly, he could not say it. Thanking her with a tone which made her heart thrill, he bid her good evening, and ran homewards. He had worked hard, and he was tired ; he carried his wood-saw and buck and a heavy basket, but the remembrance of Jane's smile was warm in his heart, and he walked not a step until he reached his mother's cottage.

He was gladly received—joyfully welcomed, and the basket was quickly opened. There, nicely and carefully packed, was an assortment of delicacies such as Peleg had never partaken of, and such as his mother had not seen for many years.

The mother prepared the Christmas supper in the neatest style her meagerly furnished house would allow, and when Peleg had dressed himself, in his Sabbath school suit, they sat down to such a repast as had never been eaten in that cottage. There was but one thing wanting to complete comfort—the husband and father could not partake with mother and son. He was at the village grog-shop, and he did not come home till long after Peleg had recited his lessons to his mother, and was dreaming of Jane Pridore.

The wife had left for the husband a portion of the Christmas supper in the most tempting manner she could prepare it, but he was in no mood for “delicacies.” He threw himself upon his couch—slept the sleep of a drunkard, and was away from the cottage again as soon as it was light, seeking his bitters.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE BIRTH-NIGHT PARTY.

SPRING had come—Birds sung sweetly in the bushes and modest flowers were springing to new-life in the narrow beds around the pretty cottage where dwelt little Peleg, and his mother—but within there was sadness, sorrow and death.—There lay a body, prepared for the narrow bed “appointed for all the living” from which there is no *newlife*—the Spirit *unprepared*; had been liberated, by violence, from the bonds which confined it to earth, and was now where it witnessed, in all dreadful reality, the degrading results of those habits which debase high resolves and yield holy pleasures, for the gratification of low passions and grovelling appetites.

The husband and father had been found dead, on the highway between the village grog-shop and his home,—his death was a violent one—what man who ever died of the direct influences of intoxication did not have a violent death!

The funeral was not numerously attended; from the churchyard to their saddened home, but one person accompanied the chief mourners—that one was Jane Pridore. She was welcomed to the cottage in a manner which showed that she was a frequent but never a tedious visitor.

“You have been so kind to us,” said Peleg—“You are a little girl not bigger than I am, but you can do so much.”

“Father is kind to me, Peleg. He is rich, and I have something to do with. If you were as rich as I am, you could do a great deal more than I do.”

“I’ll be rich *some day*,” said Peleg, I know I will, and

then I'll do a great deal. I'll not forget the poor, I know I won't."

"Perhaps you can do something for some of my folks some day," returned Jane.

"But you're so rich, you'll never be poor, and what I can do I must do for the poor. I never can forget the time when I was a poor drunkard's son, if I live to be a hundred years old, and get as rich as Stephen Girard," answered Peleg.

"I've read in my books, Peleg," said Jane, "of many rich people becoming poor. You nor I don't know what may happen; but I must run home now. Good bye Peleg, and good bye Mrs. Brown."

"Good bye, my little benefactress," said Mrs. Brown.

Peleg followed Jane to the garden gate, and there said good bye, as Jane went tripping over the common towards the village. In a moment she cried "Peleg! Peleg!"

Peleg ran to meet her when she whispered, as if the wind must not catch the sound and bear it to other ears.

"I've thought of something, Peleg—I've something to tell you, Peleg—but I won't tell it now—to-morrow, Peleg, to-morrow."

And although the boy made an effort to detain her, in a moment she was tripping across the common again. Peleg could not imagine why Jane should not tell him then, if she had any thing important to communicate, nor was he able to conjecture what she might have to tell him. He went back to the cottage, but said nothing of Jane's conduct, determined that until he knew her secret, he would keep his own.

When Jane reached home, she found that her father and mother had just taken dinner, and were in the parlor. She ate her dinner in haste, fearing that her father would go the store before she could see him. When she was ready to enter the

parlor, he was still at home, however, and she greeted him in her most pleasant manner.

"And where have you been roaming to-day, Jane?" inquired Mr. Pridore.

"I went to Mr. Brown's funeral."

"The Brown's have become great favorites of yours, Jane."

"They are nice people, father, and I could not neglect the mother, and that honest little boy, just because Mr. Brown was a drunkard."

"Well—well, Jane, you *can't* be Frank, and I suppose you must have your whims; I don't expect much of you."

"Now, pa, don't be cross, or scold me to-day," said Jane, walking up confidently to her father, and placing her hand on his knees, "I have something to ask of you."

Mr. Pridore was a man, who, with all his harshness to Jane, loved to indulge her. He was touched by her winning manner, and said, smiling,—

"Well, Jane, I am not in a bad humor, and it would not be strange if I granted you a favor, notwithstanding you have been a truant to-day."

"No, pa; mother said I might go to the funeral; but I don't want to ask anything for myself. I heard one of the clerks say, this morning, that a boy was needed at the store. Wont you let that little Peleg Brown, come? He'll work hard, father, and I know he's honest."

"Well—*well*, Jane," said Mr. Pridore, I should think you were getting familiar with the Browns. The first we know, this little Peleg will be a beau of yours: a drunkard's son waiting upon *my* daughter!"

"No—no, father; I am sure I never thought of having a beau. I don't want a beau," interrupted Jane, in her simplicity, not seeing the bearing of her father's objections. "But,

pa, do give this boy a place. He supports his mother, and I'm sure he's honest."

"You've set your heart on it, Jane. Perhaps I'll take this fellow : I'll see about it this evening."

"Thank you, pa ; not for myself, but for the poor boy's widowed mother," said Jane ; following her father, as he walked through the hall, on his way to the counting-room of the firm of Pridore & Co.

Whether Mr. Pridore made any inquiries respecting Peleg Brown, he never chose to disclose ; but certain it is that, on the morrow, Jane sent a note to the boy which, when he opened it, with beating heart, and glistening eye, he found to contain the following words :

"DEAR PELEG :—I could not come to see you to-day, and tell you that secret, so I have sent this note. You are to live at our house—no, you are to work in the store, and live at home if you please. Will you come ? Don't say no. I got the place for you, from pa. Come this afternoon. Pa will tell you what you must do, in the evening : he is so kind.—JANE."

"Mother—mother!" cried Peleg, after he had read the note over and over again, half a dozen times, "mother, oh mother ! see here—I told you I should be rich—I know I shall. See here—see what that little girl, not bigger than I am, and not as old, has done for me. I couldn't do anything for myself or you, but saw wood and run errands ; but mother, see what Jane has done. Oh ! I never thought it ; but now I will do something for myself, mother, and for you. I *will* be rich, and I'll have a store of my own some day, and then I'll give poor boys a chance ; and good boys, whose fathers are dead, like mine, shall have the first chance. Oh ! mother, we shall be so happy : don't you think we shall ?"

"Yes, my child," said Mrs. Brown, who, during Peleg's

rhapsody, had read the note ; " I am glad you have got this place : Jane is very kind to us."

" Indeed she is, mother. I love her so. I'll be a brother to her—more than a brother."

Mrs. Brown looked at her boy with a singular expression ; she felt the meaning of his words, but knew that he did not, and she was compelled to think that when he did understand their true import, they might be to him the talisman of his severest trial.

In a few days little Peleg was regularly installed, assistant clerk, with the duties of an errand boy, in the store of Pridore & Co. His salary was a meager one, but he was accustomed to frugality.

He performed his duties, for nearly a year, with such strict assiduity and excellent judgment, that he was more rapidly promoted than boys of his age usually are in extensive stores, and before the end of the first quarter of the second year, he was considered one of the most useful and trustworthy sales-men of the establishment. He had not been in the employment of Pridore & Co. a year and a half, when he was made assistant book-keeper, with an increased salary.

Jane had watched the promotions of her little friend with much interest, but, that he might hold her father's favor, she said nothing about him, unless spoken to in reference to his conduct.

Peleg often wondered why Jane was not as familiar with him, as she had been when he was a wood-sawyer, but as he grew older, he felt that they could not be brother and sister, except in such circumstances as placed them socially for ever apart, and whenever he had reason to rejoice over prosperity, he would go to his trunk, and taking out Jane's note, which had been most carefully treasured, he would again peruse it with a beating

heart and glistening eye, and say, as he had said to his mother, when he read this note for the first time.

"I will be rich—I know I will."

One afternoon, Peleg was arranging some accounts in a private room, when Frank Pridore paid him a visit.

"Come little Brown," said he, "*You* never have been one of us, but you *must* come out to-night, this is my twenty-first birth-day. After the party at father's to-night, where you will be, *of course*, the boys in the store will adjourn down town for a grand spree. You will join us this *once*. You *shan't* back out."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Pridore," said Peleg, mildly.

"No, I *won't* excuse you," answered Frank shortly, "I won't do *any* such thing."

"I have never been on a spree," said Peleg.

"*You* needn't spree, if you don't want to," returned Frank, "but you *shall* go." "I cannot go," returned Peleg, firmly, "I would not countenance a spree by my presence."

"Ah! I remember," said Frank, "you are one of these timid fools of wine, afraid of being a drunkard. *I'm* not; *I* need not get drunk unless I want to. *My* father did not die a drunkard."

"These are hard words, Mr. Pridore," answered Peleg, with a trembling voice; "if you live many years you will repent them; but I forgive you now, for your sister's sake."

"Pooh!" cried Frank, with a sneer. "*She's* another of your canters, who think there's death in a social glass of wine. We wanted no empty chairs at our feast to-night, but empty chairs are better than canting fellows, who have no sociability. Good day, Mr. Temperance Preacher."

Peleg's heart was heavy when Frank left him. He did not care for the sneers thrown at him, but associations were

awakened, which ever carry a bitter sting to the sensitive heart. He determined that he would not attend the birth-night party at Mr. Pridore's, an invitation to which had been given him by Frank, at Jane's solicitation. When he left the store after the work of the day was over, he despatched a note to Jane, in these words :—

“MISS PRIDORE,—A conversation with your brother this afternoon, in which my father's misfortunes were the subject of ridicule, will make it necessary for me to forego the pleasure of seeing you at his birth-night party. Your friend,

PELEG BROWN.”

Jane did not receive this note until she had been expecting Peleg for some time. She flew to Frank for an explanation.

“Bravo!” he answered, when he had read the note. “Bravo! I like the fellow's spunk. He forgives the *inestimable* pleasure of seeing you, Jane, because when he refused to join the boys in a jubilee after the party, I told him he was afraid of being a drunkard, like his father.”

“You were naughty,” said Jane, in a tone which, had not the brother been flushed with wine, he would long have remembered. “It was unworthy of my brother; I would not have come here to-night, if I had been in Mr. Brown's place.”

“To be sure *you* would not; you and he would make a good match. But yonder's a party drinking bumpers to me; I cannot waste time with *you*, Jane.”

Frank was gone to join his wine-drinking companions. As she saw him drink glass after glass, Jane thought of what she had once said to Peleg about doing something for her folks some day, and she pressed closer the little note she had that evening received, and wished —.

When Peleg had taken supper with his mother, and many times refused to confide to her the cause of a manifest depression



of spirits, he walked down into the village, found his way to his little room back of the store, and, taking up an engaging book, read and thought, and calculated, till a late hour. It was after midnight when he began to retrace his steps to the cottage. As he sauntered slowly through a portion of the village sparsely inhabited, he observed a man lying across the dilapidated steps of an untenanted building. He stooped to look at the unfortunate being, and ascertain whether he was intoxicated, or had been physically injured by ruffians, when something familiar about the dress arrested his attention. He dragged the apparently lifeless body towards a hotel a few rods distant, and by the light reflected from the bar-room, was able to discover that he had found—as it were, dead in the street—the only son of his employer. His birth-night spree had been too much for Frank Pridore: he had entered *manfully* upon the year of his majority.

Peleg was grieved and bewildered—grieved to find young Pridore in such a situation, and bewildered in respect to his duty towards him and the family. He forgot all the harsh words Frank had said to him, and determined that he would endeavor to get him to his father's house without calling such assistance as might make public the young man's degradation. He applied at the hotel, and succeeded in arousing the ostler, who, for half a week's wages, consented to assist Peleg. Frank was borne home. When they approached the Pridore mansion, Peleg dismissed his "help," and knowing the appointments of the house, he awakened a servant without arousing the family, and told him that he wished to see Mr. Pridore on important business, and that he must be awakened without alarming any other member of the household. The servant was faithful—he had often discharged such duties—and Mr. Pridore soon met Peleg, who conducted him to Frank, and explained the circumstances under which he had been found.

The services of the servant who had awakened Mr. Pridore, were further required, and Frank was secretly conveyed into the house, and silently placed in his own bed. When Peleg departed from Mr. Pridore, the latter said :

“I am deeply indebted to you for your discretion ; neither Miss nor Mrs. Pridore must know a word of this.”

“I have only done my duty, sir,” returned Peleg ; “I should respect your feelings.”

Mr. Pridore wished Frank had fallen into the care of any young man of the village, rather than Peleg Brown. As he stood by the bedside of his drunken son, he thought of the time when he knew John Brown, who died a drunkard, to be a wealthy and respectable man ; he thought of the Christmas-day Peleg sawed wood in his yard, and he reflected on the encouragement he then gave his now drunken boy, to take freely of that which had degraded him.

These were bitter thoughts for an over-indulgent father.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

Five years have elapsed since Frank Pridore celebrated his twenty-first birth-night. Peleg Brown was first clerk in the extensive store of Pridore & Co. Mr. Pridore had treated him with distant, but marked respect ever since the night on which his judgment was so nicely exercised for the reputation of the heir apparent to the Pridore station and importance. But there were now no occasions for the exercise of nice discrimination on this

subject. Frank Pridore was a genteel sot, and he was so regarded in the village generally; not that a man can be genteel and be a sot—but Frank Pridore's sottishness was genteel compared with that of many drinking men in the village. He was never seen drunk in the streets—he was never engaged in drunken brawls—his father kept the strictest watch upon him.

Little Brown's mother had been in the land of Spirits two years. Peleg had, through life, loved his mother with that child-like fondness which ever regards MOTHER the dearest of names, and he mourned her deeply.

The first clerk in the store of Pridore & Co. knew well that for at least three years the capital of the firm had not been augmented, and he well knew also that in the last year it had very materially decreased, and he believed that something of this state of affairs was owing to the insidious influences of the "siren foe," that had saddened his earlier years and embittered, for life, the recollections of his childhood.

At the beginning of the sixth year of little Brown's clerkship he was engaged to take an inventory of the "stock in trade" of Pridore & Co. When the work was completed to the satisfaction of his employers, he was informed that it was the intention of the junior partner of the firm to retire, and that he was desirous of finding some person who would purchase his interest. On the evening after Peleg learned this fact, he called at the Pridore mansion and begged an hour's conversation with the proprietor.

Supposing that something important in reference to business, was to be communicated, Mr. Pridore promptly invited little Brown to his private room. When they had talked together on general matters for a few moments, Mr. Pridore said:—

"You have, something important to communicate, I understand."

"I am informed," replied Peleg, "that Mr. Hanks is desirous of finding some one who will purchase his interest in the store."

"Such is 'the fact,'" said Mr. Pridore, "and I wish that I knew of some man acquainted with our business who could take his place since it is forbidden me to give it to my son, for whom I had intended it. Pridore & Son, I should have rejoiced to see that name in gilt letters over the door of our store, but—but, it is past. I speak freely to you, sir. You respect my feelings."

"For that reason I have called upon you. I have had some intention of making Mr. Hanks a proposition, and before doing so, I wished to consult you," replied Peleg.

"You," exclaimed Mr. Pridore. "*You*, make Mr. Hanks a proposition. Where in the name of Heaven did you get money enough to talk of buying an interest in the business of Pridore and company?"

"When my mother died the cottage and lot was mine, sir, I sold them for fifteen hundred dollars. I invested the money in property on the Creek, which has more than doubled in value—and besides, sir, I have saved nearly two thousand dollars out of my wages since I have been in your employ."

"Yes! yes!" said Mr. Pridore. "I had forgotten. You *have* been a saving boy—but I'll think of this. It is unexpected. I'll see Mr. Hanks. Leave me now."

When Peleg was gone, Mr. Pridore had sorrowful reflections. He reviewed his life. He thought of the time when he and John Brown, Peleg's father, drank wine together—he thought of Peleg the little wood-sawyer—of John Brown's awful death—then he thought of his own habits, and the gradual encroachments upon his independence, of the love for what had made his boy—whom he had regarded in his youth with so much pride—a reproach to his family—and when he thought of

his boy, then Peleg the drunkard's son came up in contrast, and with that contrast, a source of most poignant reproach, haunting him, he threw himself upon a couch, and conjured to himself the remarks of his correspondents in business, when they learned that little Brown was the junior partner of the firm of Pridore & Co.

The "*fates*" had decreed. Peleg Brown took Mr. Hank's place in the firm of Pridore & Co. He and Jane Pridore had been distant acquaintances during the whole period of his clerkship, but as he was now a frequent visitor at the Pridore mansion, on terms that were humiliating to neither party, the intimate friendship of youth was renewed between the little wood-sawyer and the little girl whose kind heart had secured him a situation of trust and profit.

Peleg had been a partner but a few months, when Frank Pridore was one morning found dead in his bed. He had been intoxicated for several days. The physicians gave the "*cause*" of his death, and it was announced in the newspapers:

"DIED.—Frank Pridore, aged twenty-seven years, only son of H. Pridore, Esq., of the firm of Pridore & Co., of *apoplexy*, on the — day of —."

Mr. Pridore was a changed man after this death. He knew that the physicians were guilty of a professional libel when they said his son had died of "*apoplexy*." Wine was banished from his table—the flush left his cheek—he became melancholy—absent-minded. The business of the firm of Pridore and Co., devolved mainly on little Brown. He discharged his duties with excellent judgment, and the credit of the firm was re-established. Mr. Pridore treated Peleg not only with kindness, but with deference.

When the mother and sister of Frank Pridore had left off mourning apparel in memory of the "early lost," and Jane

Pridore again went into company, Peleg Brown was her constant attendant.

One evening they walked across the Common towards the site of the cottage in which Jane first saw Peleg's mother. A handsome mansion stood in the place of the cottage : it was the property of Peleg Brown. Jane and Peleg entered this mansion. Jane admired the style in which it was furnished ; she complimented Peleg warmly upon his taste, and Peleg said to her :

"To-morrow it will be our home, and your father and mother will live with us. Come—I will show you their apartments."

The little wood-sawer and the rich merchant's daughter had been married nearly three months.

Mr. Pridore put all of his property into the hands of his son-in-law, and Peleg purchased the interest of the second member of the firm ; and if Mr. Pridore did not see the name of Pridore & Son, over the door of the store, he saw that of "PRIDORE & BROWN," and he felt that Peleg was a son to him.

The little wood-sawer—frugal, industrious and temperate—was the wealthy husband of the girl who spoke kindly to him in his severe Christmas labor. Now, he was the support and protection of him who had warned his children to shun the society of the drunkard's son ; and the youth who, at a father's prompting, had ridiculed his simple desires—taunted him with his early misfortunes—and abused him as an enemy to social habits, because he would not join in a "spree"—had met a drunkard's reward in that sphere where none know the right, and "still the wrong pursue."

CINCINNATI, *May*, 1851.

At the solicitation of the Editor, the following brief sketch has been sent us by an old and tried friend of Mr. Delavan—a friend who has stood by him and without wavering through many severe trials, and is familiar with his history, from childhood to the present day.

## EDWARD C. DELAVAN.

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

E. C. DELAVAN was born in Westchester county in the State of New York, on the 6th of January, 1793. Mr. Delavan was left an orphan at an early age. His maternal grandfather, James Wallace, (of Scotch descent,) was a soldier in the French war, with whom young Delavan spent his early years, laboring in the field, where he acquired knowledge, and formed habits which now, at the age of fifty-eight, he finds of use in the management of his farm. His paternal grandfather, (whose ancestors were French,) and his ten sons, were soldiers of the revolution; at the close of which they followed in the train of General Washington, on his triumphal entry into New York.

He went to Albany a poor, friendless boy, in 1802. From the dock on which he landed, that site was in view, on which he has the present year erected eight large stores, where the old Eagle Tavern once stood. That tavern was destroyed by fire; and on the spot, but for this, it is understood there would have been again erected a magnificent liquor tavern.

Soon after his arrival in Albany, he obtained employment in the office of Whiting, Backus & Whiting, as a printer. The reading a brief sketch of the life of Benjamin Franklin, (at the age of nine,) created in him a strong desire to become a printer. In this office he remained four years. During one winter, while in the employment of those gentlemen, Mr. Delavan, by rising and laboring out of regular hours before day, earned three dollars extra ; and, though he realized but half of that sum, he considers that labor, in its results, the most profitable labor of his life. During this apprenticeship, he became expert in all the duties of the office that could be performed by a boy, especially in the distribution of types. The benefit of this apprenticeship he experienced many years afterwards, when he became connected with the temperance press ; and, should a change of circumstances, even now, make it necessary, he could, he affirms, after a few days, support himself as a compositor. To qualify himself for doing this, in the exercise of some useful art, he considers the duty of every young man, however large his prospective fortune.

From fourteen to sixteen, Mr. Delavan was placed at school in Lansingburgh, under the care of the late Dr. Blatchford. This was the only schooling he ever had. From sixteen to twenty-one he was a clerk in his brother's store, at Albany. He then became a partner.

During his clerkship he was in the habit, after the labors of the day were ended, of visiting an eating-house in the vicinity, where about fifty of the young men of Albany used to meet in the evening. His usual expense for the evening did not extend beyond the purchase of a three-cent pie ; and even this he could but ill afford. Still, on one occasion he took a glass of wine, and began to long for admission into the adjoining room, where young men, further advanced in conviviality, assembled, where



the rattling of dice was heard, and where drinking was indulged!

One evening, when returning to the store, where he slept, reflecting on what he had heard and seen and desired; the thought that there was danger in the course he was pursuing, came over his mind, and he said to himself: "If I continue to visit that house I am ruined." Still, on the ensuing evening he went forth as usual. He passed on the opposite side of the street. Before him stood the house where his companions were assembled. He struggled for a few moments against the temptation. Suddenly the thought came over him: "If I cross the street I am ruined." Instantly he made the decision; and, exclaiming at the top of his voice: "Right about face!" he turned, and hastening back to the store, threw himself down on his bed, slept sweetly through the night, and arose with an approving conscience in the morning. And he has ever since considered the struggle of that evening as the crisis of his life, and that whatever of good he has since experienced has resulted from the decision made when resolutely changing his purpose, and, "suiting the action to the word," he exclaimed: "*Right about face!*"

And it is a singular fact, that in after life, in connection with Erastus Corning and J. T. Norton, he purchased the block on which were situated the two most frequented rum taverns, which stood almost immediately opposite the spot where he formed this decisive resolution; and having demolished the same, erected thereon, a large number of dwelling houses and stores, in one of which stores, during eight or ten years, he superintended the operations of the temperance press. From the desk where he sat during those years, he could look down upon the very spot where he uttered, in his boyhood, that laconic but decisive sentence: "*Right about face!*"

"Of the fifty young men," he says, "from whom I then

separated, leaving them to enjoy the pleasures of that eating, drinking and gambling establishment, forty-four have already gone to destruction. One, a most promising youth, and heir to great wealth, became so destitute and degraded, that he would brush boots at three cents a pair, to obtain the means for buying a glass of rum.

“Some of them came to a most terrible end. One, in a state of intoxication, fell head foremost from the pier at *Havre*, France, and became embedded in the mud. The receding tide exposed his sad and dishonored remains to the public view. Others came to an end, if less terrible, scarcely less sad.”

Immediately after the termination of the war with England, Mr. Delavan embarked for Liverpool, to purchase goods for the firm. He remained abroad about seven years. He then returned to America, and opened a wholesale package store in the city of New-York. Having successfully conducted the same for five years, and while doing a very prosperous business, he suddenly closed the concern, removed to the city of Albany, and retired from business. This he was led to do by hearing his particular and revered friend, Peter Remsen, remark, that nineteen out of twenty of all the individuals he had known, who had continued in business thirty years, had failed.

Among the last acts of this venerable and revered friend was, the giving of a thousand dollars to Mr. Delavan, in furtherance of the temperance cause. This benefaction was made by signs, and after Mr. Remsen had become speechless. Few dying men have closed their earthly career, by the performance of a deed so deserving of commendation.

While he was residing in Albany, Dr. Hewitt visited that city; and it was by him that Mr. Delavan became an entire convert to abstinence from ardent spirits. While attending on the discourses of the Doctor, Mr. Delavan also became impressed

with the idea of the efficacy of individual influence, and that it was the duty of each member of the community to exert himself in promoting the public good. He foresaw that the conversion of an individual to temperance *was the practical withdrawal of a customer from the liquor dealer*, and hence he embarked, with the zeal of a reformer, in what was then considered the temperance cause.

Mr. Delavan was, in some degree, prepared to be favorably impressed by what Dr. Hewitt should say, his attention having been called to the question of the daily though moderate use of ardent spirit at dinner, by some one placing under his dinner-plate a Tract on Intemperance. This tract he read before leaving the table, and after the family had retired. It was on the "Use of Ardent Spirit," by Ketridge, one of the earliest writers and advocates of the reform. One portion made an impression. "If," said the writer, "you wish to know whether you are in danger from the daily moderate use of ardent spirit at your meals, resolve to abstain for a month; and if, by such abstinence, you find yourself uneasy and restless, and dissatisfied with your meals, rest assured that the poison has got hold and you are in danger." This was the idea conveyed by the writer. Mr. Delavan at once made the mental resolution to follow the advice of Mr. Ketridge; and, much to his surprise, he found that his dinners, for the first half of the month, were very unsatisfactory; but, before the month had expired, he had ceased to desire his usual stimulant at dinner. He has not tasted ardent spirit since; and, from that time to this, his health, he affirms, has been gradually improving.

He was subsequently converted to total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, by his coachman, Patrick Roney. This man, who still continues in his employment, convinced him that the reformed inebriate could not be safe under any other

regimen than that of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. And, it being ascertained that at least five hundred thousand drunkards existed in the United States, it seemed to Mr. Delavan that it ill became an advocate of temperance to continue the use of an article, that not only debased so many human beings, but for ever prevented their recovery from that debasement.

Mr. Delavan thought that nearly the whole world were mistaken with regard to the fact, that intoxicating drinks were beneficial as a beverage, and that it was his duty to do all in his power to dissipate the error. To this end he devoted, unremittingly, the best years of his life; and that, too, in despite of opposition which few men could have been able to withstand. Besides repeated assaults upon his character, he was prosecuted by the brewers of Albany. The damage done them was laid at three hundred thousand dollars; and he was held to bail in the sum of forty thousand dollars. Still, when the trial came on, so abundant was the proof furnished of the truth he had stated with reference to the filthy water employed in brewing, as to compel a verdict in his favor.

During these afflictive scenes, friends of the first respectability were not wanting, who stood by him; among whom, none were more firm or more constant than the late Chief-Justice Savage, Gerrit Smith, Chancellor Walworth, Erastus Corning, Rev. Dr. Alonzo Potter, Bradford R. Wood, the Rev. E. N. Kirk, L. M. Sargent, John Tappan, Rev. Dr. J. Edwards, Azor Taber and Gen'l. John H. Cocke, of Virginia.

In embarking in the temperance cause, one object of Mr. Delavan seems to have been, to establish, for the benefit of all future generations, the *basis* on which the temperance reformation should rest. And here, as elsewhere, from small beginnings have flowed great results. Mr. Delavan having been

appointed, at the first temperance meeting in Albany, Chairman of the Executive Committee, it was agreed by that committee that if two thousand dollars could be raised, they would go on with the duty assigned them ; and that if not, they would not attempt to do so. It was found, however, after having made every effort, that the subscription of the citizens amounted to seven hundred dollars only. Discouraged at this result, the enterprise was abandoned.

But there chanced to be an old unsettled concern, in which Mr. Delavan and J. T. Norton, alone, were interested ; and Mr. Delavan having enquired of Mr. Norton what that concern would probably net on being wound up, Mr. Norton replied, about fifteen hundred dollars. The avails of this concern, whatever they might be, the partners agreed to devote to the temperance cause. The means being thus provided, the enterprise was commenced. The avails proved more abundant and more enduring than was expected ; and, like the widow's cruse of oil, they continued to flow, as long as a necessity existed.

Thus did this incidental provision lead to the enlisting of the press in defence of the cause of temperance ; an instrumentality which has since been employed to an almost incredible extent.

The training Mr. Delavan underwent in the printing office of Whiting, Backus & Whiting, when a boy, he considered providential, and designed to qualify him for attending to the details, necessarily connected with the various temperance publications he was called to superintend, in connection with the Van Benthuysens, father and son. Those gentlemen, during their connection with Mr. Delavan, acted throughout with entire good faith ; always endeavoring to diminish, rather than to increase the cost, and giving to the temperance cause all the advantage of the several and successive improvements in the art of printing

which they made. It is believed that they first applied steam power to a press on this side of the Atlantic. The consequence of their liberality was, that the *Recorder* was reduced from fifty cents to twenty-five, then to fifteen, then to ten cents per annum. As the price diminished, the subscription list increased, till it amounted to two hundred and twenty thousand copies.

By the reports made at the time, we perceive that, while Mr. Delavan was connected with the temperance press in Albany, among the works circulated by him were 8,618,310 copies of the *Temperance Recorder* and extras. This, it is believed, was the first paper devoted *exclusively* to the temperance cause, ever published. Among his other publications were, 1,549,050 copies of the *Temperance Intelligencer*, (a large sheet devoted to the wine question, and other questions connected with the cause ; ) and 44,000 *Quarterlies*, in which the first talent of the country was engaged.

In one year Mr. Delavan circulated 750,000 *Temperance Almanacs*. In another, 2,200,000 of the "Ox Discourse," that is, about a copy for each family in the United States. On resigning his place as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the New York State Temperance Society, he left to his successors in office ten thousand dollars. On accepting the office of Chairman of the Executive Committee of the American Temperance Union, he placed at the disposal of that Union ten thousand dollars, to enable it to commence its operations. After resigning his place as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the American Temperance Union, he continued to serve the cause, by editing and publishing the "*Enquirer*," a periodical devoted to the discussion of the wine question ; and the publication of *Dr. Sewall's Plates* and *Dr. Nott's Temperance Lectures*. Of the five numbers, about 30,000 copies of each were published, at an expense to Mr. Delavan of above seven

thousand dollars. Besides which, two large editions of *Dr. Nott's Lectures*, and one of *Prof. Stewart's Vindication* of the principles contained therein, and 50,000 copies of a mammoth sheet called the *Balance*, were scattered broad-cast through the State. Azor Taber, Esq., the counsel and fast friend of Mr. Delavan, prepared the admirable appeal to the electors of the State on the licence question. Of this most persuasive and powerful document, 600,000 copies were distributed. All these contributed to secure the majority of 70,000 against the granting of licences, to sell intoxicating liquors.

From the temperance press, while sustained by Mr. Delavan in Albany, 13,626,260 temperance documents, at a cost of \$123,331 75, were distributed in this and other countries. For the last twenty-two years, Mr. Delavan has been more or less engaged in directing the issues of the press, either in connection with societies, or on individual account; and the exact number of documents which have thus been spread out before the public eye cannot now be known. It is believed to be little, if any, short of 20,000,000, nearly half of which were sent forth *gratuitously*.

To assist in meeting the great expense thus incurred, many gentlemen, in different parts of the State, contributed with a liberal hand,—none more so than the Hon. Erastus Corning. In no single case did Mr. Corning decline to contribute to sustain the cause by his means when called upon by Mr. Delavan. On one occasion, when fifteen thousand dollars were required, and due to pay the printing executed and the agents sent forth, Mr. Corning, with several other friends of the cause, contributed, at a single donation, one thousand dollars; and at a time when it required no small sacrifice, in the circle in which he moved, to stand forth an example, as well as an advocate of total abstinence, he did this; and did it to induce a friend, who

was a man of talents, but in danger of ruin, to join him in signing the total abstinence pledge. True to that pledge, the latter has not suffered either the brandy bottle or the wine decanter to have a place upon his table.

After having spent many years, and expended such large amounts in this enterprise, Mr. Delavan was induced, by the advice of friends, to undertake the erection of a large and very expensive Temperance house, (in part on the site of an old rum tavern,) in the city of Albany. The erection of this house, on a scale suited in dimensions and finish to the claims of the noble cause, in the furtherance of which it was undertaken, and the sustaining of it after it was erected, involved a much greater outlay than Mr. Delavan had been led, from the estimates furnished by the architect, to expect. This increased and unexpected expenditure had to be provided for, by collections to be made from a widely extended, and, for the most part, an unproductive estate.

While oppressed by this unexpected load of debt, a claim was made on the services of Mr. Delavan by the friends of temperance throughout the State, in aid of the efforts then making to prepare the public mind for deciding correctly on the pending and all-important question of "License," or "No License." This claim was made at a time, too, when Mr. Delavan was oppressed with sickness and overwhelmed with cares. It therefore became apparent, that he must either relinquish the superintendence of the affairs of his house and of his estate, or abandon his duties as chairman of the Central Committee, to whom were intrusted the concerns of the temperance cause, at that all-important crisis.

Under these circumstances, a friend took charge of his business affairs, which enabled Mr. Delavan to devote himself, with attention less divided, to the duties to which he was sum-



moned by the friends of temperance. This gratuitous offer of his friend, Mr. Delavan declined, and proffered to that friend, for taking care of his property for the time being, a specific share of the same; which share, according to the present valuation of that friend, amounted to between fifty and sixty thousand dollars, and is understood to have cost Mr. Delavan a much larger sum. This compensation was considered by many of the friends of Mr. Delavan as disproportioned to the services rendered. Be this, however, as it may, it was given by Mr. Delavan, and it was claimed and accepted by his friend; and, having been so claimed and given, diminished by that amount the means remaining at Mr. Delavan's disposal for charitable or other purposes.

And besides, having been elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Union College, he embarked in the concerns of that institution with the same forecast and zeal which had ever characterized him in the previous enterprises in which he had been engaged. Hence he at once offered to co-operate in carrying into full effect the original plan adopted by that institution. Impressed especially with a conviction that the husbandry of this country was conducted on much less scientific principles than that of England, and that to enable the farmers of the original States, located as they are, on their long-worked and exhausted soils, to compete successfully with the farmers of the new States, located as they are, on the rich and virgin soils of the West—these long-worked and exhausted soils—must be renovated by an improved system of husbandry. And with a view to this, he proposed to establish a professorship of agricultural chemistry in Union College, and raise a fund of twenty-five thousand dollars for that purpose: said professorship to be filled by Mr. J. P. Norton, son of J. T. Norton, Esq., who had recently returned from prosecuting his studies in Europe. An overture to that effect having been made

to Mr. Norton, at the suggestion of his father, was declined by him ; thus, Mr. Delavan became interested jointly with the President of the College for furnishing the means, at their earliest convenience, for the erection of the necessary building, and furnishing the necessary apparatus for a complete practical course in agricultural chemistry, and also the necessary building and cabinet for a complete course of geological instruction. This undertaking, if carried into effect, cannot fail greatly to add to the reputation of the institution, as well as to the substantial and enduring benefit of the surrounding community, and even of the State itself.

Owing to these and other circumstances, the means of Mr. Delavan for managing his estate have been, to so great an extent relinquished, or pledged, that he has not been able to do, of late years, as much by pecuniary contributions for the temperance cause generally as he did at first, when its wants were greater and it had fewer friends. And besides, his advancing years have rendered him unable to devote as much personal attention to the cause, as he was once enabled to devote to it.

Nor has he ever been qualified for using to advantage any other influence than that of moral suasion, a kind of influence which has of late, to a great extent, given place to that of legal enforcement. Nor, till it is settled how far this change of policy in the temperance movement is likely to be successful, will its friends be induced to return to the original method of procedure, and, ceasing to invoke the aid of the sword of the magistrate, rely, as at the first, on the influence of the tongue and the press. Should this ever be the case, and though even then the younger friends of the cause must be expected to bear the heat and burden of the day, he will doubtless, should he have completed the works of benevolence in which he is now engaged, be found ready to co-operate, as an auxiliary, in carrying forward, by the influence of light and love, the glorious cause of temperance to its final consummation.

## AGATHA TO HAROLD.

A BALLAD.

BY ALICE CAREY.

I AM dying, Harold, dying,  
And would send thee ere I go  
The last chrism of joy that rises  
On the fountain of my woe :  
Rises out of joys long perished,  
Overrunning, once, life's hours,  
As some bright spring of the forest  
Overruns its rim of flowers.

Come they ever to thee, Harold,  
Like a half remembered song  
From the time of gladness vanished  
Down the distance, O, so long !  
Come they to me—not in sadness,  
For they strike into my soul,  
As the sharp axe of the woodsman  
Strikes the dead and sapless bole.

Life has been to me so dismal,  
Seems the grave nor dark nor cold,  
And I listen as to music  
To the shaping of the mould :  
When I see the few that love me,  
Gather close, and tearful eye round,  
Where our little quiet churchyard  
Darken's with another mound.

Just across the runnel hollow,  
And the hilltop, bleak and bare,  
I can see its lines of headstones—  
I shall not be lonesome there.  
In the window of my chamber  
Is a plant in pallid bloom,  
If the sun shines warm to-morrow,  
By my yet unshapen tomb  
I will set it ; and at noontide  
When the schoolgirls thither wend,  
They will see its blooms of beauty  
And believe I had a friend.

Think'st thou ever, O my Harold,  
Of that blessed eventide  
When our footsteps thither straying  
Turned the golden light aside ?  
When the skies of June above us  
Hung so lovingly and blue,  
And the white mists in the meadows  
Lay like fleeces full of dew.

While the stars along the heavens  
In illumined furrows lay  
As if some descending angel  
Pushed them from his path away.  
And the west was faintly burning,  
Where the cloudy day was set,  
Like a blushing press of kisses—  
Ay, thou never canst forget!

“Agatha, art young—thy future  
All in sunlight seems to shine—  
Art content to crown thy maytime  
Out of autumn love like mine?  
Couldst thou see my locks a-fading  
With no sorrow and no fears?  
For thou know'st I stand in shadows  
Deep to almost twice thy years.’

In that wine my life-blood mounted  
From my bosom to my brow  
And I answered simply, truly,  
I was younger then than now,  
Were it strange if that a daisy  
Sheltered from the tempest stroke,  
Bloomed contented in the shadow  
Of the overarching oak?

When the sun had like a herdsman  
Clipt the misty waves of morn,  
By the breezes driven seaward  
Like a flock of lambs new-shorn;

Thou hast left me, and O, Harold,  
Half in gladness, half in tears,  
I was gazing down the future  
O'er the lapses of the years ;

To what time the clouds about me—  
All my night of sorrow done  
Should blow out their crimson linings  
O'er the rising of love's sun.  
And I said in exultation,  
Not the bright ones in the sky,  
Then shall know a deeper pleasure  
Than, my Harold, thou and I.

Thrice the scattered seed has sprouted  
As the spring thaw reappeared,  
And the winter frosts had grizzled  
Thrice the autum's yellow beard ;  
When that lovely day of promise  
Darkened with a dread eclipse,  
And my heart's long clasped joyance  
Died in moans upon my lips.

I beheld the bright blue summers  
Cross the hills and fade and die,  
By the white arms of the northlight  
Gathered up into the sky  
And the while, the dove-eyed damsels  
Sun their beauty in their beams,  
All love's golden flowers entangled  
In their rosy skein of dreams.

Silent, sighless I beheld them  
To a thousand pleasures wed—  
Save me from the past, good angel,  
This was all the prayer I said.  
Sometimes they would smile upon me  
As their gay troops passed me by  
Saying softly to each other,  
How is she content to die?

O they little guess the barren  
Wastes on which my visions go,  
And the conflicts fierce but silent  
That at last have made me go.  
Shall the bright-winged bird be netted  
Singing in the open fields,  
And not struggle with the fowler,  
Long and vainly ere it yields?

Last night when the snows were drifting  
Into furrows, white and long,  
One that watched with me in sorrow  
For my comfort sang this song.  
Haply she was fain to soothe me  
For the anguish I had known—  
Haply that I prest the summit  
Whence my pathway lay alone.

O my dear one, O my lover,  
Comes no faintest sound to you.  
As I call your sweet words over  
All the weary night-time through?

Dismally the rain is falling—  
I can hear it on the pane,  
But he cannot hear my calling—  
O, he will not come again !  
To a pale one sadly lying  
On her couch of helpless pain,  
All the lonesome night kept crying—  
O he will not come again !

When the midnight wind went blowing,  
Rough and wild across the moor,  
Sadly said she, haply knowing,  
That her long long watch was o'er ;  
Then, whose heart is still divining,  
Every wish through mine that thrills,  
When the morning light is shining  
Over all the eastern hills ;  
Should he come, and I be dying,—  
Should my hands be cold as clay,  
And my lips make no replying  
To the wild words he will say :  
From my forehead take this ringlet,  
He has praised its shining oft,  
That he said was like the winglet  
Of an angel gone aloft.  
Give it softly to his keeping,  
Saying as I would have said,  
Go not through the world a-weeping  
For the sake of her that's dead.  
And as with the shroud you cover  
From his gaze my blinded eyes,



## PROSPECTS.

BY REV. H. D. KITCHEL.

Watchman! what of the night?

YEARS ago, when the world first awoke to the evils of Intemperance, and the first brilliant successes crowned the movement for reform, the most sanguine anticipations were cherished of the speedy and complete triumph of Temperance. The eyes of men once opened to perceive the terrible ravages of this vice—surely society would rise in its might and put away the cause of mischief. The argument in the case was so wholly on one side, so perfectly conclusive and unanswerable, it would certainly carry all minds and bear down all opposition. The dangers of indulgence once known, men would cease to indulge. The clamors of appetite and interest would soon be everborne. A short work would be made of it in the earth, and the victory would be speedily won.

So thought many an ardent friend of this cause; and a long succession of greater and lesser prophets have prophesied even until now, of the good time just coming. We have all, perhaps, prophesied at times in this strain. For how could it be otherwise than that such a cause should prosper and prevail! This is a race reputed to be rational. Does not the connection still

hold between a man's convictions and his conduct? And if so, our argument will carry the world before it. But still the good time would not come.

And even yet the good time lingers on its way. Still as we look out on the twilight, and cry, "watchman! what of the night?" the answer is—"the morning cometh, and also the night!" It is even so in this good work. The morning and the night still mingle and contend with each other in the sky. The red spears of the coming day pierce the heavens. One after another broad belts of light shoot up to the very zenith, and our glad hearts are ready to exclaim, "behold! the morning cometh, and the night is no more!" But ever again the night musters its clouds and piles them on the breaking day. And still we wait and watch for the slow coming on of the morning.

And now, may it not be pertinent, about this time, to inquire what o'clock it has got to be, and whether after all it is time for daylight yet? You are up some morning while it is yet dark, and stand watching from your window the approaches of day. Long waiting, watching, you have counted the changing hues of the East. But slowly the red blush creeps up the sky. Long since the stars faded. Impatiently you count the tardy moments—when, when will the sun arise? At length you ask yourself, "after all, *is it time* for the sun to rise? What time *ought* it to rise?" *At six.* And what o'clock really is it? *A little after five.* So then it could not possibly be sun-rise yet? You had no right to expect it yet. The day is doing as well as could be expected.

And so is this Temperance Reformation. It is not an hour yet on the great dial of the World's progress since this Reform shot up its first rays into the unbroken darkness. When did ever a moral movement complete itself in five-and-twenty years? When did ever a great practical truth like that which

has come down to us in this reform, displace old, popular, universal error, and win the world to its embrace so soon? Let us prophesy, but more discreetly. The light shall shine more and more unto perfect day. The dawn was never yet baffled and quenched in the sky—and the light of this Reform, in the name of the Lord, never hasting, never resting, shall yet come to the noon-tide. When it is time, the sun will be up. Already we can see to work. And the grosser forms and methods of this vice already hide themselves, like creatures of the night retreating to their dens.

Let us understand the nature of our work. It is time for just and rational estimates, such as these years of stern experience should teach us. We are hearing often that this enterprise is declining. Many hearts are growing faint from hope deferred. Their ardent anticipations have outrun the possibilities of the case, and they are losing confidence in principles that so fail to keep pace with their wishes. The brilliant triumphs of a former campaign are no longer witnessed. It is now a long level of silent progress and steadfast continuance; and many who were once among the most hopeful, have now grown weary and remiss. Oh! if this evil could be carried by storm, if one bold strong pull would end the strife, men would lay hold of it and do it up. But to endure, to labor on through long years after this sober sort, and having done all, to stand, that is work demanding something of moral heroism.

Very much to the surprise of many, and to the grief of all the good, this noble work has had a slow and embarrassed career; and yet this course of things was to have been anticipated. It is a reform, beyond others, of a nature to proceed slowly, and yet not the less surely—probably, all the more surely because slowly. Contemplate the nature of Intemperance, and the vantage-ground it held—a popular and universal evil—a per-

sonal, domestic, social and legalized evil—sustained by appetite and interest, by custom and law. It had silently moulded all things into conformity to itself. How certain from the first that this Reform, after passing through its period of derision and reproach, would finally silence all open opposition; would for a time have a career of triumphant success, and go from conquering to conquer; but as the enemy became sore pushed, and driven to avail itself of all its resources, that then we should find ourselves matched against a mystery of mischief more inveterate and powerful than had been conceived. Intemperance is proving itself the toughest of all vices. Defeated in one form, it assails us in another. And so, at length, as might have been anticipated, our work has assumed the form of a long and steady pull, and lives now not on its splendid victories, but on the strength of its principles.

The Temperance Argument is perfect. You may lay it before any mind with the confidence that all there is of rational in that mind will be convinced by it. And yet when you have carried it thus individually, mind by mind, you have not, after all, reformed society. The great common soul of the community remains unchanged. It is made up in part, it is true, of the individual sentiments and convictions of its constituent members; but there enters into the common social mind another element, that has little or no relation to argument. It is made up, in large part, of the customs, habits, usages, and current notions of the past; and these have power, for a long time, to hold a reform in check, even when it may have won the acceptance of all individually. The past is still vital and pervades the present. The social soul is not cured of its long use, and wont simply, by change of sentiment just now among its members. An old sentiment or practice, when once it has thoroughly possessed the world, may be most perfectly exploded, and yet for a long

time sway men's minds by a secret force, that eludes argument and overrides all present convictions.

And it is just this hidden force working deeply among us, this power of the past to force itself down on the present, and hold the world to its wonted ways, in spite of its changed convictions, that has all along held us back in this Reform. It is this, in great part, that now retards our cause. It cannot be reached by reasoning. The only process by which it can be corrected is indirect, and demands time and patience. A counteraction must be reared up. The new sentiment and customs of Temperance, strengthening themselves more and more in the convictions and practice of men must, for the present, check and neutralize, as far as they may, the working of old abuses. The world must be educated to the better way. We must patiently reconstruct the common social mind, and form anew an entire body of sentiment, custom, and current notions on this point, which shall go on to consolidate and establish itself, and be to the future for good, what the past now is to us for evil.

Now let it be well considered, how rapidly we may expect such a work to go forward. We began with a world long wonted to drink, pervaded with wrong sentiments, inured to evil custom. We began some five and twenty years ago. The men are yet living who were already growing old, when they struck the first stroke in this reform. And not a blow has been struck in vain. Individual mind has ever answered well to our appeals. We carry the convictions of men at every attempt. And still the great tide of inveterate prejudiced and blind unreasoning custom comes rolling down on us from the past. We cannot hope to suspend this influence at once. But we have been able to raise up a counter-force. New principles are every where warring with the old. This is the period of transition and struggle, and victory cannot declare itself as yet. The old system of

error feels itself losing the vigor which only the present convictions of men in its favor could give it, feels its life failing, and yet stands by the force of old notions cleaving to men's minds; and the new theory and practice of Temperance, while it cannot wholly prevail, feels ever a growing strength and an assurance of victory in the end.

Moral contests proceed slowly. The aim is to effect by the force of truth a great popular moral change. Such a work can be set forward no faster than our principles can work themselves clear in the minds of the masses. The whole body of society is to be brought over. Very naturally the Temperance Reform has found its friends, and achieved its triumphs hitherto, mainly in the middle stratum of society. It has now to pervade the two crusts of the social state—that of fashion above, and that of appetite below. They are penetrated with about equal difficulty. The dram-house and the drawing-room are the rallying points of Intemperance at the opposite extremes; and influences from both these sources are continually flowing in upon the center, and combine to resist the progress of reform. Factitious gentility and gross sensuality are about equally impervious to argument. We are hemmed in by these two, and meet on either hand a resistance that seems unconquerable. What hope is there? Time brings changes. Act on the middle plane of society—carry the great middle class, and the reform of the upper and lower classes is made certain in due time. Slowly the truth will work upward and downward—and what the truth cannot do, time will. Gradually we shall narrow the limits of these outlying fields which argument cannot enter. And in that which remains on either hand, the experiment must go through. The exclusives must even try it out, and bitterly make proof of it, whether natural laws will deal otherwise with them than on other levels of humanity.

Enough has been accomplished already, both among the highest and the lowest in social position, to show us that they too are within the action of this great reformatory current. The law of progress reaches to each extreme. The change is going on even in those who deny it and hold our views in contempt. But in each of these opposite social eddies, among the proud and among the sensual, this reform proceeds somewhat separately from that in the general stream of society. There must be time for the revolution of sentiment and custom to work itself out more tardily in each of these extremes. And meantime many a retarding influence will come down upon us from the circles of pride, and up from the circles of the sensual and debased.

Furthermore—how fluid is the whole mass of society within itself! How rapid and ceaseless the circulation that is going on throughout the whole! All classes, all sections, are pouring themselves through each other. This fact has more to do with the progress of this reform than we have been wont to consider. It forbids that any one class or section should proceed very far in this work of reformation in advance of the rest. The interchange is so free and rapid that the whole is kept at nearly one common level. One part cannot isolate itself and go on to perfect this Temperance enterprise within itself. Vermont or Wisconsin cannot pass on and complete this work far in advance of other states. All sympathize and commingle—the foremost are held back, the hindmost are drawn forward—and the Temperance reformation can no more be completed in a few favored localities, than can certain spots be freshened in the shifting waters of the ocean. The whole body of society is a unit in this matter, and must be carried forward together. The same blood visits every part; a common tone of sentiment is maintained; and one member, whether it advance or recede, cannot go far except the body go with it.

Hope has often been entertained, and the effort strenuously made, to retain a certain township or district free from the contamination of Intemperance. The desire is most laudable, and the effort is by no means wasted or defeated on the whole, though it fail of its immediate aim. Of necessity it must fail of that—this whole ocean of unreformed sentiment and practice circulates around it, presses at every seam, and will flow in and through it. What is done with such an aim has gone to set forward the whole great work. It is not lost—the level of general sentiment is raised by it. The real work it had to do was to reform the whole, and this it did in its measure in the attempt to reform itself.

Our East and West, our North and South pour themselves so freely through one another, that the general tone of opinion and practice will be nearly the same throughout. Circumstances may favor an advance in one part for a time, but it must ere long wait for the tardy. There may be local diversities. Our cities may lag behind the country. New England may reach the goal a little earlier than the West. But we need to know in all our work that, linked together as all parts of society are, fluid as the social mass is within itself, this Reform can advance only as it purifies and elevates the common sentiment. We must have patience while yet the unreformed shall flow in and mingle itself with the reformed, and retard every local advance. And our courage and hope and energy must learn to stay themselves on the assurance that our efforts, so strangely failing oftentimes of the effect we had anticipated in our immediate sphere, have gone to the behoof of the whole. Instead of raising a part much, they have raised the whole a little.

In estimating our resources for the future prosecution of this work, our firmest reliance is one that has attracted as yet only a share of the attention which it deserves. And it is one which



especially shows the need of a broad and comprehensive forecast and of patient continuance in this enterprise. Our hope lies among the young. In them is committed to us the shaping of the world that is to be. The generation that now is, labors under the chronic malady of Intemperance. Our inbred notions, flowing into us from the past, are a *nature* that will not be wholly put down. We in this generation are little better than *grog*—a mixture of the old custom and the new—a species of half breeds between tippling and temperance. We know the better way, and approve it; but the taint is in us of old notions and habits, that, like a law in the members, wars against the law of our mind, and half spoils us yet. We have touched, tasted, handled, been familiarised with these pernicious customs and usages, and with their effects, till our sensibilities are blunted. We shall never feel clearly and fully how fearful a thing it is to besot the soul with drink. We can only in part deliver ourselves from the delusions which we have inherited. The traffic, for example—condemn it as we may—is still to us a privileged, almost a sacred, institution. Seen to be totally evil and mischievous—eloquently denounced as the fountain of crime and shame and woe—we of this generation nevertheless give it free course. We shrink from assailing it—we cower before its clamorous champions—it has still upon it in our eyes something of the regal air of sovereignty. It is that which hath been, and is embedded in all the ways and means of the world. And so the hand we lift against it strikes feebly, as if in awe.

This, let us remember, is the transition age of a great Reform, and presents the features that result from the mingling of that which is passing away with that which is coming. More than ever it is the season of conflict—less noisy than twenty years ago, but more earnest and decisive. We plant ourselves on the foundations now. Principles meet now more intimately,

and everywhere try their strength against each other ; and the work is deeper, the results more stable, the victories more enduring and decisive.

And one of our largest hopes is, that as the half-spoiled generation of the present passes away, the past will almost wholly go with it, and a far better future will come in the persons of our children. We look to a purer generation, bred wholly in the sentiment and habit of Temperance, who shall speak a pure dialect, and not as we do, "half in the speech of Ashdod, according to the language of each people." It may be thus bred, and the decision of this whole matter is wrapt up in the training of the young ; and this most promising department of effort, we trust, is not neglected. The children of all those who, to any extent, adopt our principles—even the children of multitudes in whom habit and appetite still master their convictions of right—are trained to correct views. And beyond these, we easily reach and may often secure the children of the vicious. Many an inebriate will rejoice that his boy is led into a better path than his own. In this field of most hopeful labor we ought to expend patient and abundant exertion. We do not despair of the old, nor even of the fallen. But above all, let us turn our hearts toward the children. Can we not forecast a little, and act for thirty years hence ? And when this seed shall ripen, the generation thus nurtured will stand in relations very different from ours, to the whole matter of Intemperance. They will own it no allegiance. The chasm of a whole generation having been opened between them and the usages of the past and present, never having felt in themselves the working of evil practices, they will be able to look with a clear eye upon all the claims and processes of Intemperance, and deal with them as they deserve.

There are evils which admit of no sudden remedy. Let

wrong once entrench itself, and come into alliance with appetite and interest, and hold sway long and universally, and the cure must be a work of time. Its evil roots run deep and far, and will be found living and germinant where little suspected. There is no swift and easy recovery from systematized and long-cherished sin. The penalties will be inflicted; society must atone for its errors; and pre-eminently is Intemperance a vice of this sort. For some generations past it was the cherished vice of society; and, while thus clasped to the heart, it infused its vines into every vein of the social body. By the Divine favor on this Reformation, society is now convalescent. But it must *outgrow* the evil; and the recovery will be protracted in some proportion to the virulence and long continuance of the malady.

The certainty of a protracted struggle is manifest from our experience in another direction. For some years now, the intelligent Temperance force has felt itself impelled to enter more and more into direct conflict with the Legalized Traffic. The necessity was obvious. Here lies the strength of the enemy. The authorized Traffic has the power and the will to counterwork all our moral activities. If we really intend to carry this enterprise, and not merely to wage an interminable warfare, our work must, of necessity, turn more and more in this direction. Too long we were content to stand by and mourn over the desolation, and lament the crimes, and pity the miseries, and bury the slain, and pay the bills, and console ourselves with demonstrating now and then, in set speeches, how distressing and how wrong it all was. The mischief wrought right on, and left us to testify our truths and patter our pathos at leisure.

But how varied have been the fortunes of that strife which we have waged with the Traffic as by Law established and sustained! We have not wrought in vain—far from that. The tone of legislation is at a higher level throughout the country.

Through many changes, with many a revolution of parties, through reverses and successes, we are studying this great problem, what to do, and how to do it, in the matter of legislation. Our experience is already very rich ; but it shows us nothing more clearly than the need of patience and perseverance. It will yet try these virtues in us ; but in due time Law will become in this matter nothing less than the voice of God.

These are doubtless very prosaic views—better not uttered, it may be thought, even if they are true. Better retain the zeal and energy inspired by the confident anticipation of a triumphant issue near at hand, even if that hope be illusory—better this enthusiastic impulse that guides the heart by its noble wishes, than the dry and spiritless toil that rests on cool-headed calculation ! So it may be thought, and not a few may feel that we cannot safely exchange the ardor of hopes outrunning reason, for sober work-day views. We have too much evidence that not a little that has been done in our cause has been done impulsively, with an unhealthy fervor, grasping eagerly at results, and confident of putting in the sickle at the very heels of the sower. Small comfort, that we may only prepare triumphs from afar, and plant causes from which the fruit shall fall chiefly in the lap of our children ! And no doubt the Temperance enterprise stands at the advanced stage it has reached, in no small part by efforts that came of the fond trust that long before this time it would have reached a universal triumph. Can we spare the impelling force of this illusion, over-eager style of hope ?

My dear young Reformer ! we wish you good speed, and glorious success, and triumphs even more rapid and conclusive than *you* ever dared to hope. Lift—lift, all hands, at this unwieldy mass of vicious opinion and practice—lift, if it seems good to *you*, with the hope that just this one lift will heave it past the verge and down the slope, and a glad farewell to it for ever !

And we too will lift *till it does go over*—not confident when it will go. We adjust ourselves for a long pull, with courage and sober hope. If you can contrive to hope that next year, or thereabout, will witness the utter downfall of Intemperance, strike bravely in that belief, and may it be truer than we think. Such a hope does honor to any man's heart: a noble wish is father of it.

But is it quite safe to rest this cause on mistaken anticipations? Will hopes so eager brook the delay that is inevitable? Counting on a victory, even now at the door, will they endure trial, and toils long continued, and a weary chase of this changing and ever-retreating foe? Or, will not these long-deferred hopes sicken the impatient heart, and lead to revulsions of disappointment? Will they not lead to the abandonment of the work as one doomed to defeat, and to the distrust and final rejection of principles, that are of course visionary in the view of those who measure their soundness by their rapidity?

Just consider, too, if it be not very much this that now ails the Temperance enterprise. The era of rapid advances and signal conquests has passed by, and that of *work* has come. And with this change has come an abatement of the enthusiastic ardor which once breathed along the whole line of attack. More than that—defection has thinned our ranks of many a once ardent friend—defection from many causes, but all fed and pushed into action by the slow progress, the sober toil, the failure of fond dreams of speedy triumph. They would have the matter carried with a rush. But it would not be carried so. And little by little the reliable force of this Reform has been reduced, like Gideon's troop, to the number who consent, since it must be so, to forego the pleasure of swallowing all opposition at a few mouthfuls, and set themselves patiently to lap it up with the tongue. The romance is over. We are reduced to

our principles, and all they whose faith in these is not firm, but must be fed with daily successes, fall loosely off. Plain toil, and steadfast continuance, and sober plans of chastened hope, provident and patient, these only remain to us—these, with a glorious wealth of Truth and Principles and Promises. And they only stand with us now who have faith in these, and can bide their time. And this Reform having come round to this point of struggle, where it must wait for its principles to work themselves clear in the social mind, seems now in the estimation of the multitude to have lost its prevalent force. But this is simply the winter time of our Reform; its green leaves are shaken off, and bare and prosaic it carries on its hidden life, and silently prepares its future fruits.

The stage we have reached in this moral enterprise calls urgently for the hardier graces of Patience, Faith and Fortitude. Our cause was never so strong, never so vital, so deep working and substantially progressive as now. Only let us be steadfast—hoping, working, waiting. Let our principles be held firmly, and vigorously pressed everywhere. Patient Activity! “Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due time we shall reap if we faint not.”

Let no man, then, grow faint in heart or hand. This great and noble Reform will go on to its consummation. Through all its successes and all its reverses, through dark days and bright, it has thus far been steadily progressive. Here and there the work has for a time been checked. But the current is stronger than the ripple on its surface. The broad stream flows onward with slow, deep, solemn strength. Instead of distrust and despondency, a strong and happy confidence should fill our hearts. No power can turn back this Reform, or permanently check it.

Ours is no brief and easy work. It is not cheered on by the plaudits of the multitude nor graced with dazzling successes.

Come to it with no faint heart, and no impatient, transient zeal. Let us adopt the sentiment, in this and every good work, that the highest success and the noblest of all triumphs for a moral being, is simply *to be heartily and firmly in the Right*—that, turn who will away from it, be what may the outward fortunes that attend it, we go for the cause of Truth. To stand in such a cause, even in its reverses, is itself a victory. Washington and his little band of veterans, whom no defeats could conquer, were achieving a triumph no less glorious, when retreating through the Jerseys, in the dark days of our Revolution, before an insolent and pursuing foe, than they who at Yorktown finished the struggle in victory.

“ Whatever weal or wo betide,  
Turn never from the way of Truth aside,  
And leave the event in holy hope to Heaven.”

And in all this conflict let our hearts be strong in God—strong in action, in patience, and in prayer. Let us gird ourselves afresh to this work. Let us be faithful and active, and God will order events.

## THE DEVOTED.

BY MISS PHOEBE CAREY

I WILL save him yet : though he darkly strays  
Far, far away from that pleasant land,  
On whose shining paths in our happier days  
We wandered together, hand in hand.

He shall rise again, and again withstand,  
The Tempter's art in his darkest hour,  
O, the soft caress of a loving hand,  
Than even sin hath a mightier power !

Fond eyes shall lure him with summer light  
Than ever burned in the wine-cup's foam ;  
And he shall not meet with a smile so bright  
As that he leaves by the hearth of home !

And by all thy memories of days gone by,  
Which I know his bosom can ne'er forget,  
By the strength of a love that shall never die,  
I will save him yet, I will save him yet !



## THE FIRE-CURE.

BY GEO. B. CHEEVER, D. D.

THERE was once a Missionary of the cross (I give the story from recollection, and therefore will not undertake a literal accuracy in the detail,) travelling in Africa, across a vast region of land, covered with tall dry grass, like the prairies in a scorching summer. His family were with him, in a wagon drawn by oxen, and as it was towards evening, they were about encamping for the night, looking for a spot more sheltered and favorable for repose. Suddenly, at a great distance, a cloud of smoke was seen rising, and soon they found that it was rapidly advancing towards them, and in the dusk, the red glow of fire and flickering flame became perceptible. But it was travelling faster than the swiftest horse could gallop, and they speedily saw of a truth that the whole region of grass behind them was on fire, and as the wind blew that way, the sheet of flame must, in a few moments, roll over them, and would certainly, if not averted, destroy their lives. The moment the Missionary became aware of the danger, which was imminent, he seized his match-box, and springing to the ground, gathered a handful of stubble a few yards from the wagon, behind it, and proceeded to

set it on fire. In this way they might clear a space of the grass, by burning it over of their own accord, beginning from themselves outward, leaving the wagon and oxen in the centre of it ; enough to afford them some protection from the wave of fire that must otherwise have swept across them like a tempest. It was their only refuge, the only expedient that presented a possible hope of deliverance.

But to his amazement and dismay, the Missionary found, on opening his box of matches, that they were all gone but one ! They had been heedlessly consumed upon the journey, and this was the last in the box, so that the lives of the whole party hung upon that one match. If it failed, and would not kindle, they were lost ; or if, being lighted, the fire went out without spreading, they were lost, for they had no means of renewing the effort. That first and only trial must be successful, or they must perish. Putting up an earnest prayer to God for mercy, the Missionary drew the match across the empty box ; it kindled, and hope revived. He applied it to the dry stubble, and that kindled almost like a train of gunpowder, and in three minutes from that time a space was burnt over, on which the oxen could stand with safety, while the family could find additional shelter within the wagon. And it was high time ; there had been but room, even to a minute, for the operation ; a little longer, and it would have been too late. For the flame rose careering into the heavens, and it was only by fire meeting fire at a distance from themselves, with a large space around them already bared of its combustible materials, that they were preserved from being entirely sheeted in the conflagration. As it was, the heat was intense, and they were nearly suffocated. The air seemed, for a few moments, such a glowing fiery furnace that they could scarcely breathe ; but the ocean of fire rolled on without touching them. and they were saved. The grateful

children of God fell on their knees, and returned thanks for so surprising a deliverance from so terrible a death.

Now there are more things than one illustrated by this thrilling incident ; but the point we wish to dwell upon is this, that in the conflict with sin and temptation, fire must meet fire. The fire of Divine Grace must meet the fire of sin and Satan. What Dr. Chalmers calls the expulsive power of a new affection, must come in to drive out the enemies of God from the heart and the habits, and to take such possession of the man for Christ and virtue, that temptation and the fire of sin shall have no more material to work upon, no longer possible lodgment in the soul. Even our natural passions have been known to burn out and conquer one another ; how much more, if a man cry earnestly to God, shall the fire of his grace purify and cleanse the soul, so that, though Satan should sweep over it in a flaming storm of temptation ; like a tempest of fire in the dry prairies, he should find nothing to lay hold upon, no lodging place, nor possible conquest.

Now, this is what we call the FIRE-CURE. Ministered by the grace of God, it is perfect and everlasting. In regard to the vice of intemperance, it is the only infallible cure, always effective, always successful. Even the pledge of abstinence may clear such a space in the soul that the most sweeping fire of temptation shall keep at a respectful distance. Let a man cry mightily to God, and apply this match, though it be the last one, and it shall gain him the victory ; it shall not fail. The fire of grace defends the soul from every other fire ; God's fire clears the way, so that Satan's fire shall find no elements to prey upon.

But this fire of sinful habit, sinful indulgence in any shape, especially sensual indulgence, is a fearful thing. Much better it would be, much safer it is, never to let it be kindled in the

soul, never to have it set there, than to trust to the interposition of a divine fire to meet and conquer it, after it is confirmed and strengthened. You are not sure that it ever *can* be conquered, after it has reached a certain point. It begins by little and little. Habit at first is like a spider's web, but afterwards it is the devil's cable. Break it in season, or rather, let it never be begun. The only safety for the young is not to begin it, not to suffer it to be fastened at all. If it once gets hold, it grows.

There is great danger in secret indulgence. Secrecy in sin hardens the conscience, and leads imperceptibly from step to step, till perhaps the young man's reputation, character, and prospects are blasted for this world, and his soul is lost for ever. Secrecy in sin at first, or supposed secrecy, is often the greatest certainty of shame and ruin. The very imagination of security binds the man, hand and foot, over to the power of the Destroyer. But there is no such thing as secrecy. There is nothing that you ever sinfully keep secret, but God has this purpose respecting it, *that it shall come abroad*. Whatever temptation you are indulging, whatever habit of sin you are forming, the prospect is, that even in this world it will overtake you, and come abroad. Everywhere the Eye of God is on you.

Let that be remembered, which one of the greatest men of this, or any age of the world, S. T. Coleridge, has taught us from his own experience, and with his own peculiar power of illustration, that the pleasures of sin are but the fastening of ruinous habits. When men, says he, are putting up a bridge, centre pieces, or wooden frames, are put under the arches, while it is in process of building, to support the masonry, but to remain there, only until the solid arches themselves are fully constructed. When that is once done, the wood is taken away for kindling fires. And just so, the pleasures of sin are only the devil's temporary scaffolding, *to build a habit upon*, and when

that habit is once formed and steady, then the pleasures are taken away and sent for fire-wood, and the hell begins in this life.

The only perfect security against utter ruin by any evil habit, is *total abstinence*, never letting the habit be begun. And the only salvation from all sin, and from all habits of evil, that have ever had possession of the soul, is the FIRE-CURE in the grace of Christ Jesus, burning them out. The fire of Divine grace must cleanse the soul, or the fire of Satan will sweep over it, unquenchable and eternal. But to every miserable captive of sin and Satan, Christ calls to-day: Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; rest from your angry passions, rest for your troubled soul, deliverance from the fever of sin, holiness and salvation for ever!

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### H O M E .

HOME! 'tis the name of all that sweetens life,  
It speaks the warm affection of a wife;  
The lisping babe that prattles on the knee,  
In all the playful grace of infancy:  
The spot where fond parental love may trace  
The growing virtues of a blooming race;  
Oh! 'tis a word of more than music spell,  
Whose sacred power the wanderer best can tell:  
He who long distant from his native land,  
Feels at her name his eager soul expand:  
Whether as patriot, husband, father, friend,  
To that dear point his thoughts, his wishes bend,  
And still he owns, where'er his footsteps roam,  
Life's choicest blessings centre all—at home.





Eng<sup>d</sup> by T. Donohy

Nath<sup>l</sup> Hewitt







*W. H. Smith*

REV. NATHANIEL HEWIT, D. D.

It has been one of the circumstances giving efficiency and honor to the temperance reformation in America, that from the first it has had advocates possessing eminent Christian character, commanding talents, and occupying positions in the first ranks of the learned professions, and in the different walks of civil and political life. Of the learned professions, no one has furnished more numerous, faithful and powerful advocates of temperance than the Christian ministry, in various denominations. And among Christian ministers, no man has stood forth as an advocate, in the exercise of deeper Christian sensibility, or more commanding powers of eloquence, nor has filled a higher or wider space in the public eye, than NATHANIEL HEWIT.

The early history and training which an eminent and useful man in any department of benevolent effort has received is always an interesting subject of inquiry. And with an eye to this inquiry, a brief biographical and historical sketch will first be given in the present case.

NATHANIEL HEWIT is a native of New London, Connecticut ; born, August 28, 1788. He was educated at Yale College, and graduated in 1808. He commenced study for the legal profession, with Hon. Lyman Law, of New London. But

subsequently deciding on the Christian ministry as his profession, he entered on the study of theology, with the Rev. Joel Benedict, D. D., of Plainfield, Conn. He afterwards pursued professional studies in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts. His ordination for the ministry was in the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in Plattsburg, New York, in 1815. In 1818 he removed, and became established as Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Fairfield, Connecticut, immediately succeeding the Rev. President Humphrey. Called from that important station, in 1827, into the service of the American Temperance Society, he entered upon agency services, of which further account will be given in the sequel. In 1830, became again a Pastor in the Second Congregational Church in Bridgeport, with which he has now been connected more than twenty years.

Intemperance, it is well known, had become a wide-spread and fearful evil, in our country. It existed, in some form and degree, everywhere. Not alone the irreligious, and men of openly profane and profligate lives, were in habits of vicious use of intoxicating liquors. People of professedly religious character and of respectable standing in all departments of society; Christians as well as unconverted persons; women as well as men; youth as well as the middle-aged and the aged; ministers of the gospel as well as many to whom they preached: learned men as well as the commonly educated and the ignorant; the poor as well as the rich; and men in all the offices of the country, presidents, governors, judges, senators, representatives in great multitudes, and with comparatively few exceptions; indulged more or less in the habit of vicious drinking. Any man, therefore, who saw the evil in its true light, and stood forth to protest against it, and seek its arrest and removal, needed to be a man of high moral courage, and possessed of the most inflexible de-

termination of spirit, united with humane and benevolent feelings, preparing him to be a martyr, if need required.

In such a condition of things in our country, it was, that Dr. Hewit, with other men of kindred spirit and of corresponding talents, came forward in advocacy of the great principles of temperance.

His first efforts to promote the reformation were made in his sphere of duty as a minister of the gospel and pastor of a church,—“Publicly, and from house to house,” he “reasoned of temperance.” His preaching on the subject in his own pulpit, sounded an alarm over the plains and hills of Fairfield, which reached every ear, and stirred every conscience, in the church and out of it; and awakened interest and feeling of some kind, in occupants of all professions, offices and employments, in men, women and children. The report thereof also rang abroad in neighboring parishes. And an example was thus set, by this earnest rebuker of vice and pleader for reformation, which had never been exceeded, even by his predecessor in the pastoral office there, the powerful and efficient Humphrey himself.

Dr. Hewit was not long limited, however, in his preaching and influence as an advocate of temperance, to the precincts of his own parish. In the meetings of his brethren of Fairfield West Association, and in their smaller monthly assemblages, and in his pulpit exchanges with his brethren in the ministry, he brought forward the subject of intemperance as a withering curse, and of temperance as a reformation imperatively demanded. He lightened and thundered in every pulpit to which he had access; and in his private conversations, as well as in public, he made ministers and church members and every body else feel, that a subject filled his mind, and demanded their at-

tention and action, in relation to which, indifference was folly and madness, and opposition presumptuous and wicked.

But he paused not at the bounds of Fairfield West, neither of Fairfield East, Hartford and New Haven, New York and elsewhere, as opportunity was afforded him, he preached, with earnestness and power, on the evils of intemperance, and the necessity of reformation. He was ever prepared to strike a blow at the common enemy, and was not afraid to strike it anywhere. And while his blows were at all times heavy, and often astounding, and awaked men, broadly and at once, to the subject, no reasonable and considerate man hesitated, for a moment, to acknowledge the justness of his views, nor the necessity of such arousing appeals as he made, for immediate and decisive action.

The reputation and influence of such an advocate of the temperance reformation, of course, could not long be confined to the county nor the State, of his residence. Dr. Hewit became known to men in other parts of New England and in New York, who deplored the evils of intemperance, and were inquiring for the means of their arrest. In 1827, he was requested to engage in an agency for the American Temperance Society, then recently organized, and was in their service for about five months. During this period, "besides extending the influence of the Society in Massachusetts, he visited the States of Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania, and spread the principles of the Society, and enlarged its list of contributors among pious and benevolent men of all denominations." He also appeared before the General Association of Connecticut, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, the General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church, and the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the city of Philadelphia, and communicated to those bodies of men the principles and purposes of the Society. He also presented the subject

before congregations assembled on the Sabbath, and in meetings called for the purpose at other times during the week.

So efficient was his agency ; so powerful were his sermons and addresses, and such successful arousals of public attention accompanied and followed his eloquent appeals, that near the close of 1827, the American Temperance Society, desirous of securing his services permanently to the cause of temperance, appointed him their General Agent. This appointment found him in a pleasant and desirable field of labor, as a Christian minister, and with every inducement in his parochial and domestic circumstances, to remain where he was. It required no small sacrifice of his own preferences, no little self-denial for the sake of the greater public good, for him to ask a release from a people who loved him as a man and a minister ; and to go out into a field of agency, broad as the whole United States ; and to plead, in the face some men's prejudices and other men's depraved appetites and habits, and of every man's self-interest, for a cause so new as that of temperance. The writer of this sketch well remembers the meeting of the Association of Fairfield West, called to act on the subject of his dismissal ; and remembers the feelings Dr. Hewit expressed to his brethren and the messengers of the Churches assembled, when their act of dismissal had been passed ; and when, with the pastoral tie so painfully sundered, he stood among them, looking out on the broad, dark, and arduous field of agency, over which he was to move. His conceptions of the magnitude of the work upon which he was about to enter, the difficulties incident to it, and the trials he expected, from the natural aversion of the great mass of men to the needed reformation ; the opposition also likely to meet him from wicked men and devils ; all these conceived of by such a mind as his, and his conceptions expressed in the strong and vivid language for which he has

ever been peculiar, rendered the scene one of singular and deep interest to all present. But, however reluctant his brethren of the ministry and of the churches then present were to part with him, and however deep their sympathies with his own shrinkings from the step, all felt that the path of his duty was clear, and that the reasons were numerous and strong for anticipating success to his agency, and the prosperous advances of the great cause in our country, through his means.

Dr. Hewit immediately entered upon his labors of agency for the American Temperance Society. He continued in their service three years. In the course of that time, he visited some of the principal cities in the middle and southern States, and presented the two subjects—the wide-spread evils of intemperance, and the means of reformation—before various audiences and bodies of men; solicited and obtained important aid to the treasury of the Society he served; and aided in the formation of temperance societies. He also assisted in the preparation of the annual reports of the Society; assisted in the projection and establishment of the *Journal of Humanity*—the weekly paper of the Society; and employed his pen, as leisure from his more public duties of agency would permit, in writing some of the most thrilling and effective articles which appeared in the columns of the journal.

In short, Dr. Hewit, during his whole period of agency, was “in labors abundant.” He performed his work also in a soundness of judgment, a fervency of spirit, and a devotion to the cause he advocated, in which he has had no superiors, and but very few equals.

In 1830, he received a call to the pastorate of the Second Congregational Church and Society in Bridgeport, and being desirous of returning to the work of the Christian ministry, as

that to which he was most attached, he accepted the call, and became installed again as a pastor, in December of that year.

The testimony to Dr. Hewit's fidelity and success, in his labors of agency, which was borne by the Rev. Dr. Woods, in the discourse at his installation, is worthy of record here, as from a high and an official source:—"As you have now closed the agency which you undertook, suffice me, my brother, not only for myself, but in behalf of the American Temperance Society and its Executive Committee, in behalf of the community at large, and in behalf of the thousands who have been benefited by your labors—sincerely to thank you, for your faithful services. These services, I well know, have cost you many a sacrifice, many a season of exhaustion, and weeping, and agony of heart. But you have enjoyed that which is among the best pleasures ever enjoyed on earth—the pleasure of laboring successfully in a great and good cause. Amidst your exhausting labors, and your various exposures, your life and health have been the care of a watchful Providence. And while you have been making a fearless and uncompromising attack upon the favorite indulgences and deep-rooted habits and prejudices of men in every rank of life, your character has been safe; and you are now receiving the most pleasing proofs of the gratitude and confidence of an enlightened public."

After having been so extensively useful and so widely known, in such an enterprise as the temperance reformation, it was not possible that Dr. Hewit should be let entirely alone, in the retirement of his parish. It was believed eminently desirable that the great object should be commended to the attention of good and great men on the other side of the Atlantic. Dr. Hewit was therefore invited, in 1831, by John Tappan, Esq., of Boston, a devoted friend of temperance, to visit England, on a temporary agency, for this end. Upon the very short notice



of only four days, and with the advice of such men as Drs. Porter and Woods of Andover, Dr. Church of New Hampshire, and Dr. Cornelius, then Secretary of the American Education Society, he sailed on his voyage to England, May 28, and arrived in London, June 28. He attended a meeting at Exeter Hall, June 29th, the day after his arrival in London, and made an address. On the 19th of July, he had the satisfaction of being present and assisting at the formation of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, and thus saw the accomplishment of a great object of his visit. He shortly afterward visited Paris; returned to London on the 10th of August; visited Birmingham, where he was hospitably entertained at the house of Rev. John Argill Jones. At Liverpool, on September 2d, he received the affecting intelligence of the sudden death of his eldest daughter, at New Haven, Connecticut. In consequence of this, he relinquished his projected visit to Scotland, and returned home; arriving on the 1st of November, after a tempestuous passage of forty-two days, from Liverpool to New York.

Dr. Hewit immediately resumed the duties of his pastorate at Bridgeport. But his efforts to promote the temperance reformation have been continued to this day, as time and opportunity have permitted him to resume them. His history, therefore, as an efficient and talented advocate in this cause, awaits its completion, when he shall be able, in view of all his labors of benevolence, to say, "I have finished my course." He is yet in the vigor of life. And may the good providence of God spare him to do yet much more, to help on the triumphs of one of the grandest reformations the world has seen. No minister of the gospel who has labored in this good cause, has traveled more extensively in our country, addressed more public bodies of men of various descriptions, or been more widely known or

more generally respected and esteemed as an advocate of temperance, than Dr. Hewit.

The remainder of this article will be devoted to the more particular consideration of several interesting points in the character and services of this gentleman, in which he stands prominent in the public eye.

The position, ethically considered, which Dr. Hewit has taken from the beginning, and which he has ever held, deserves especial notice. He took the high, proper, and only tenable ground,—*total abstinence from all that can intoxicate*. Never, for a moment, has he trifled with the safety of men, or the temperance reform, by the advocacy of any half-way measures.

With his clear and discriminating mind, his high moral sense, and upright conscience, and with his clear and just conceptions of the rules of the Word of God as applicable to this subject; he took ground on which no compromise could be made, to suit the tastes, prejudices or habits of those who wished to indulge, however moderately, the love of intoxicating drink. With Dr. Hewit, therefore, it has never at all mattered where the rule of total abstinence, as advocated by himself, would cut its way; whether in the world or in the church; among the laity or the ministry; among men in private life or in official and public stations; among the unlearned and ignorant or the scientific and literary; among the poor or the rich. Perceiving intemperance, in its various degrees and forms, to be a vice having found place in every department of society, secular and religious, professional, literary, commercial, agricultural, manufacturing: observing that intemperance not alone raved in the tavern, dram-shop and hovel, and wallowed in the gutter, but that it strutted in fine broad-cloth, and “rustled in silks,” and lounged in parlors on sofas and divans, and luxuriated at the sideboards and tables of the wealthy, the fashionable, the polite, and even

the professedly religious ; and knowing, also, that it not only overset man, educated, sensible, enterprising, and perhaps noble-looking man, but too often woman also ; educated, lovely, accomplished, and even elegant woman ; and knowing that all this came of the singular fact, that intemperance began in what was deemed and claimed to be only the innocent and harmless use of *a little* ; and that this vice made its way everywhere, by such insidious advances, that nobody was safe from its ruinous influences. He from the first dealt with it in the use of a principle which would *meet it everywhere*, and give it quarter *nowhere*.

Whenever, therefore, Dr. Hewit was in the social or Christian circle, where moved apologists for what was called temperate use, of whatever rank, name, profession, or pretensions to religion they might be, he was certain to create that uneasy consciousness of guilt in such indulgence, which destroys the peace and the self-respect of the self-indulged, till utter and absolute abstinence should be commenced. When assemblies of people came together to listen to his discourses or addresses, they found themselves in the presence of a man who "regarded not the persons of men." Aiming to reach all consciences, on all occasions, and in every sentence he uttered, he took a hold upon the minds of his hearers altogether peculiar and irresistible. It was "impossible to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake." In the application of the great principles he maintained, he stopped not in the world, but boldly entered the Church visible, and took his stand by the sacramental table, and made those there who sinned, in this matter, to tremble, as well as those whom he had left quaking without the pale of the Church. His own powerful, solemn and broad-sweeping announcement, fearlessly stated, and always triumphantly defended, was this : "*Christians cannot manufacture, sell, or use, ardent spirits, without sin and infamy.*"

But it has also been a capital excellence in Dr. Hewit's advocacy of the great principles of temperance, that, with all his boldness, pungency and power of appeal, he never has carelessly and needlessly given offence ; all has been fair, courteous, gentlemanly and christianlike. At the same time, he would make his hearers feel that a perfect giant in intellect and moral power over their consciences had gotten hold of them ; and that the hour had come when they must think, feel, fear and act on the convictions of duty, and in view of the appalling certainties of an undeniable necessity.

But Dr. Hewit has been accustomed to make not only the drinker of intoxicating beverage, but also the trafficker, whether by retail or wholesale, and with them the importer and the manufacturer, to feel each his individual concern in this great subject. His discussions of the causes of intemperance, and the ministrations thereto, of various kinds, have run upon the line of that Scripture : " Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink ; that putteth thy bottle to him, making him drunken also." More forcibly, indeed, and more arousingly and fearfully would he assail the providers than the consumers. It has never at all mattered with him, whether he was speaking in the presence of the taverner and keeper of a retail store or grog-shop, or of a city merchant and importer, whose storehouses were full of liquors of all sorts, and whose ships were unloading at his doors their cargoes of liquid fire.

Nor has Dr. Hewit ever used the pulpit or the platform, as a convenient bastion, from which to fire upon an assembly of men, indiscriminately, while afraid to meet any one of them elsewhere, and say to him " thou art the man ! " He was as unflinching and fearless in his rebukes and remonstrances in private, as he was in the popular assembly. No man has exceeded him in the dignity with which he could stand, and look

the dealer in the eye, and tell him with the courtesy of a gentleman, bent with the directness and seriousness of a philanthropist and a Christian minister, what he was doing for the ruin of other men, and what the remedy which the advocates of temperance were determined to apply. "We will go to your masters, then," (said he, to one such, who continued unmoved by his friendly remonstrances,) "to the people on whom you are dependent for your custom; and you will yet hear from us through them."

The character of Dr. Hewit's eloquence, as a public advocate of the temperance reformation, has been in no ordinary degree elevated. Two things have made it impossible that he should fail to speak with power. First, he has always felt the subject to his heart's core. No man's soul, it is believed, has been habitually under a more tender, and at the same time powerful enlistment of his whole feelings, in this subject. His habits of observation, as leading him to take note everywhere of intemperance, and of the misery and wretchedness which it has brought upon individuals, families, general society and the religious world, were watchful, minute, keen and unerring. When, therefore, he came to speak on the subject publicly, he spoke from a full mind and a full heart. Nothing, on this subject, could with him be a matter of cool notion or speculation. On the contrary, everything has been with him deep-felt truth. At the same time, secondly, he has been accustomed to reason upon the subject, with all the acumen and force of a logician. He dealt in that which a worthy compeer in this great cause once called "logic set on fire." He would make his way along a line of argumentation, drawn from the Word of God; from the common sense and the moral sense of men; from the history of past times, and from the condition of things at the present; and carry his hearers along with him to his conclu

sions and the applications of his principles, with the irresistibleness of a moral Samson. As an advocate, therefore, of the great principles of temperance, he moved in the higher walks of eloquence; delivered himself before public assemblies, in a manner senatorial, and better still, apostolical. With such a subject filling his soul and giving impulse to his intellectual powers; having the advantage of a commanding person and great native dignity in demeanor; and with a countenance thoroughly marked, and its features adapted for expression appropriate to the thoughts to which he would give utterance; no hearer could fail of having his attention riveted; no audience could assemble before him and not be held perfectly still. Though he was unfortunate in having but one perfect eye, one could not help thinking, if that one could give such expression to his countenance, and such force and fire to his eloquence, what a countenance would his have been, had he been blessed with two such. Nor was it at all certain that when he had finished speaking, one out of an hundred of his audience would either remember or care whether he had two eyes or only one. His command of language is remarkable; and has been always simple, graphic, forcible, as conveying to the hearer his clear and powerful conceptions. Having a voice too like an emperor, and fitted to accompany such power of reasoning, such deep emotion and such intense feeling of his subject; he would be heard with respect and attention. His vocal tones musical and yet powerful; and ranging from a deep and solemn bass to the highest note which might be demanded; and modulated with all the ease and variety of the most familiar conversation, yet without losing its dignity and appropriateness to public discourse; he could, at his pleasure, command, thrill and overwhelm his hearers with his utterance.

Here let it be observed, that Dr. Hewit has always been

grave, serious, and oftentimes most impressively and commandingly solemn, in his preaching and public addresses, on his great and all-absorbing theme. Although possessing powers of wit, irony, ridicule, sarcasm, with which, were he disposed, he could scorch, blister, burn up whoever deserved such treatment; he has rarely allowed himself in their use. If disposed at any time to throw a smile over the faces of an assembly, or to produce an explosion of laughter, he could do it, with as much ease as some popular advocates of temperance have ever done. Dr. Hewit, however, appears to have always regarded the subject of intemperance as too melancholy, painful and solemn; and the principles of temperance, depending upon his advocacy, too serious and important; to permit him to indulge himself in "courting a grin," and gratifying in his hearers a fondness for mirth. True, his graphic delineations, his apposite and striking illustrations, and his characteristic sketches, might sometimes awaken an unconscious smile. This, however, was an effect incidental to the manner of presenting the subject, and was not an object of his aim. And he would so powerfully hold the attention of his hearers and take them along with him towards the point on which his own eye was fixed, that if, by the way, he made his hearers smile, neither they nor he would be conscious of it. And in the perfect command he would hold over their attention and feelings, he would, perhaps, make them weep or shudder, almost as soon as the unconscious smile had passed from their countenances.

The effects of Dr. Hewit's discourses not only at the time and on the spot, but afterward and upon the surrounding community through the report thereof, was such as might be expected from eloquence having such characteristics. Not only would those who were present and heard him be full of his subject and take vivid impressions of his thoughts, but so much

would they be able to report to others of what they had heard, and so strong were the impressions thus made even at second hand, upon the absent, that they almost seemed to themselves to have heard him with their own ears. In illustration of this remark : a gentleman, high in the walks of learning, and at the head of one of our New England colleges, on being recently asked for his reminiscences and impressions of the discourses of Dr. Hewit, delivered in the place of his residence, in the year 1827, remarks in a letter to the writer of this sketch ;—" A curious delusion I have been in. It has been my impression, for a long time, that I heard those discourses of Dr. Hewit. But on comparing dates, I am inclined to think I must have come to confuse the impressions I had received from others, with my own recollections." That must be eloquence, indeed, the powerful impressions of which are so vividly and impressively transferred from mind to mind.

A recent writer of reminiscences on temperance preaching, has given the following description of one of Dr. Hewit's early efforts in the city of New York :—

" Many years ago, one Sabbath evening, the writer went into the Brick Church, (Rev. Dr. Spring's,) which was open for Divine worship. We were ignorant of the occasion, whether it was an ordinary or a special service ; and of the preacher, whether he was the pastor or a stranger. After the usual introductory services, which we think were conducted by the pastor, a stranger arose. We were not probably attracted by his appearance or manner, at the beginning, nor did we at once see the drift of his discourse ; but as he proceeded, he kindled and unfolded his theme with a clear and masterly eloquence. The theme was an unusual one. We had never heard it handled in the pulpit before,—it was *the evils of Intemperance*. The preacher had but one eye, but it flashed like the evening star in the deep heavens. He seemed to labor under a momentous



mission which he had undertaken alone, putting his trust in God. Like Howard, he measured a great woe which oppressed humanity, and he had braced himself up to the great work of removing it. Never shall we forget that discourse; remarkable alike for the clearness of its statements, the boldness of its positions, the force of its reasonings, the power of its imagery, the unction and spirit-stirring energy of its delivery. That was Nathaniel Hewit's first sermon in the city of New York, on the subject of his great mission. Before we left our seat we were convinced, and our resolution taken. We met him afterwards, when he went through the land assailing the evil under every form and degree with his resistless eloquence, and aided him in the formation of at least one successful Temperance Society. We have heard him on other occasions, and have watched the spread of the doctrines which he promulgated. We believe him to be the first great reformer in the field of labor; and if any man is entitled to be called "the apostle of temperance," it is Nathaniel Hewit."—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

The President of Williams' College, recently writing to the author of this sketch, respecting the effects of Dr. Hewit's discourses on the assemblies he addressed in that place, at the time of his labors of agency, in Berkshire County, remarks as follows:—"It was, I believe, the first time this community had ever been addressed on that subject, and the effect was most extraordinary. The week before, the rum traffic had been undisturbed; but the Monday after, I think it was, every store in town stopped; and from that time to this, there has not been a store here where it has been sold. The taverns were not quite so prompt in stopping; but they soon came into it; and have since been kept, and for the most part honestly, on temperance principles. The sermons came on the community like a clap of thunder, and did the work at once."

"Nobody with whom I have spoken seems to remember exactly what Dr. Griffin said; but, I know there was a current

report of his saying, 'It was like lightning, striking on one side and the other.' An impression so powerful has seldom been made by two discourses. And aside from the conversion of souls, which I have no doubt has been the indirect result, I know of no instance in which so much and so permanent good has been done."

In confirmation of the sentiments and impressions conveyed by the preceding extract, let another be given from a letter of the Honorable Chief Justice Parker of Massachusetts, written in 1829, and addressed to Dr. John C. Warren, President of the Massachusetts Society for the suppression of Intemperance. Writing of "the extraordinary reformation which had taken place, in regard to the use of spirituous liquors," and which he had observed while on his circuit of official duties in several counties in that State, Judge Parker remarks:—"I should think the change was more thorough in Berkshire than anywhere else; and it has probably been more aided by the efforts of associations and individuals. Among other instruments, the missionary labors of a Mr. Hewit are spoken of as highly efficacious. This gentleman has visited many towns; and being gifted with a zeal which knows no relaxation; an eloquence which cannot be resisted; he has produced a powerful effect on communities, and has turned some of the most incorrigible drunkards from the evil of their ways. From what I have heard of this gentleman, and his wonderful success in this good cause, I should denominate him the apostle of temperance."

The Executive Committee of the New York City Temperance Society, publishing, in 1829, their "Views of the Temperance Reformation," remark:—"Some years before the American Temperance Society was formed, the Rev. Nathaniel Hewit had turned his attention to the subject, and excited some wonder, and endured much obloquy, by advancing the doctrine

of total abstinence, as affording the only security to the temperate, and the only deliverance to the intemperate. Where this gentleman's private character is known, there is no need of the testimony, which every *honest* man who knows him is prepared to give, to the strictness of his integrity, the purity of his zeal, the consistency of his life, and his earnest efforts for the best interests of his fellow-men. The success which has everywhere attended his efforts, evinces with how much ability he has pleaded the cause of temperance; and shows, better than a thousand lectures on prudence, the wisdom of that bold and uncompromising attack upon the evil, which he adopted at first, and has uniformly continued. Immediately after their appointment, the Executive Committee engaged Mr. Hewit to labor in the city, as long as he could be spared from the more extensive plans of the parent Society. He spent several weeks among us; and besides public addresses, preached in many of our Churches; always with acceptance and with known and marked success. The effect of his eloquent appeals, in opening men's minds and changing their habits, is without a parallel among us."

A correspondent, writing from the city of Baltimore, early in 1830, and remarking on the effects of Dr. Hewit's addresses during a visit of about four weeks, says:—"He preached in the Churches of at least *five* denominations; and was heard by individuals of all. He preached with great power and persuasion; as a man deeply conscious of the benevolence of his motives, the goodness of his cause, and the immense importance of its success. Multitudes have heard the thunder of his utterance, and many have felt the lightning of his argument."

Did the limits of this sketch permit, numerous other testimonials might be quoted, to the powerful effects produced by the eloquence of Dr. Hewit, wherever he addressed public assemblies; effects upon both individuals and communities. All

would go to prove, that in this gentleman, the cause of temperance has ever had a pleader whom none could "gainsay or resist;" and to hear whom was to receive impulses to action, personal and public, from which it was impossible to refrain through apathy, indifference or ignorance.

No advocate of temperance in this country, has ever succeeded, more completely, in so treating the subject, as to leave on the consciences of its friends a sense of heavy responsibility for what they might neglect to do. Like Paul, standing before the Gentiles of Corinth; on one occasion, when he had thrilled his audience with the eloquence of his appeals; he completed the tremendous effect of what he had said, by "shaking his raiment," and saying to them, "Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean."

But Dr. Hewit has not only fulfilled the duties of an eloquent public agent, in years past; he has to this hour been a watchful and diligent student of the subject of temperance, in its relations to all the great interests of our country; its religion, morality, political economy, literature, and whatever else can be effected by its advancement, or suffer through the prevalence of its fearful and odious opposite, intemperance. This sketch must not be closed without mentioning, that he has, in recent years especially, given very close study to the defects of legislation, as it has not only given countenance and protection to the traffic in ardent spirits, with all its ruinous effects; but as it has left both public and private rights entirely unprotected against the cupidity and the cruelty of men who engage in the traffic. This important point is the great subject, he has within two or three years past presented, in some of the principal towns and cities of Connecticut; before the General Association of that State; and also in New York and Boston. The result of his investigations of this subject has been brought to a point, in a

Memorial designed to be presented to the Legislature of Connecticut, and accompanied with a plan of a bill for its adoption, which should meet the necessities of the case ; so far as a legislative enactment could do so, and drawn up at his request by Henry Dutton, Esq., Professor of Law, in Yale College. This Memorial has been put into extensive circulation in Connecticut ; and as presenting a view of the case worthy of the careful study of all concerned in making laws, it is here inserted at length :—

“ The Memorial of the undersigned respectfully represents,  
“ That in the opinion of your memorialists, some remedy should be provided for the redress of private injuries occasioned by the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Your memorialists are advised, that although it is the boast of the law that it provides a satisfaction for every wrong done to private rights, in this instance the grossest violations of those rights are entirely remediless. They cannot but regard this as an anomaly in our otherwise just and equitable system of jurisprudence. Your memorialists cannot understand the reason why civil rights should be so carefully regarded in other respects, and left so exposed in this particular. If one man should entice away a minor son or daughter, or even a servant, from the care and custody of another, the offender would be responsible civilly in damages to the person injured. If some heartless villain should seduce a daughter or a wife, the parent or husband could bring his action for the loss of service of the daughter or wife, and on his claim recover damages, measured only by the opinion which a jury may entertain of the value of chastity in a daughter or wife. But if the keeper of a grog-shop should, for the sake of gain, attack and destroy the happiness of a family, by depraving the appetite, corrupting the principles, and ruining the character of one of its members, the mercenary wretch can riot on his ill-gotten wealth, beyond the reach of the law. In this case, as in the other, a father may be deprived of the services of his son, and not only this, but his son may be thrown a hopeless burden

upon his scanty means, and yet there is no remedy! If, through the mere neglect of the agents of a town, a bridge or a road is suffered to be out of repair, and a husband should thereby lose his life, the wife is entitled to heavy damages against the town for this neglect of duty. But if a person licensed by the civil authority of the same town, should get that husband drunk, and in consequence of this he should fall from that bridge, or stumble in that road, and lose his life, neither the town nor the rum-seller could be made to contribute a dollar for the relief of the injured widow. Your memorialists are advised, that in all other instances, a man is supposed to intend the probable consequences of his own acts, and is responsible both civilly and criminally, accordingly. If a person should carelessly throw a fire-brand into a powder-magazine, he would be liable to be prosecuted for the murder of all that should lose their lives by the explosion. If a confectioner, for the sake of gain, should sell poisoned candy to children, although he should warn them of the danger, he would be liable to their parents for the expense of any sickness resulting from such a rash act. But, if a rum-seller should deal out his poison to a thoughtless youth, though well knowing that the consequences will be, loss of property, loss of health, loss of reputation, and probably, loss of life, the suffering parent can neither chastise him for the outrage, nor prevent its repetition. Your memorialists cannot account for these strange inconsistencies in the law, except upon the supposition, that as nothing but the love of gain ever induced a man to engage in such a traffic, so nothing but the same self-interest has hitherto blinded Legislature to the evils that flow from it, and prevented their applying the appropriate remedy. But your memorialists indulge the hope, that since so much light has been shed upon the subject, a just legislation will now be adopted. They therefore pray that some law may be passed, providing a remedy for the civil injuries occasioned by the sale of intoxicating drinks."

That a State can and sometimes does slumber long and cruelly over great abuses of private rights, is no uncommon

thing, strange as it may appear. Most devoutly is it to be hoped, that the abuses so clearly set forth, by this eloquent (advocate of temperance, in the proposed) memorial, will not always be permitted by any of the States in our Union ; but that the next generation, if not the present, will do him and civil society the justice to heed and act upon a representation of a public and authorized enormity so true to the case, and so humiliating to the pride of legislative wisdom even in this enlightened and happy country.

But Dr. Hewit's studies of the great subject of temperance have never been restricted to its relations to the interests of this life. His most solemn conceptions of it, and his most eloquent appeals to men's consciences and hearts, have related to the interests of men as immortal and accountable, involved in their rescue from ruin by intemperance. As a Christian and a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, he has been accustomed to show, in clear, solemn and affecting light, how intemperance violates the laws of God, provokes the divine judgments, and in murdering men's souls prepares them for the woes of an undone eternity. And as a minister of that gospel the life and soul of which is "good will towards men ;" he has ever studiously aimed to bring its sublime and glorious truths to bear upon men, as to be saved from a destructive and abominable vice ; and, through the habits of temperance, to be kept accessible to those influences of the Spirit of the Lord, which renew and sanctify the soul, and prepare men for the holiness and bliss of heaven.

It is not easy to transfer a character to the written and printed page ; especially when so strongly marked and original, as that of the individual now before us. And this effort, in the nature of the case, has been attended with embarrassment, from the necessity of speaking of one who is yet living ; and whose feelings of delicacy may be discomposed by a sketch even de-

signed only to do justice to him and to the cause he has advocated. This imperfect sketch is, however, committed to the public eye, in hope that it will aid the interests of the important reformation now in progress; and secure from the friends of temperance and the public at large, and from the Church and the world, a just estimate of the character and the services of one who has been so appropriately styled "The Apostle of Temperance."

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"NONE ARE ALL EVIL."

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

Ah! *who* shall say *one* virtue may not blossom  
 In man's worn heart, tho' dull'd by evil dealing?  
 Who dare affirm that in the human bosom  
 There lives no single germ of better feeling?  
 Albeit the truer—instincts may be stifled—  
 "None are *all Evil*"—and the unworthiest spirit  
 Not wholly of its virgin beauty rifled,  
*Must* of its "first estate," some good inherit.

However debased and dim'd, man still retaineth  
 A passing perfume from Life's budding hour,—  
 Some trace of pure primeval bloom remaineth,  
 Though long in dust hath lain the precious flower.  
 One spark of the Divinity yet lingers,  
 A small, but ever-living ray within;  
 A sullied gem—but on it, God's own finger  
 Hath graven the spirit's holy origin!



"None are *all* evil," O, my Human Brother !  
For in the deepest heart of man, there liveth  
The "still small voice," whose influence none may smother,  
The voice, that calmly, yet continually striveth  
To elevate the human to the holy——  
The ethereal, from the grosser part to sever,  
To aid, and renovate, however slowly  
Comes the redemption, born of such endeavor !

Constrain thyself to trust in the redeeming  
And better part, of every human creature ;—  
Give credit for the good,—(what'er the seeming)  
In others, that doth dwell in thine own nature.  
In charity, and confidence bestowing  
This best Belief upon thy fellow-being :—  
Still dealing kindly, tenderly, as knowing  
*Thou, too*, must pass the eye of the All-seeing !

So—living, loving—feeling for another  
As for thyself ;—and, judging *none* unkindly,  
Thou wilt meet justly to thy erring brother,  
Still trusting, and encouraging benignly.  
Oh ! beautiful and great, the gift possessing  
To *show* to man the *good* he doth inherit ;—  
"None are *all* evil !"—thanks to God, and blessing  
On each, hath fallen a portion of His Spirit !

# A COUNTRY RECOLLECTION,

OR,

## THE REFORMED INEBRIATE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

It is many years since I was in a certain neighborhood among the mountains of New Jersey, where the richest cultivation enhances the beauty of scenery unusually fine, though not wild or bold enough for sublimity. It was a valley somewhat extensive, bordered on the south by abrupt and very high hills, wooded to their summit; except a small strip of cultivated land near their base, and terminating on the north side in sloping uplands covered with the wealth of harvest. A quiet stream murmured through the meadows, now narrowed between high banks, now expanding into a lakelet, near which stood a flour-mill. The house where I passed some days, at this time, had lawns sloping down to the stream; and I remember there flourished three large drooping willows, which I hoped might always escape the axe, and grow old, as guardians of the crystal waters. Their exact locality was fixed in my memory by the circumstance, that over their tops might be seen a cottage, situated on the side of the mountain, just in the verge of the woods, and about half a mile distant. The loneliness of its situation gave it something of romance; and I observed then,

that what had once been a garden was choaked with tall weeds and briars, and that a rude screen of boards had been built directly in front of the cottage, so as to shut out all view of the neighboring dwellings. This strange precaution seemed misanthropical; or, was it adopted for the purpose of concealing from curious eyes what might pass within door? To my inquiry who occupied that hermit's hut, the reply was "Walter B——."

"The B—— who married Jane S——?"

"The same."

Her name called up distant recollections. I had seen Miss S. once at a rustic ball. She was a country beauty; rather better educated than most of the damsels who were her companions. Indeed, her father used to complain that she spent too much time in reading. His idea was, that after a girl had left school, and completed her education, she had nothing more to do with books. But he rarely interfered except by a little grumbling, with her pursuits, especially as his house was always in the best order and his dinners excellent. Jane was a choice housekeeper, and her leisure hours she spent as pleased herself—not heeding her father's ominous shake of the head, when he saw her earnestly devouring a book, or noticed the shelves filled with books in her little chamber. "She will leave off such follies when she marries," was his consolatory remark; and in truth, when the indulged girl did marry, whether she gave up her reading or not, she did not suffer it to interfere with her household duties. She was the most exemplary wife and mother in the country; and all her neighbors predicted happiness from her union with young B. His father had left him a small farm, well stocked, with a house large enough for comfort and even elegance; and few men began life with better prospects of contentment. Walter was active and ambitious, and wanted to secure something more than a competency for old age. My

acquaintance with the young couple had left them thus, and I was naturally somewhat surprised to find them living in a home of so little pretension.

"The only marvel about it," said the friend to whom I expressed my wonder, "is, that they have a home at all. When Walter took to drink, his stock went first, and then his farm was neglected, till at last, when sold to pay his debts it brought less than half its value."

Alas! it was the common story of the intemperate man; first moderate indulgence in frequent convivial meetings with his friends; then occasional excess that unfitted him for work for days, during which time he would vow and resolve and pledge his word to his wife that each should be the last, followed by more frequent returnings to the same excess, till the doom of the victim was sealed, and the very friends who had led him into vice abandoned him in disgust.

Since the desertion of his boon companions, Walter had become gloomy and sullen; a mood which, under the excitement he now every day sought, gave place to a wild and savage ferocity. The little children ran from him if they saw him on the road; and it was rumored that his wretched home too frequently witnessed his cruel brutality toward his unoffending wife. But he soon removed to this retired cottage on the mountain, and the screen of boards he built, effectually excluded all observation.

I listened to this melancholy history with the deepest sympathy for the unfortunate girl, now a helpless mother. She had sought no assistance from the neighbors, and few visited her, partly because they dreaded her husband, partly because she herself did not encourage them. But some compassionate persons sent her provisions from time to time.

While I looked at the little dwelling which was now the

scene of so much misery, with an aching heart for the countless victims of this dreadful vice, a bright flash suddenly shot up from the roof of the hut, while at the same time a volume of smoke poured from the chimney and upper windows. At the same moment a female figure rushed from behind the screen before mentioned, clasping an infant to her breast, and dragging along a child of about four years of age, and rapidly descended the slope of the mountain. Not many paces behind, her husband followed, calling upon her with shouts and execrations to return; but his evident intoxication rendered it impossible for him to equal the speed of his flying wife; and well was it for her, for a large knife was in his hand, which he brandished with frightful menaces. In less time than it would take to narrate what passed, several of the neighbors had run to meet her. Just as she reached the stream, through which she rushed with both children in her arms, then sank exhausted on the bank, they crowded round her with eager offers of assistance.

B. now came up, heedless of the men and women who regarded him with looks of fear and horror. He had dropped the knife, but had not changed his threatening tone; and with shocking imprecations he ordered his wife to "get up, and come home this instant." The poor woman uttered no reply, indeed she was hardly capable of speech; but the miller, a sturdy man, answered for her that she should go no more to the home of a villain who had nearly killed her. These words provoked B. to unbounded fury; he rushed upon the man who had spoken them, with such violence as to throw him off his guard, and would have strangled him but for the interference of others. When he found himself overpowered by superior strength, he revenged himself by the most fearful curses, vented especially on his poor wife, whom again, with abusive epithets, he ordered to go home, and not expose herself in this ridiculous manner.

“No, Walter,” said his wife, rising at last, and confronting him with pale but determined face; “no—I will *not* return to you. I could have borne, as I have long done, your harshness and violence towards me, but you have this day raised your hand against the lives of these children; and, as it is my duty before God to protect *them*, I leave you for ever!”

Whatever reply the drunkard might have made, it was drowned in the indignant clamors of the by-standers, and he was dragged off to gaol. His wife was cared for by her sympathizing female acquaintance, and soon provided with a permanent situation, where, by the labor of her hands, she could support herself and her little ones. And soon, very soon, did her changed appearance bear witness to the improvement. She became contented and even cheerful; and the playful caresses of her children beguiled her of many sad thoughts.

When B. awoke from his intoxication in prison, the recollection of what he had done overwhelmed him with shame and remorse. He sent for one of his neighbors, and entreated him to go, on his part, to his injured wife, supplicate her forgiveness, and pledge the most solemn promises of future amendment. Jane wept much; she forgave him from her heart, as she prayed God he might be forgiven; but she could not, dared not trust his oft-violated word, and sacrifice her children. Her determination was fixed; and for weeks together, though with a bleeding heart, she returned the same answer to the entreaties of her repentant husband, she dared not even see him lest her resolution might be shaken.

When at last B. was discharged from gaol, full of indignation at what he termed the cruel obstinacy of his wife, he made no effort to see her or the children; but—after shutting himself up a month or two in the cottage, which had been saved, by timely attention, from being burned the night of Jane’s escape—

he departed, none knew whither. He left a reproachful letter to his wife, professing himself driven to desperation by her desertion, and laying on her the blame of his future crimes. No furniture of any value was found in the house, the greater part having been disposed of to procure food and — liquor.

Two years after this occurrence, (I have the particulars from a friend,) a crowd was assembled round the gaol in the little town of —. A murder, under the most appalling circumstances, had been committed in the neighborhood; a man to whom suspicion attached had been arrested, and after strict examination committed for trial. Particulars that had transpired, left no doubt of his guilt on the minds of the people; and it was with suppressed execrations that the multitude followed the suspected felon to prison. When he disappeared from their sight within the gloomy walls, the popular rage broke out in groans and murmurs. One woman, young and interesting in appearance, who had listened with undisguised eagerness to a knot of idlers discussing the case, walked away when they ended their conference, and presenting herself at the door of the magistrate, who had conducted the examination, asked leave to speak with him. It was the wife of B. She had seen her husband led to gaol, loaded with the most terrible suspicions, and she came to have her worst fears allayed or confirmed.

The magistrate soothed her by assuring her that the evidence against B., though strong, was only circumstantial, and by no means absolutely proved his guilt. It was impossible to say what might be the event of the trial; but there was ground for hope. Poor Jane clung to this hope. "Oh, sir," sobbed she, "if he is guilty and must die, it is I who have murdered him! I deserted him, when all the world cast him out!"

When the unhappy wife returned home it was to give way

to the bitter anguish of remorse ; to weep and sob all night as if her heart would break. " How have I been able to kneel, night and morning, to ask pardon of God," she cried to herself, " when I refused my aid to save a fellow-being from destruction ! " And yet—these little ones—and she hung over her sleeping children ; the fair boy, with bright cheek, shaded by his clustering curls ; and the sweet dark-eyed girl, so like him, before excess had marred his manly beauty ! *Could* she have brought these innocent ones into wretchedness ; perhaps guilt ? Had she not done right to snatch them from ruin, even by abandoning their father ? She knelt once more, and prayed for guidance, for discernment of the right ; and her mind was calmed.

The next day before noon, the gaol was again visited by groups of idlers, gazing into the window of B.'s cell, which looked upon the street. It might be that the prisoner was maddened by their taunts and derision ; he was leaping about with frantic gestures, clapping his hands and laughing immoderately, or thrusting his face between the bars to grin defiance at his tormentors. Suddenly a woman, her face concealed by a drooping bonnet and thick veil, glided through the crowd, and reaching up to the window offered a parcel to the prisoner. He grasped it eagerly, with a wistful look, but the woman did not stay to be recognised. It was observed, as she hastened away, that her steps tottered, and she held down her head apparently overcome by emotion. Well might the fearfully changed countenance of the accused appal one who had known him in better days !

The parcel contained a portion of food more palatable than is usually allowed to prisoners, and a small pocket Bible—the book B. had once prized—the gift of his dying mother. His name was written on the first page in her hand. Many times



in the week, always at dusk, did the same compassionate visitor stand at the grated window, and offer food or books to the prisoner, who was evidently affected by the kind attention. He ceased his idiotic dancing and laughing; he answered nothing more to the upbraidings of vagrants without, and those who looked into his window saw him most frequently seated quietly at the table reading, or with his head on his hand in deep thought. With thankfulness unspeakable, Jane saw this change; but her joy was dashed with sadness, when on one of her visits the prisoner besought her, with piteous entreaty, to bring him a bottle of brandy.

It now occurred to the wife to do what she had never dared, when B. was at home, to force on his perusal some tracts containing the most awful warnings against intemperance, and encouragements to the victim to struggle for recovery. He had no other books to beguile the time; he could not now as formerly, rail at or punish her, even had he any suspicion who she was; *what* might ensue if he read them? Her effort was crowned with success. Not a week had passed, when the abject entreaty for liquor, which had been urged night after night, was dropped, to be renewed no more. Jane's heart throbbed when she thought of this; but alas! even if he were really reformed, would he live to prove himself so?

Thus days rolled on, and the time for the trial arrived. The prisoner had communicated with his counsel; witnesses had been sent for; the principal lawyer engaged in the prosecution had unfolded the chain of evidence by which his guilt was to be proved; the court was to open next morning. The accused had received some of his former acquaintance during the day, and as night drew near he was alone. On his table lay a letter which he had just written; he was pacing the room, tranquil, but with mind filled with painful thoughts. The gaoler opened

the door, announced a name, received the prisoner's startled assent; and the next moment the long estranged husband and wife were together. B. did not stir; he was petrified by surprise; but Jane rushed to him; her arms were round his neck, and she wept aloud. Her husband was moved, but struggled apparently with his pride; he unclasped her arms, stepped back a little, and looked earnestly at her.

Sad, indeed, the contrast between the two; the man almost spectral in aspect, haggard, wan, emaciated—not even the shadow of his former self; the woman blooming in the freshness of almost maiden beauty: no unhallowed vigils, or excess, or evil passions, had stamped their traces on *her* brow, or marred the symmetry of her form, and the very purity and tenderness that shone in her expression, rebuked the conscious sinner as loudly as if an angel's tongue had proclaimed his degradation! As he shrank back, and stood thus silent, Jane stretched out her hands beseechingly; “Oh, Walter!” she cried, “have you not yet forgiven me?”

“Forgive you, Jane? Oh, Heaven! what a wretch am I!”

“I was wrong, Walter, to desert you, even at the worst; but oh! say you do not bear hard thoughts towards me!”

“Tell me, Jane, is it you who brought me these?” pointing to the books.

“Yes, Walter; for I thought you would read them now—and ——”

She was interrupted by the sobs of her husband; he sank on his knees as if to thank her, but to prevent that, she knelt with him, and prayed for him in the deep emotion of her heart.

When B. was sufficiently calm, he asked after his children, and, pointing to the table, said: “There, Jane, is a letter I had written you, in a better spirit, I trust, than the last. If it were

God's will I should live longer, I might make a better husband and father; but I dare not think of that now."

Jane longed to ask one question, but her tongue refused to utter the words. Her husband seemed to read the meaning of her anxious look.

"Before high Heaven," said he, "I declare to you that I am innocent of the crime for which I shall be tried to-morrow."

A shriek of joy, scarce suppressed, burst from the wife; she clasped her hands and raised them upwards; gratitude denied her speech.

"Then you will live"—she gasped at length.

"No—Jane—I dare not hope it; and I deserve to die. I am guiltless of murder, but what have I been to you and my children? What have I been these last years? a reckless outcast—my own destroyer—the enemy of God! I tell you, Jane, I have long looked to the gallows as the end of my career, and I have come to it at last! But I have mastered the tyrant that brought me to this; yes, I have!" He laughed convulsively as he said this, and his wife turned pale. "Look here, Jane—look here!" and lifting up the coverlet of his bed, he produced several bottles of brandy and whiskey. They were *full*.

"I asked you to give me liquor," he continued, "and you would not; but others, less merciful, brought these to me! Do not shudder and grow so pale, Jane; I swear to you, I have not tasted one drop, though I have had them a fortnight! Those books saved me; for I read of even worse cases than mine. I took an oath, Jane, on the Bible you brought me the first night, my mother's Bible, that I would never taste liquor again. And I have these, to try if I *could* keep my resolution."

"Oh, Walter!" was all the sobbing wife could say; but her tears were those of joy.

"You know, Jane, I was always fond of books, and if I had not been a slave to drink, I have been fit society even for the judges who are to try me to-morrow. Oh, if I could only live my life over! But it is too late now, yet it is something—is it not," and his pale face kindled, "to think that I *can*, that I *have* overcome the fiend at last! *That I shall not die a drunkard*. Remember that, and let everybody know it; I have it written here in your letter. God will remember it, will he not, when my soul stands before him in judgment."

"Oh, my husband, you shall not die!" cried the wife, as with streaming tears, she clasped him again to her arms.

"The will of God be done; and that I can say now sincerely; I am willing to go. The Bible says no drunkard shall enter His kingdom; but I am *not* a drunkard! I am a degraded wretch, an outcast of men, about to die a felon's death; but I feel a triumph, Jane, a joy unspeakable, that I have conquered my worst enemy. I thank God that he has supported me through the struggle. It was a terrible one!"

I need not at length record this interview; I need say no more than that, after weeks of the most agonizing suspense and anxiety, Jane had the happiness to hear that her husband was fully acquitted of the crime laid to his charge; to receive him once more and welcome him to a home.

For months he lay helpless, the victim of a wasting sickness; but his wife worked day and night to procure him comforts, and her children played round his bed, and in her was what the poet sweetly terms, "a hymn of thankfulness," never silent. When he recovered, he found it not hard to bear her company in her cheerful toil, and never would he suffer him-

self to be persuaded to touch what once had proved his bane, and so nearly brought him to an ignominious end.

It is not long since I heard an address of touching eloquence, on the subject of Temperance, delivered by Walter B. There was truth in every word of it, for he deeply felt what he uttered; and it came home to many a heart, and drew tears from many an eye. He told his own history, and described himself as once the most wretched and lost among the victims of that vice, and yet there had been others more lost than he, who recovered. It was this, he said, that first inspired him with hope for himself.

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## THE WAY-SIDE SPRING.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

FAIR dweller by the dusty way—  
Bright saint within a mossy shrine,  
The tribute of a heart to-day  
Weary and worn is thine.

The earliest blossoms of the year,  
The sweet-brier and the violet,  
The pious hand of Spring has here  
Upon thy altar set.

And not alone to thee is given  
The homage of the pilgrim's knee—  
But oft the sweetest birds of Heaven,  
Glide down and sing to thee.

Here, daily from his beechen cell,  
The hermit squirrel steals to drink,  
And flocks which cluster to their bell,  
Recline along thy brink.

And here, the wagoner blocks his wheels,  
To quaff the cool and generous boon;  
Here, from the sultry harvest fields,  
The reapers rest at noon.

And oft the beggar masked with tan,  
In rusty garments, grey with dust,  
Here sits and dips his little can,  
And breaks his scanty crust:

And lulled beside thy whispering stream,  
Oft drops to slumber unawares,  
And sees the angels of his dream  
Upon celestial stairs.

Dear mossy shrine—thou blessed saint—  
Long may thy crystal wealth increase,  
Who on the heart, way-worn and faint,  
Bestows a moment's peace.

## SCHOOLS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY GEN. JOHN. H. COCKE.

It is remarkable, in an age in which the subject of education has been so much agitated, that so little attention by the leading politicians of the times has been given to a system of new schools for the people lately come into existence, and now upon the full tide of successful experiment—producing, by universal consent, upon all ranks of society, wherever these schools have been put into operation, the happiest effects. This new system of popular education is the result of voluntary association, an essential feature for success in all such cases, under free governments. But in respect to this case, being contrary to the speculations of that large class of politicians, and almost all the official dignitaries of State, who are opposed to all associations or societies, except that which they call the society of the commonwealth, of which they have or hold in expectancy the chief management, they remain in a state of unaccountable supineness; hence, “not many mighty, not many noble,” have as yet joined the new movement.

But new and startling discoveries are the characteristics of the nineteenth century. This new education movement may well be ranked among the striking signs of the times, and soon will be classed with the glorious discoveries of the age.

The thing alluded to, is the giant offspring of the great temperance reform. Entering the field of popular education with amazing power, at one mighty stride it leaves behind the whole ground of infant and early youthful education, and addresses itself to full-grown men—presenting for their adoption a single well-defined principle of moral philosophy, as the organic principle or constitutional law of their association, by virtue of which they are at once redeemed from a large majority of the criminal offences in civil society, and become matriculates, and at the time graduates, in a college of intrepid moralists; and thereby get a virtual certificate of better qualification for every relative duty of society; and lastly, they are bound by the strong ties of honor to maintain a walk and position in the community, that rebukes the acknowledged master vice of Christendom.

Glorious distinction! And well may it be so called—for it can only be attained by picked men, of a high sense of virtue—men who have the moral courage to act upon the ennobling principle of pursuing “the greatest good of the greatest number,” or to do right “in spite of the world’s dread laugh,” and in opposition to its despotic fashions; or, in obedience to Christian moral discipline, practice self-denial, and triumph over debasing appetite.

This defines a class which indisputably takes rank with the highest orders of society; in short, it is a classified division of nature’s noblemen, whose patent of nobility issues from no earthly herald’s office, but bears the seal of divinity. It carries its holy authenticity upon its front, in that no man can disparage it without debasing himself—for who can impugn the antagonists of drunkenness without a stain on his escutcheon? or who can decry Love, Purity and Fidelity, without being worse than an infidel? A solemn pledge of total abstinence from all intox-



icating beverages is the passport to these new schools, and the academies in which the new philosophy is taught, are the Division Halls of the Sons of Temperance.

Let such as may be disposed to think all this a flourish for effect, by some temperance zealot, consider the following well established facts :

That this organization of the Sons of Temperance is but of yesterday. In a few short years it has led to the voluntary enlistment of three hundred thousand men, of the best moral material, and the best bone and sinew to be found in the nation, bound together by the ties of congenial confraternity, and pledged by their sacred honor to do battle, not with the fleshy weapons of bloody warfare, but the sword of the spirit of moral reform ; and in particular to pull down the strongest hold in the hands of the fell triple alliance of the world, the flesh and the devil.

This must be allowed to be a wonderful movement, a moral phenomenon, such as has not occurred in the history of mankind since the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century ; and again I say, let the wise ones bethink themselves in time of the mighty power of such an organized association in moulding the affairs of the world.

Hitherto, aspirants for distinction in public affairs have been but too successful in resorting to sources of corruption to pave the way to their high places. But it is now manifest to the most common observer, that a new order of things has arisen, of which the highest dignitaries in Church and State seem to be among the last to be fully aware. The days of rum and whiskey tacticians are numbered. Haply by the time they have tacked and trimmed their sails they will meet a new order of opponents in their career of ambition, graduates of the people's schools, who, having succeeded in the first great lesson,

which teaches how to conquer by *conquering themselves*, will be hard to beat.

But I conclude for the present with *verbum sat*—only adding that I may enlarge upon some of the various interesting aspects presented to the consideration of the “wise and prudent,” by the new schools for the people.

## WHY DOES NOT *THAT* CLERGYMAN SIGN THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE?

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

A MINISTER of the Gospel sat in a cozy study, which overlooked a pleasant prospect on the Jersey shore. He had written his text, and one paragraph, and was gently rubbing his forehead with the forefinger of his left hand, waiting for a thought. His young niece was filling a reticulated aperture, commonly called a darn, in his stocking. She rose occasionally with a light step to sweep the ashes on the hearth, but at the time of which I speak, her attention was attracted by the jingling of approaching sleigh-bells. They stopped at the gate, a lady was announced, and soon a well-dressed stranger entered.

The Pastor received her with courtesy, and she sat down.

There are times when the commonplaces of life utterly fail, when even to say “a very pleasant or cold day, madam,” jars on some string of sentiment or feeling. So it was in this case. The Pastor cast his glance on the lady, with a silent air of respectful inquiry, and Mary’s needle made quick movements, while the rustle of the stranger’s silk dress sounded loud in the silence.

Mary would have retired, but the visiter said, "You can stay, my dear;" and then, drawing from her side her delicate handkerchief, she leaned her head an instant upon it, as if there were tears to wipe away. At length she said:

"I have come, sir, on a singular and embarrassing errand. I wish your assistance to rescue a fellow-being from misery. I have a lovely friend, educated, intelligent, warm-hearted; a wife and mother. She is happy in all her domestic relations with an indulgent and wealthy husband, high in his profession. She has commissioned me to call on you."

At this point the stranger paused, while Mary and her uncle bent their heads to catch her lowered and tremulous cadence.

"This friend, so seemingly blessed, and indeed so beloved, is intemperate, and we fear (indeed she fears herself,) for the life of a beautiful infant, only two months old, which is in hourly danger from the intoxication of its mother."

A thrill of astonishment, and almost of terror, ran through the veins of her hearers. There was a pause. Mary's needle trembled in her fingers, her uncle gazed at the floor, and the stranger pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"How can *I* assist you!" said the Pastor, with a sweet tremor in his voice, that told volumes of sympathy.

"My friend wishes to sign the Temperance Pledge," replied the stranger, "and has asked me to call on you for the purpose."

"But how is this?" interrogated the Pastor. "Why does she not apply to her own minister?"

"Because," replied the stranger, "he takes no interest in the Temperance cause, and has never signed the Pledge. She has heard of your efforts, and feels confidence in your aid and sympathy."

"To-morrow is the New Year," said the Pastor, thought-

fully; "say to her, that I will be with her, and help her present her New Year's gift to our Heavenly Father."

The stranger gave directions respecting her friend's residence, which was a few miles distant, and departed with the same tender melancholy with which she came.

The next morning Mary and her uncle started on their humane errand; the crisp snow sparkling and crackling, as the horse drew their light sleigh over its pure surface.

Mary wrapped her furs closely about her, seeming to be lost in thought; but she became restless, and at length said:

"Uncle, why does not *that* Clergyman sign the Pledge?"

The Pastor gave an unnecessary jirk at the reins; he looked up to the sky, the sun dazzled him; round at the landscape it was all ice-glitter; then, resting on Mary's soft eyes, as they peered up among her furs, he said:

"I think, my little girl, that either he is not aware of the miseries of drunkenness, or that he loves to sip his own pleasant glass."

They reached the place of their destination; one of those romantic country-seats which stud the outskirts of our more northerly sea-port towns. The gay bloom of summer was hidden, but the snow and frost threw their feathery ornaments over the trees and shrubs that marked the well-planned walks.

They were introduced into an apartment graced with the luxuries of wealth; flowers, books, and birds animating its soft repose.

Mary and her uncle drew close to each other, with a sense of awe. They had often gone on errands of mercy, with the Pledge, to the haunts of poverty and ignorance, and there seemed to be a sad but proper keeping with such and drunkenness. They had seen the victim of *mania à potu*, raving and blasphemous, while his wife and children shrank in terror they had seen the tavern reveller pay the last cent which should

have gone to clothe his little ones; they had followed the poor reeling sot from the grocer's den, and tried to restore him to his family and heaven; they had seen the bribed elector lying in besotted stupidity, or the poor miserable female driven to stimulants by want and anxiety; but *here*—drunkenness *here*, in this soft and perfumed atmosphere! This was beyond belief.

A picture of a churchman in his robes was suspended from the wall. He gazed benignly and serenely on the creature-comforts around him.

"Uncle," said Mary, in a whisper, pointing to the picture, "is *that* the Clergyman who will not sign the Pledge?"

But the door opened, and a lady entered with an infant in her arms. They were dressed in white as if for baptism.

"Are you the person," said the Pastor, advancing towards her with the instinct of benevolence, "who desires to give our Heavenly Father a New Year's Gift, by signing the Temperance Pledge?"

"It is my desire," was the low but firm reply.

Mary's eyes were full of tears, and as the baby held out its little hands with a cheerful utterance, she took it in her arms, and hid her emotion in caresses.

The Pastor spoke in a kind, grave tone, of the responsibilities involved in the step she was about to take. The lady stood humbly before him. He drew from his pocketbook a written Pledge, the lady seated herself at a table, shaded her eyes for an instant, then, with a hand trembling from the effect of shattered nerves, signed her name. The Pastor called God's blessing on the act, and thus was the New Year's Gift bestowed.

The infant and Mary, and the gowned churchman in the picture, witnessed the scene.

"Uncle," said Mary, drawing a long breath after they re-entered the sleigh, "I wish that kind-looking minister in the picture would sign the Pledge!"

## THE NEGLECTED.

BY MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

SOFTLY part away the tresses  
From her forehead of pale clay,  
And across her quiet bosom  
Let her white hands lightly lay,  
Never idly in her lifetime  
Were they folded thus away.

She has lived a life of labor,  
She is done with toil and care,  
She has lived a life of sorrow,  
She hath nothing more to bear;  
And the lips that never murmured  
Never more shall move in prayer.

You who watched with me beside her  
As her last of nights went by,  
Know how many times she asked us  
If we thought her hour was nigh;  
How she told us, always smiling,  
She was glad that she could die.

Many times from off the pillow,  
Lifting up her face to hear,  
She would look as one who watches  
Half in hope and half in fear;  
Often asking those about her,  
If the day were drawing near.

Till at last as one a-weary  
To herself she murmured low ;  
Could I see him, could I bless him  
Only once before I go ;  
If he knew that I was dying  
He would come to me I know !

Drawing then my head down softly  
Till it lay beside her own,  
Said she, tell him in his anguish  
When he finds that I am gone,  
That the bitterness of dying  
Was to leave him here alone.

Nay ! the pang is but a moment—  
And my parting words may win  
Entrance to his softened bosom  
To plead solemnly with sin ;  
So my death shall prove a blessing  
That my life has never been.

Crushing then with one great effort  
All her weakness and her woe,  
She seemed wrapped in pleasant visions  
But to wait her time to go ;  
And she never after midnight  
Spoke of anything below.

But kept murmuring very softly  
Of cool streams and pleasant bowers,  
Of a pathway going up brightly  
Through the fields of endless flowers.  
And at daybreak she had entered  
On a better life than ours !

## A D D R E S S

BY HON. EDMUND DILLAHUNTY, P.G.W.P.

IGNORANCE is not a mere negation of happiness, but it is a positive evil—not a mere waterless and parched channel, but a corrupt and unhealthful fountain, whose turbid streams deform the plains of human life and scatter in their course pollution, degradation and death. It is not only the parent of error, but it has ever been an active agent in generating those crimes which has filled the world with sorrow and mourning. It is the tyrant's stay, and the lever by which the demagogue elevates himself to power; and, allied to the fearful vices of idleness and intemperance, becomes, the most deadly foe to human liberty and the rights of man.

Man has a high destiny to work out on earth—nothing less than securing happiness in this life and bliss beyond the grave. There are sorrows that no art can evade, no courage can overcome. Under the present constitution of things, natural calamity is the ultimate end of the physical and organic laws of man's existence. Sickness and death are the lot of all. Tender infancy, blooming beauty, vigorous manhood and venerable age suffer a common doom. But moral evil is the work of man. It is deducible from the light of nature, from experience and sound philosophy, as well as from the Great Book of Life, that



the God of the Universe created nothing in wrath—nothing in the wild caprice of a sovereign will. The beauty, regularity and harmony of the natural world show forth his goodness, as well as his majesty and power. The bright garniture of nature, the fruits and flowers of earth, the glorious sun, the star-decked heavens and the rich and mellow radiance of the evening sky, all proclaim his tender mercy and parental love. In the organization of man, his benevolence is still more conspicuous. The whole system of our nature, the nice adaptation of each portion of our mysterious mechanism to the end designed, the beautiful symmetry of the whole, the strange and wonderful union of matter and spirit, the capacity of mind, its mighty energies, the depth and force of the moral sentiments, the tender susceptibilities of human sympathy, and the generous and enduring attributes of human affection, afford the most ample evidence that the primeval law of man was one of supreme happiness. But this law was broken. The beauty of earth was marred.—Its sunny landscapes were overshadowed by clouds. Its fair surface, long fanned by gentle zephyrs and perfumed by the sweet odors of paradise, was now the theatre of the whirlwind and the favorite abode of noxious weeds and thorns and brambles. The human heart was made acquainted with sorrow and anguish. Evil was mingled with good, and sadness with pleasure. Innocence was corrupted by guile, and helplessness overwhelmed by violence. Heart no longer answered heart in the confidence of love. The sounds of rejoicing were hushed in the wailings of sorrow. Man felt his weakness and exposure to danger, but conscious guilt made him fear to trust his God.

A well regulated self-respect, and a quiet cheerful temper are essential elements in every well-ordered place of life. The mind is an independent empire, whose means of prosperity and success are to be found in its own internal resources. Without

cheerfulness and self-approbation, there can be no advancement towards real good. So long as the mind is overshadowed by the gloom of melancholy, and is visited by the reproaches of conscience and the stings of remorse, it is impossible that the consolations of tranquility and hope should find a resting place there. Hence we find many seeking enjoyment where God has not placed it—in ignoble listlessness, or in the haunts of vice. Self-despised or self-condemned, they take no part on the world's busy stage, or fly from the harmony of fireside affection, and the sweet endearments of domestic life; and seek to slake their thirst for happiness in the angry tumults of passion and the bitter strifes of appetite.

A host of evils follow in the train of this letting down the powers of the soul. Intemperance comes with its attendant evils, idleness and misery, profligacy and crime, to lay waste the hopes of the palace and the peace of the cottage. It has been the shame and reproach of this great country. It has pervaded all classes and conditions of life—destroyed individuals, ruined families, corrupted the vital air of society and threatened destruction to civil liberty itself. How many has it brought to degradation and misery within the recollection of each one of us? Have we not all witnessed the wasting away of the powers of the body and the blasting of the energies of the soul under its withering influence, until the manly form and the proud spirit were humbled in disease and crime, and grovelling appetite had supplanted every feeling of honor, until friendship had lost its confidence and love its sympathy, and the bitter griefs of wives and the helpless wailings of children pointed the stings of remorse without arousing one effort to repentance, or exciting one generous struggle for amendment? In its terrible march, the proudest intellects are levelled to the dust and the purest affections are dried up at their fountains, and the brave and the

true, the beautiful and the pure, are made to share a common ruin with the base, the treacherous and the vile. To arrest this fearful scourge is a work in which we should all delight to engage. Much has been done in times past. By the united exertions of philanthropists and patriots of all orders and professions, its awful ravages have been stayed for a season. But attempts are now being made again to open the flood-gates of its pent-up wrath and bury beneath its angry billows the consolations of enfeebled age and the hopes of helpless, unoffending innocence. In this struggle, my brethren, let us not be content with a cold neutrality. We profess to be friends of sobriety and order—to sympathise with unprotected weakness and unmerited suffering. We justly boast our deeds of mercy in visiting the poor in their affliction, of wiping the tears from the widow's eyes, and ministering to the sorrowing in his bereavement. Let us now do more, by endeavoring to reclaim the drunkard and restore tranquility and joy to the mother whose heart is rent with more than a widow's griefs, and to the children whose timid glances and squalid looks betoken more than the orphan's pain and anguish.

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## TEMPERANCE.

BY DR. J. S. WILSON

IN the elucidation of the features of this theme, and its adaptation to the different classes of community, will the gentler sex deem it uncourteous should I especially solicit *their co-operation*?

Your own characteristic modesty, my fair friends, must

concede, that, in the present enlightened state of society, especially in our own country, there exists no earthly incentive to virtuous action, on our part, like that of *female* influence. To you, then, who, in the endearing relation of mother, wife, and sister, have so entwined yourselves around our wayward hearts that they must cease to pulsate, ere they refuse to respond to *your* cherished claims, allow me to urge, that much, *very much* depends on *your* exertions in this holy cause. To you, therefore, I earnestly appeal for the influence of your powerful example. I entreat you to blend *your* efforts with *ours* for the suppression of this bewildering vice, whose deadliest evils often light upon you and your families.

You who grace the walks of *single life*, have associates and friends among us, who would hazard life to insure your approving smiles. Will they not then banish a *habit* which they are assured has the stamp of your unyielding reprobation? You have brothers, who love you with fraternal fondness. By your endearing and timely persuasions, decoy them from the resorts of the idle and dissipated, and encourage them to unfurl the banner of *temperance*, and mantle themselves in its folds. You have fathers, who contemplate your expanding loveliness with parental fondness. Co-operate with your mothers in rendering *home so delightful*, as to exclude all propensity to leave their own fireside circle in search of the fatal enticements of the cup. With a conciliating firmness of purpose entice all within the sphere of your influence to flee the *haunts* of dissipation—teach them that in the *embryo bud* lurks the envenomed poison; that MODERATE drinking is the germ of inebriety—the poisoned fountain whence all the bitter waters of intemperance have issued. Teach them that there is no sure panoply but *entire abstinence*, and that, if once launched in the frail bark of dissipation, though they *fancy* themselves *secure* in their own

firmness, and proudly say to the waves of temptation, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther;" yet experience proves that while thus tampering, sooner or later, they will be overwhelmed in the vortex of destruction; that though the pride of *intellect* induce the belief that *they* shall never yield, yet that the most towering genius is oft obscured by the withering influence that lurks in the bowl; or that though secure in the possession of *health*, they venture the subtle poison mingled in every libation, yet health is not eternal—

"For more than once I've seen life's noon-tide ray  
 Pass'd with life's conqueror on the pale-fac'd steed—  
 I've seen the morn that spoke a cloudless day,  
 Waft to the tomb from health's unpurpled mead!"

- Exert your persuasive eloquence to impress on your young associates that if they would be respected by community or maintain an equality with their fellow-citizens—if they would not obscure the setting sun of their parents, or forfeit the love of friends—if they would not repay with ingratitude the tender care which sustained their infancy, and watched with unceasing vigilance their careless childhood—if they would not blight the hopes with which their parents now look up to them as the props of their declining years—if they would not mingle the "gall of bitterness" with the last dregs of their own earthly cup, they must obey the injunction,—“touch not, taste not, handle not” the poisoned chalice!

In the choice of your future *companions*, slight not these insinuations. Flatter not yourselves, that though the favored one *now* mingles with the dissipated, yet he will “*reform after marriage* ;” solace not yourselves with the delusive hope that he is “only a *moderate* drinker.” Ask any besotted votary of Bacchus to describe the *ladder* by which he descended to the

gulf of intemperance, and he will tell you that *moderate drinking* formed its *topmost round* !

I entreat you then, to discountenance, by your marked and signal disapprobation, the *initial step* in this pathway whose termination is too often the maelstrom of disgrace and death.

Let us, for a moment, step *behind the curtain*, and take a glance at that *home*, the head of which is a confirmed *inebriate* ! Do we there find *domestic happiness*, “that only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall?” No! *that*, with all its lovely train of home-bred sweets, is exiled from the fireside of the drunkard ! Do we find its gentle mistress, in *peace* and *serenity*, gliding about in her domestic avocations, and awaiting, with the glow of *happy expectancy*, the return of him who should have been the soother of all her cares—the sympathising reciprocater of all her affections? Alas, no ! Sadly she moves around her lonely habitation, the *shadow* of her *former* self. The rose which once bloomed on her cheek, has been dimmed by days of anguish and nights of ceaseless sorrow ; for he in whom she garnered up all the deep affections of *woman’s priceless heart*, has made her to drink deeply of the “wormwood and the gall,” —he, for whom she left all the nameless endearments, which were associated with the home of her childhood, has strewed her connubial path with piercing thorns, instead of the bright flowers of enjoyment, which the day dreams of fancy had whispered her confiding heart bloomed sweetly there ! And can she await his return from the haunts of *iniquity* with pleasure ? No ! she starts at every sound, lest it may prove the herald of his dreaded approach.

Has providence bestowed upon her *children* ? How do *they* behave on the approach of their degraded father ? Do they fondly *vie* with *each other* to be the *first* to hail the desired

return of this cherished being, and climb his knee to share the envied kiss? Do they raise their cherub voices of infantile love to welcome his return to their happy home! No, no! they *avoid* him as they would the bug-a-boo of their infant imaginations, and tremblingly cling for protection around the form of their agonized mother.

This picture is not drawn by the creative pencil of fancy. O, no! There is scarcely a town or village in our Union that will not afford at least *one* instance to prove that my pen sketches truth.

As *mothers* to whom is necessarily entrusted the early culture of the immortal mind, O be it your fondest care, as it is your blest prerogative, while the infant intellect is expanding, to impress upon it a deep abhorrence of this destructive practice. Remember that the first sentiments, the original and permanent impressions of the rising generation, are to be by you instilled. And it is to you that we confidently look to urge on that happy reformation, which we fondly anticipate will be radical and universal. To accomplish this object, I repeat, we look to the all-prevailing influence—the persevering efforts of *woman*. And, believe me, if you will resolutely, yet gently—firmly, yet with characteristic softness, stem the tide of *fashionable* intemperance, you will be richly repaid for your generous exertions by seeing this deprecated evil (which has caused many a sigh of hopeless anguish to heave the female bosom) gradually, yet, for ever disappear from the haunts of domestic bliss: and you would feel the happiness arising from the reflection that *your frowns* have effectually assisted to *repel* the *invader* who was making your homes desolate, and insnaring, by his magic influence those very beings, upon whom your own gentle natures should rely for protection.

Look around on your sons, their cheeks are now glowing

with the hue of unimpaired health—their eyes sparkling with the fire of undimmed intellect. Their steps are buoyant with the joyousness of unsullied innocence, and their voices utter the notes of filial affection, to gladden your homes and your hearts, would you see those beaming eyes emit no brilliancy save the last gleam of expiring genius? Will you cherish the agent that may in future years convert their steps of buoyancy into the stagger of the debased inebriate? Would you render it probable that those tones of modest love *may*, ere long, give place to exclamations of profanity? If this picture be revolting to you, then I entreat you not to shrink from aiding in this great moral reformation, but reflect that *influence* is a powerful engine given you by the God of nature, for benevolent purposes. Strive, then, to expunge from the usages of society the *use* of spirituous liquors—that seductive habit which has numbered amongst its victims the brightest ornaments of human nature.

Then, the united voices of myriads yet unborn shall bless you, as being instrumental in rescuing them from the chains of that tyrant, who, in his march to dominion, stalks over the ruins of genius, and the crushed hopes of domestic life. Thus shall he no more move on in his conquering car, while hoary age and lisping infancy hang on his chariot's wheels and cry—

“O, give us back our blooming sons—

Restore the guardians of our helpless childhood.”



## THE FEARFUL FUNERAL.

BY REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D. D.

It was on the morning of a cold, chilly day in the month of April, that I was thus interrupted in my studies by one of my children; "Pa, there is a queer looking man in the parlor who wants to see you." On entering the room my eye lit upon a man who was queer looking indeed, because his dress, face, and whole appearance proclaimed him a drunkard. He rose on my entering the room, and with that constrained and awkward politeness, amounting to obsequiousness, which the half intoxicated often assume, he thus addressed me :

"I come, sir, to ask you to attend a funeral this afternoon."

"Who," said I, "is dead?"

"A friend of mine," he replied, "by the name of S——, and as he has no particular friends here, I thought I would come and ask you."

"Where did he live?" I again asked.

"Why," said he, "he lived no place in particular, except at the grocery of Mr. H——." This Mr. H—— was the keeper of a groggery of the very lowest character where blacks and whites freely mingled in their revels, and which had often been presented as a nuisance.

I again asked, "of what disease did he die?"

"Why," said he, dropping his countenance, and lowering

his voice almost to a whisper, "I hardly know; but, between you and I, he was a pretty hard drinker."

After a few more inquiries to which I received answers in keeping with those given above, I dismissed him, promising to attend the funeral at five o'clock.

At the hour appointed I went to the house of death. There were ten or twelve men present, and, with two exceptions, they were all drunkards. I went up to the coarse pine coffin, and gazed upon a corpse not pale and haggard, but bloated, and almost as black as the raven's wing. There were two brothers present, both inebriates, and as unfeeling as if the body of a beast lay dead before them. From the undertaker I gained the following narrative as to the deceased :

He was the son of respectable, but irreligious parents, who, instead of spending the Sabbath in the house of God, either spent it in idleness, or in doing "their own work." When desecrated, the Sabbath is usually a day of fearful temptation. Sabbath sins make deep impressions on the soul. Whilst yet young he became a Sabbath vagrant—joined profane companions—acquired the habit of drinking; and so rapidly grew the love of drink into a ruling passion, that at mature years he was a confirmed drunkard. His parents died, and the portion of property that fell to his lot was squandered. "And for years," said my informant, "he has been drunk every day."

"But how," I asked, "did he get the money to pay for the liquor?"

"He has been employed," he replied, "by Mr. H—— to shoot squirrels in the woods, and to catch water rats in the marshes; and for the skins of these he has been paid in whiskey. Nobody would see him starve; and he usually slept in a garret over the groggery. Yesterday he was taken sick, very sick, in the grocery; Mr. H——, instead of giving him a bed,

turned him out of the house. He was then in a dying state; and, at a short distance from the house, fell in the street. He was taken into a negro hut and laid on the floor, where he died in less than an hour. The negroes were very ignorant and superstitious, and were afraid to have the corpse in their house. It was carried to a barn. This poor but pious family, hearing the circumstances, took the corpse to their house, and have made these preparations for its burial."

I read a portion of the Scriptures, and for a few moments discoursed to them on the effects of sin—I dwelt on the hardening and fearful effects of intemperance. But there was no feeling. I prayed with them; but there was no reverence. They all gazed with a vacant stare, as if their minds had evaporated, and as if the fiery liquid had burned out their consciences. They were obviously past feeling. The coffin was closed and placed in the hearse. We proceeded with slow and solemn pace to the house appointed for all the living; and a feeling of shame came over me as I passed along the street to be followed by half a dozen pair of inveterate toppers. The coffin was placed upon the bier, and was carried by four drunkards, who were actually reeling under their load, to a secluded spot in the graveyard, where, without a tear being shed, without a sigh being uttered, it was covered up under the cold clod of the valley; and the two brothers went back to the house of death, the grog-shop, to drink, and to die a similar death, and to go early down to the same ignoble grave. The others, after lingering for a few moments, as if arrested by the thought that the grave would be soon their house, followed. I stood for a short time over the grave, after all had retired, pondering the deeply impressive scenes through which I had so rapidly passed. "And is this," said I to myself, "the grave of the drunkard?" And the prayer, almost uncon-

sciously, rose from my heart to heaven, "O God, save my children's children to their latest generation from making such a contribution as this to the congregation of the dead."

As I retired from the graveyard the following lessons, suggested and illustrated by this narrative, were deeply impressed on my mind :

1. How great is the responsibility of parents ! With what moral certainty they form the character of their children after the model of their own ! Careless and irreligious themselves, their children copy their example ; but because destitute of their firmness of character, they yield to every temptation, until they can commit sin with greediness. Were the parents of this young man, who was laid down in a drunkard's grave, on which no tear of sorrow has ever fallen, truly and consistently pious, how different might have been his life and his death ! How many parents lay the foundation for the temporal and eternal ruin of their children !

2. How sad the effects which usually follow the habitual violation of the Sabbath ! All need the checks and the restraints which the due observance of the Sabbath places upon our depravity. The habitual violaters of the Sabbath are usually those hardened in the ways of sin ; and to become the associates of such is to ensure the end of the proverb, "the companion of fools shall be destroyed." Had this young man been brought up to "remember the Sabbath day," he might have been saved to the cause of virtue and usefulness, and from an early, ignoble, and unknown grave. The due observance of the Sabbath is alike necessary to the attainment of temporal and spiritual good.

3. How selfish and hard the hearts of those who live by rum ! It is a base business to sell it by small quantities for the sake of making a living. It is in opposition to divine, and usually to human law. And so plainly is it under the ban of

the world's reprobation, that but few, save "the hardened wicked," engage in it. And if a man of kind and generous nature engages in it, his heart soon becomes a heart of steel. Mr. H——, the keeper of the grocery, was, naturally, a kind man; he became a seller of liquor, against law, by the small measure. He kept and fed poor S—— as long as he was able to shoot squirrels or rats. Many is the day he spent in the salt marshes to earn his whiskey. And when his poor frame gave way under the vile work, the man who did so much to degrade him, turned him out to die in the street. There is not a class of men upon earth who deserves so little at the hands of their fellow men, as do these retailers of liquid death by the gill!

4. How degrading is the vice of intemperance! It ruins soul, body, and character. And by elevating a mean appetite above reason, and conscience, and judgment, it degrades man to the level of the brute. Here was a young man, of respectable parentage who, by taking glass after glass, became a drunkard. Habitual intemperance unfitted him for any business—he became the tenant of a low grocery, the fumes from which, of a winter evening, were sickening; he became the slave of a low grocer—for to earn a glass of whiskey, he would spend the day and sometimes the night in the salt marshes catching rats. When no longer able to earn his glass, he was turned out to die. After he breathed his last in a negro hut, his corpse was taken to a barn; by the charity of the pious alone was his dead body saved from exposure, and by the hands of drunkards he was carried to an ignoble grave, unwept and unregretted. And all this is only the degradation which it brings on the body! It is an immutable law of Jehovah, that no drunkard shall ever inherit the kingdom of God.

Drunkenness is thus characterized by Watson, an old Puritan divine:—"There is no sin which doth more efface God's

image than drunkenness. It disguiseth a person and doth even unman him. Drunkenness makes him have the throat of a fish, the belly of a swine, and the head of an ass. Drunkenness is the shame of nature, the extinguisher of reason, the shipwreck of chastity, and the murder of conscience. Drunkenness is hurtful to the body—the cup kills more than the cannon. It causeth dropsies, catarrhs, apoplexies;—it fills the eyes with fire, and the legs with water, and turns the body into a hospital. But the greatest hurt it doth is to the soul; excess of wine breeds the worm of conscience. The drunkard is seldom reclaimed by repentance, and the ground of it is partly because, by this sin, the senses are so enchanted, the reason so impaired, and lust so inflamed; and partly it is judicial, the drunkard being so besotted by his sin, God saith of him, as of Ephraim, he is joined to his cups, let him alone; let him drown himself in liquor until he scorch himself in fire.”

O reader, beware of drunkenness; it is a degrading, damning sin. If you have already so far yielded to temptation as to have acquired a relish for it, resolve now never to taste again the fiery liquid. Remember the fearful funeral of the drunkard.

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## MONTHLY COMPEND.

THE condition of the temperance cause in our country, at this time, is calculated to awaken a deep interest. In some parts of the nation it is evidently advancing, while, in others, if it is not retrograding, there is a lamentable lukewarmness among its professed friends.

Various causes have conspired to bring about that state of apathy on the temperance question to which we allude. It is not expedient, however, that we should stop to name them here. The friends of this great movement need only be informed of the real facts of the case, and they will sooner or later awake to duty and to success.

We propose to give a brief survey of the temperance enterprise, in each number of the Magazine. Owing to the peculiar circumstances connected with its preparation, the COMPEND for the present is neither so full nor so various as we intend its successors shall always be.

**NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES.**—The National Division of the great national Order of the Sons of Temperance, has recently held its annual session at the city of Toronto, Canada West. This spirited and successful meeting, and all others of a similar character on the American Continent, appropriately belong to the pages of the American Temperance Magazine.

We learn from the reports of the National Division, that the temperance cause is in a healthy condition in the Provinces. Several of the most influential citizens have given it their names and personal example. The learned Attorney-General of New Brunswick has been at the head of the Order of the Sons of Temperance in that Province. In Nova Scotia several new Divisions have been organised during the year, and a generous spirit of enterprise and emulation has been aroused among quite a large portion of the people. In the Canadas there has been a steady advance. Portions of Canada West have done admirably well. We shall give our readers all the particulars in the next number of the Magazine. Suffice it now to say that, on the whole, the temperance cause in the North American Provinces looks well.

**MAINE.**—An important temperance movement has just been made in this State. The motto on the escutcheon of Maine is "*Dirigo*;" I LEAD, or, I DIRECT. In her recent law for the suppression of intemperance, she may well say that she is leading or directing all her sister States. It is a law that is inevitably destined to exert an immense influence in this county. Should it be triumphantly sustained, as it is believed it will be, by a very large majority of the people of Maine, it will deal a death-blow to the liquor traffic in that and several other States.

It is not our province to give the items or the history of the workings of this law. We merely state the fact of its passage, and its reception by the people. The majority which passed it in the State Legislature was quite large, and it was immediately signed by the Governor. But little serious opposition has been made to its execution by those more immediately concerned. Such has become the healthy tone of public sentiment on this great question of temperance, that organised or forcible resistance to a law effectually putting down the traffic in alcoholic poisons, is found to be useless in the State of Maine. The people have willed the passage and execution of a law laying the axe at the root of the tree. In this respect, as in many others, it is seen and felt that **THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE IS THE VOICE OF GOD.**

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—The tone of feeling in the Granite State has much in it that is encouraging. There has not been a large increase of the Sons of Temperance during the year, but the cause is onward. There will be an effort made to pass a law in New Hampshire, similar to that now in operation in Maine. Should the measure not succeed, at present,

the discussions growing out of its being proposed to the people, will have a beneficial effect on the temperance cause. The discussion of the temperance question, both by its friends and its enemies, always produces a good result among the people at large.

VERMONT.—But little outward agitation of the reform exists in the Green Mountain State. One thing is certain, however, the sale of intoxicating drinks is much less than it was, in all the principal towns, making due allowance for the increase of population. The public selling and drinking of alcohol, as a beverage, has been stamped with a seal of unpopularity and infamy, so broad and deep, that nothing on earth can efface it. Many evasions and subterfuges are resorted to, to avoid the legitimate operation of public sentiment; but these only go to show the healthful state of feeling that exists in the hearts of the people, and that will in the end be triumphantly sustained. One thing is certainly clear, that if intemperance still exists in such a State as Vermont, notwithstanding the powerful legal restraints which exist there, the terrible evil would be vastly increased if all such restraints were removed.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Order of the Sons of Temperance continues to advance in this State, and in some places popular temperance meetings are regularly held by the true and tried supporters of the good cause. We would mention among these places, as especially worthy of praise and imitation, the city of Roxbury. Meetings for the people have been continued in this city, every Sabbath evening, through winter and summer—through sunshine and storm, for eleven successive years. They have usually been well attended during the whole time, and hundreds of names have, by their means, been enrolled on the glorious temperance pledge.

The Washingtonians of the city of Boston have been similarly laborious. They have kept up their meetings with unremitting zeal, adding to their public addresses the more private, but not less meritorious enterprise of clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, visiting the sick, and burying the dead.

We shall give all the statistics of Massachusetts hereafter.

RHODE ISLAND is progressing steadily in the temperance movement. Several violent attempts have been made on the lives of the friends of temperance in Rhode Island, especially in the city of Providence, but they have thus far proved unavailing, and re-acted (as such things always will) on the enemies of society.

CONNECTICUT is doing well. The demands made on the Legislature, which has just closed its session at Hartford, clearly show that the public heart is sound to the core. Connecticut will not be long in following Maine. The people are to vote at the next Election whether a law shall be passed prohibiting the sale of alcoholic drinks.

NEW-YORK.—Several important meetings have recently taken place in the Empire State. The Sons of Temperance are constantly spreading their benign Order. During the celebrations of the last Fourth of July, the temperance element entered largely into the duties of the day and the enjoyments of the people. The Legislature has been largely petitioned



to pass a law entirely prohibiting the traffic, except for certain necessary purposes, and the people will be satisfied with nothing less. When the subject next comes up at the polls, the influence of the temperance reform will be felt as it was never felt before.

NEW JERSEY.—The meetings of the friends of temperance appear to be well sustained in this State. The cause is steadily advancing.

PENNSYLVANIA.—This may well be called the Key-Stone of the National Arch in the temperance reform. There are more Divisions of the Sons of Temperance in Pennsylvania, than in any other State in the Union. A brilliant demonstration was recently made by the Order in Philadelphia, and the general aspect of the cause is encouraging.

MARYLAND.—Great credit is due the Sons of Temperance in Maryland, for the patriotic and self-denying efforts they are making to promote our good cause in that region. They are acting wisely in extending the circulation of their paper in Baltimore. Another pleasing feature of the reform in Maryland is, the organization of Literary Societies, in connection with the Divisions, which are beginning to accomplish beneficial results in bringing out the latent talents of members of the Order, and thereby providing the public with useful speakers.

VIRGINIA is moving steadily forward; the increase of Divisions, especially West of the Alleghanies, being highly gratifying. We shall give official statistics as fast as possible. The Old Dominion has already linked many of her most honored names to the temperance car.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Through the efficient labors of that zealous, devoted laborer in this God-like cause, PHILIP S. WHITE, the Order of the Sons of Temperance has made greater progress in North Carolina during the past year, than in any other State, and many of her most prominent men are among its members.

OHIO.—There is a good state of feeling in most parts of the commonwealth. During the recent vote on the new constitution, the people expressed their opinions on the temperance question in a decided manner, by engrafting the following provision into their organic law :

“No license to traffic in intoxicating liquors shall be hereafter granted in this State; but the General Assembly may by law provide against evils arising therefrom.”

The force of public sentiment will certainly carry this provision into effect. The Buckeye State is sound to the core.

MICHIGAN and KENTUCKY are the only two remaining States of which we are at present advised. In both of these the efforts of our friends are worthy of strong commendation.

In TENNESSEE, we learn indirectly, the work is making progress, and in some portions of SOUTH CAROLINA and ALABAMA, also.

We shall endeavor to obtain all the leading particulars, from every State in the Union, in time for the next Magazine.

All documents connected with the great American Temperance Reform, such as Reports of Societies, Public Addresses, and Statistics of Intemperance, are respectfully requested. Direct to the *American Temperance Magazine*, at New-York.





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Yrs Truly  
John Bolton A'Beille

THE  
LIFE OF  
HUGH BOURNE

## HUGH BOURNE

THERE is a definite value in the deeds of men whose careers have been devoted to the service of the community, and who have chosen to watch their progress, to have others to watch their progress, to be the right general example to the memory posterity, and to be a good for individuals to have a good example to follow who have passed through the difficulties of life, and applied to various truths, and overcome obstacles, and achieved an honest benefit to the community. It is with this conviction that the life of Hugh Bourne is shared of one, whose name is known to the Temperance cause, and who is a country delights to read, and a grateful.

The father of the subject of this book, Hugh Bourne, was the grand-son of Hugh Bourne, a member of the Navy, family of St. John's Castle, Antwerp, Ireland. This Hugh was a midshipman in the English navy, and was on service in the American colonies. Not liking his place, he resolved to leave it, and accomplished his purpose by jumping over board in the Delaware River and swimming ashore. From this time he had



1840

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## HON. JOHN BELTON O'NEALL.

THERE is a double value in the record of the lives and noble deeds of men whose career has been one of eminent usefulness; a value to the country and to individuals. It is good for a nation to have names to which it can point with pride, to whose example the rising generation may be directed, and whose memory posterity may cherish with grateful reverence. It is good for individuals to have before them the experience of those who have passed through the discipline and trial which all who aspire to virtuous usefulness must expect; have triumphed over obstacles, and achieved an instrumentality in the diffusion of benefits to the community, their country, or the human race. It is with this conviction that the following brief sketch is offered of one, whose name is distinguished as a champion of the Temperance cause, and enrolled among those to whom his country delights to render the homage of undying remembrance and gratitude.

The father of the subject of this notice, Hugh O'Neill, was the grand-son of Hugh O'Neale, a younger son of the Neale family of Shane's Castle, Antrim, Ireland. This Hugh was a midshipman in the English navy, and was on service in the American colonies. Not liking his place, he resolved to leave it, and accomplished his purpose by jumping over board in the Delaware River and swimming ashore. From this time he had

no communication with his family, and even altered the spelling of his name by changing the final *e* into an *l*. He married Anne Cox, whose father served as Captain in King William's army at the battle of the Boyne. His son William, who married Mary Froot, a member, like himself, of the Friends' Society, emigrated from Virginia to South Carolina, and settled on Mudlick Creek, in Laurens District, where their second son, the first mentioned Hugh, was born. Subsequently they removed to Bush River, Newberry District. The wife of Hugh O'Neill was Anne Kelly, the youngest child of Samuel Kelly, a native of King's County, and of Hannah Belton, a native of Queen's County, Ireland. On the removal of Kelly from Camden, S. C., in 1762, he settled with his family at "Springfield," which place, occupied after his death by an unmarried son, John Kelly, is now the residence of the subject of this sketch. His parents lived, at the time of his birth, at O'Neill's Mills on Bush River, four miles below Springfield.

John Belton O'Neill was born on the 10th of April, 1793. He was named after his grand-mother's brother, who was an eminent surveyor, and resided at Camden, S. C. Being extremely delicate in health, through infancy and childhood, he was nurtured with great tenderness; yet his education—a substantial English one—began when he was only five years of age. His parents being Friends, he was reared in the tenets of that Society. The instructor who had charge of him to the age of about fifteen, was an Englishman, James Howe, cousin to General and Admiral Lord Howe. This gentleman had a tolerably good library, to which he gave his young pupil access. The first book he placed in his hands was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the perusal of which made a deep impression on his youthful mind. The Scriptures were also read as a daily lesson in Howe's school. Much of the boy's spare time, meanwhile,

was spent in attending to the duties of a clerk, his father being engaged in mercantile business. In performing these services, he had frequent opportunities of observing the evils attendant upon the retailing and purchasing of spirituous liquors, and learned to estimate the fearful consequences of excess in drinking, and the necessity of an extensive reform in these matters. He had the advantage of the best of parental precepts and example in forming his character on the basis of Christian principle. His father possessed great natural abilities, which had been cultivated in the best manner opportunity afforded; his mother was a woman of strong sense, and well instructed in the solid departments of an English education. Her son has often acknowledged, that he owed to the early lessons of this judicious and affectionate mother, much of what he attained to in after life. He also enjoyed the privilege of a circulating library at Newberry, his father having become a member of the Society in 1804.

In 1808, young O'Neill was sent to the Newberry Academy, where he continued a pupil, with short occasional absences, for two years. He then left school for the South Carolina College, the junior class of which he entered in February, 1811. Among his class-mates were William C. Preston and Henry L. Pinckney. Pinckney graduated with the first honor; O'Neill with the second—the distinction of salutatory Orator. Immediately after his graduation, he returned to Newberry, where he was occupied about six months in teaching in the Academy. Having decided on the profession of the law, his studies were commenced and prosecuted with John Caldwell. In May, 1814, he was admitted to the bar. Just previous to this he had served a term of military duty under the command of Colonel Starling Tucker, from the 1st of March to about the 10th of April. The company was sent to Camp Alston, near Sheldon Hill, a few



miles below Pocotaligo, in Beaufort District; a port where there proved to be little occasion for soldiers.

Peculiar difficulties and trials embarrassed the young student at the opening of his career, but they only served to develop the high principle and energy of character which enabled him to pursue a successful course through all. The embargo of 1808 involved his father's property, and reduced him to insolvency. In two years these troubles, aided by the effect of stimulants resorted to under the pressure of misfortune, so wrought upon him as to produce a temporary insanity. In 1813 his reason was restored, to the great joy of his family; but a resuming of business was out of the question, and the charge of the support and protection of his parents and four sisters devolved upon young O'Neill. Under these circumstances he commenced the practice of law at the time already mentioned, as the partner of Mr. Caldwell, secured the confidence of all by his energy, ability and industry, and in a short time was in possession of an extensive and lucrative practice. His father was never afflicted with any return of the mental malady from which he had suffered, and continued a pledged votary of total abstinence from that period to his death in 1848 in his eighty-second year. For twenty-eight years he was an inmate of his son's family, respected and beloved by a large circle of acquaintance for his energetic character, intelligence, and kindness of heart. So retentive was his memory to the close of life, that he could relate with minute details every occurrence that had passed under his observation or within his experience. His recollections of revolutionary incidents imbued the kindred mind of his son with the rich lore of the "times that tried men's souls," and with patriotic love for the memory of the heroic actors in that great drama.

In October, 1816, O'Neill was elected to the State Legisla-

ture in which he remained two years, being, meanwhile, in 1817, elected Colonel of the 39th Regiment of Militia. For having voted in the legislature for an increase of salary to the judges of the state he lost his election in 1818: but the suspension of his public duties for four years, was of essential service to the young lawyer, enabling him to pursue his practice with the greater zeal, and to obtain higher distinction in the front rank of the profession. In June, 1818, he was married to Miss Helen Pope, eldest daughter of Captain Sampson Pope, of Edgefield. Their residence at first was in the village of Newberry; but in August, 1820, they removed to the family estate—"Springfield," two miles West of Newberry, which then came into O'Neill's possession by bequest of his grandmother Hannah Kelly. From that time, their residence has been at this place.

In 1822 O'Neill was again chosen to the legislature and in the following February was elected Brigadier General of the Tenth Brigade, Fifth Division of South Carolina Militia. In November, 1824, he was unanimously elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, which distinction was again conferred on him in 1826. In August of the preceding year, he was elected Major General of the same division of militia, having, in the previous March, commanded the brigade which received General La Fayette at Columbia—the capital of the state.

During the session of the legislature of 1827, the appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for Mrs. Randolph, the daughter of Mr. Jefferson was made. It was well known that O'Neill was favorable to this measure, although as Speaker he had no opportunity of voting for it; it proved unpopular among the people, and in consequence he lost his election to the House of Representatives in October, 1828. A public career of still higher usefulness, however, was speedily opened to him. In the following December he was elected a Circuit Judge; his commission as

Major General of the Militia thus becoming vacant. Two years afterwards, he was elected a Judge of the Court of Appeals. O'Neill and Harper were chosen at the same time, in place of Nott and Colcock; O'Neill having the greatest number of votes, and taking post as senior Judge. From this time for five years, the Court consisted of Johnson, O'Neill and Harper, and their duties were of the most laborious character. The distinguished ability, energy, and public spirit with which these duties were performed may be seen by reference to the second volume of Bailey's Law Reports, to Bailey's Equity, the three volumes of Hill's Law Reports and the two volumes of Hill's Equity Reports. Hill's second volume contains the decision of O'Neill and Johnson, given in 1834, that the celebrated Nullification Test Oath was unconstitutional. The State *ex relatione* McCrady *vs.* Hunt. These Judges had been advocates of the Union throughout the Nullification difficulties, extending from 1830 to December, 1835. Their decision was received by the nullifiers, who formed the majority, with violent demonstrations of rage. In December, 1835, they abolished the Appeal Court, placing Johnson and Harper on the Chancery Bench, and O'Neill on that of the Law Court. He is now the oldest Judge in South Carolina, and Presiding Judge of the Law Court of Appeals and of the Court of Errors. In these high offices the same zeal, activity and ability in the exercise of laborious duties, the same elevated principle and earnest devotion to his country's best interests and service, which distinguished O'Neill from youth, have been illustrated from year to year; securing for him the entire confidence and esteem of the public, and an enduring fame, which his state will cherish with pride, and hold forth as an example to be emulated by her aspiring sons. It does not belong to this brief notice to dwell on this illustrious portion of his public services; should any reader, however, wish to read

over his legal decisions, those delivered after 1836 will be found scattered through the several volumes of Dudley's, Rice's, Cheves', McMullin's, Spear's, Richardson's and Strobhart's Reports.

In 1830, Judge O'Neill's family was visited with severe affliction in the loss of three young children; and in 1834 two others died of scarlet fever. Their only surviving child is Sarah Strother, now married to Dr. William H. Hannington.

In 1833, both Judge O'Neill and his wife were baptised at Newberry, into membership of the Baptist Church at that place. In this communion they continue, adorning their Christian profession by a consistent walk, and disseminating, by conversation and conduct, the principles of evangelical piety among all who are within the sphere of their influence.

For the purpose of inducing one of his friends to abandon the use of spirituous liquors, Judge O'Neill renounced it, although the practice was then too generally deemed essential to the exercise of hospitality. This was at the close of the year 1832; and in 1835, the Judge had joined the ranks of the "Teetotalers." In December, 1841, he was elected President of the State Temperance Society. His extensive influence and powerful talents were now fully enlisted in the great cause of Temperance Reform. In his charges to the Grand Juries, in Temperance Addresses delivered in every part of the country, and in articles sent by newspapers throughout the land, he battled vigorously for the advance of this beneficent institution, with a force and success that have triumphed over opposition, and raised a large party in South Carolina to prosecute the good work. His writings on the subject, published in the newspapers, evince his unwearied zeal in the cause, and have done incalculable good. A series called "The Drunkard's Looking-Glass," is preserved among the permanent Temperance docu-

ments of South Carolina. It was commenced in 1840, and continued through fifty-two numbers. In successive years appeared "The Wanderer" and the "Book of Experience of Temperance," with many other short articles, marked with the same originality, vigor, and eloquence, that had distinguished the more elaborate productions of his pen.

Judge O'Neill is a member of the Heads Springs Total Abstinence Society, and one of the "Sons of Temperance"—Butler Division, No. 17. The Palmetto Division, Charleston, No. 1. which he originally joined, and the Rechabites.

Yates' Tent, of which he is also a member, presented him each with a beautifully framed certificate of membership.

Other offices of trust and responsibility, involving duties, have been and are still held by Judge O'Neill. He has been one of the Trustees of the South Carolina College since 1817, (except for one year.) He has also been President of the Newberry Baptist Bible Society since its organization in 1836; and President of the Newberry Agricultural Society since its establishment in 1839. His published writings on miscellaneous subjects are numerous and various, and are all valuable. A mere enumeration of the chief among them is all that space permits in the present article.

In 1818 he published many articles, signed "Cato," on the increase of the Judges' salary. In 1824, a speech on Public Education—the Free-School System—delivered before the Clariosophic Society, was published; and a few years afterwards, a Fourth of July Oration, referring to the deaths of Jefferson and Adams, was read with great interest throughout the country. In the Nullification difficulties, the address to the Union party, signed in 1831 by the members of the Legislature, was written by Judge O'Neill. A speech on Female Education, published in 1849, did much good by the diffusion of patriotic sentiments

and elevated ideas on the subject considered. During the last year he published an Address on Public Speaking, delivered at Davidson College, North Carolina. He also completed a valuable series of papers, entitled "Newberry Annals, Historical, Biographical, and Anecdotal." His "Random Recollections of Revolutionary Characters and Incidents," a most interesting and instructive series, appeared in the Southern Literary Journal; and in the Magnolia was published "Memoirs of Major Joseph McJunkin." To this collection must be added an article published in the "Orion" on Revolutionary Poetry. Judge O'Neill's thorough acquaintance with the movements of the war in the Southern States, and his knowledge of local traditions and authentic resources of information, were of essential service to Mrs. Ellet in the preparation of her three volumes of "Women of the American Revolution." A sketch from his pen of the brave Colonel Williams, who served at the battle of King's Mountain, is to be woven into Lossing's "Pictorial History of the Revolution." His essays and sketches thrown off, perhaps hastily at the time, have wrought good that will produce beneficial results in the inculcation of just opinions and sentiments, of true honor and loyalty to the country's interests, and in the teaching of pure religious truth. It is to be hoped they will be collected and preserved in durable form, as a monument of the industry, attainments, and public spirit of one whose whole life has been devoted to the great mission of doing good to his fellow-creatures.

Judge O'Neill may also be called the Father of Public Improvements in his native State. Few enterprises of usefulness have not been indebted, either in their origin or progress, to his influence and energy. The intersection of the country by railroads has greatly promoted the advancement of every branch of industry. In 1847, Judge O'Neill was elected President of

the Greenville and Columbia rail-road, an enterprise which is to unlock the great mountain country of South Carolina, and facilitate communication through the interior with the sea-coast. The road, with its branches to Abbeville and Anderson, comprises about one hundred and sixty-three miles, and will cost about one million three hundred thousand dollars. It passes through the finest agricultural country in the Southern States, and will present the most favorable opportunity for the investment of Northern capital and skill in manufactories; the water-power of Broad and Saluda Rivers, and of their tributary streams—all within reach of the road—being sufficient to propel machinery to any extent. It is expected that this road will be completed in July, 1852.

Much as his own State and the country already owe to the eminent services of Judge O'Neill, it is gratifying to think that, in all human probability, many years of usefulness yet remain to him. His powers, mental and physical, are unabated in vigor, while his habits of activity and industry, close observation and faculty of drawing important lessons of truth from daily occurrences, together with the continual change of locality necessary to the discharge of his judicial duties, give him great advantages in the extension of the effect of his benevolent labors. No man in the State exercises a stronger or more widely extended influence over the minds of his fellow-citizens. It has been frequently remarked, that Judge O'Neill always accomplishes whatever he undertakes, and may be said to control the actions of those with whom he is associated. Yet, is this power not to be attributed *solely* to superior force of character; the uprightness of his aims, the clearness and solidity of his judgment, and the patriotic and beneficent ends to which his efforts are always directed, cannot fail to *convince*, as well as persuade those who are won to co-operate in his designs. One great peculiarity of

his mind is its singular method; hence there is no confusion either in purpose or thought, and his ideas are always clearly expressed. Energy is another prevailing characteristic, combined with a strength which is founded on moral as well as intellectual excellence. These endowments give effect to his advocacy of the Temperance cause; and wherever official duty calls him, Judge O'Neill lends his aid, both by addresses and the pen of a ready writer, in building up this great barrier to the inroads of vice. His speeches are remarkably impressive, his language is fluent, fervid, and picturesque, his manner earnest and energetic; and his glowing, heart-felt utterance of truth, carries conviction to every breast. In every part of the State can testimony be borne to the beneficial results of his eloquence; while the knowledge of his integrity and goodness of heart, his noble character as a patriot, a philanthropist, and a Christian, deepens the impression of his precepts, and secures from all who have heard his name, the tribute of respect, admiration, and affection.

It is not long since Judge O'Neill was called to bear the loss of his excellent and venerable mother. She died at her residence in Newberry, in October, 1850, in the eighty-fourth year of her age, leaving two daughters and one son. Her character for benevolence, kindness, and elevated, though unobtrusive piety, is well known to a large circle of acquaintance. Her children acknowledge, with gratitude, the judicious training in the paths of virtue and religion, which in early life they received from her, and which has fitted them for usefulness and distinction.



## A D E L L A .

BY ALICE CAREY

Down the west the gust is rushing  
Through the twilight's cloudy bars,  
And the crescent moon is pushing  
Her slim horn between the stars.

Now the winter night is falling  
O'er the hills of crisped snow,  
But she hears, she says, the calling  
Of an angel, and must go.

She is pale, and very weary,  
But her thin lips never moan,  
And though night is chill and dreary,  
Fears she not to go alone.

Surely, when the shroud shall cover  
Her meek beauty, death-subdued,  
From his eyes who *was* her lover,  
He will love her angel-hood.

He that, for the wine-cup's kisses  
Sold away her gentle love,  
Not alas, for holy blisses,  
Earthly, or of heaven above.

Morning sadly, dimly presses  
Up the orient, and the few  
Belated stars their yellow tresses  
Gather from her pathway blue.

Broader now the light is falling,  
And the day comes on and on,  
As the angel skyward calling,  
Calls no longer—she is gone.

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## THE WATER-CURE.

BY GEO. B. CHEEVER, D. D.

SHALL NEVER THIRST! Suppose a man in a raging fever, listening to those heavenly words, while an angel floats above him on expanded wings, and holds out a golden cup of cool refreshing, sparkling water, as the emblem of the gift of life at his disposal. *Shall never thirst!* It would come to his burning senses as the sound of a breeze among the leaves of Paradise, as the music of a murmuring brook hidden in a vale among thick trees in June. Shall never thirst! What happiness! Can it be a reality, or is it no better than the delirium of a fire in the brain, which wafts the burning soul over streams of crystal water that never can be touched, no better than the beautiful magic of a mirage in the desert, a calm and lovely lake reflected in the horizon towards which the parched and dying travellers hasten across the hot sands with the last impulse of life quickened by despair?

SHALL NEVER THIRST! Is that a reality? Was ever cool

ing draught in crystal or golden cup administered, that the thirst, for a moment qualified, did not return again? What draught is that, which has power not only to slake the thirst, but quench it not only to cool the fever, but extinguish it? What element of mercy, by which the fire of passion, and the fever cherished by indulgence, shall not merely be allayed, as by a transitory palliative, but conquered and eradicated, never more to vex, defile, or agitate the soul? Is there such an element? Can there be? And will it not only calm and lure the senses, but the soul? And can it bring the senses and the passions in subjection to the soul? Can it, out of a beast, make a man, and out of a despairing, burning, enslaved man, can it produce a free, pure, singing, soaring angel?

There surely is such a cure, and all these miracles of power and mercy it can accomplish, and He who sat by the well in human form, came down from heaven to bring it, and the simplest of all elements of life and comfort on earth was taken to illustrate it. It is **LIVING WATER**.

The Great Physician brings no other cure, administers no other medicine. All his transformations from disease to health, from fever to a quiet pulse, from anguish and distress to repose and peace, from pain to quiet comfort, from fiery raging passion to serene and submissive faith, from sin to holiness, from death to life; and all his transfigurations from nature to grace, and from grace to glory, are effected by this one simple but mighty element, this **Living Water**. The only abiding and infallible remedy for Intemperance is here; the only thorough assurance of Temperance, in both soul and body, is here. This is the true, unfailing, effectual Water-Cure, original and eternal.

There was never a case of failure, nor ever will be; there never was and never will be an ineffectual trial of its virtue, according to the directions of Him who sat upon the well.

From time to time in every age there have been those, who tried it neither perseveringly, nor believingly, nor permanently, and never grew better, but rather grew worse. There have been those, who seemed to be reclaimed for a season from their evil habits; but alas, the thirst returned, the fever raged again, and they returned again to its indulgence, and were more hopelessly lost than ever. It was because they did not drink of that Living Water. It is one of the assurances of Him who gives it, that whosoever shall drink of that water, shall never thirst, and that, surely, is the cure. When the thirst is gone, the cure is perfected. There is little danger then. But till that is the case, the danger is perpetual.

Where then, is the well? Where is the well? It is here, there, every where. It is not on the side of a mountain, nor across seas, nor in Brattleboro, nor at Preissnitz in Germany, nor any where whither you have to travel at great cost, with bills of exchange to meet your expenses. But here it is, close at hand, wherever you are that need it. Here it is, nearer than the town pump, closer than Jacob's well was to Samaria. You need not go out of the city to draw water, nor out of your own household, nor even out of your own heart; for if you will have the water, the well is within you. If you will take one drink from Christ, then up springs the Living Water from the well in your own soul, even Christ in you, the hope of Glory.

Now if the fever of sin has assumed in you, by indulgence, the fearful shape of a thirst for ardent spirit, there must be in you, taking the place of that burning passion, a taste and thirst for something better. In being better, in being *heavenly*, in coming from Christ, as the ministration of the Divine Spirit, it is *stronger*. The strong man armed is not to be cast out, but by a stronger coming in. An aching void will not save you. If you would keep the chaff out of a bushel, you must fill it

with wheat. If you would keep weeds out of your garden, you must have good seed growing. If you would keep bad thoughts, bad desires, bad passions, out of your soul, you must fill it with good ones. If you would keep bad habits down, you must have heavenly ones set strong, and ever increasing. If you would keep out the darkness, you must let in light. If you would keep the city for God, you must have God to keep the garrison. Satan is not to be conquered by negatives, nor the mob of evil passions carried in that way. If there is nothing positively good in possession of the citadel, then will be evil.

Neither is Satan, nor his mob of evil spirits, to be conquered by mere names, not even the name of Jesus, the Saviour. All the seven sons of Sceva may name over you that great name, at which devils tremble, and yet not one of the devils hidden within you will mind it. But they hate the Living Water. They cannot abide the well. The moment you take a drink from Christ, even the demons of the distillery fly away. The well springs up, and they cannot abide that LIVING WATER. Angels are round about it, not demons. Ministering spirits from heaven are there, sent to minister to those who are about to be heirs of salvation. And all who come unto Christ and drink, all who drink of that Living Water, are such heirs.

Drink then, drink! and the demons of the distillery will be taken with the hydrophobia. Drink of the Living Water, and not one of them will dare come near you, afterwards; if they do, all you have to do, to conquer them and drive them away, is to drink. You let them in, and lost yourself to them, by drinking; strange to say, you are to drive them out by drinking. You let them in, by drinking what they gave you; you are to drive them out, by drinking what Christ gives you. You may put them in convulsions, by drinking that Living Water. You shall quench the thirst with which they have tormented your

soul, by drinking that Living Water. You shall break the raging fever, with which they have set body and soul on fire, by drinking that Living Water.

This is the WATER-CURE, and the Lord Jesus Christ is your Divine Physician. If any man thirst, says he, let him come unto me, and drink! Come then, you that have been drinking at the devil's fountain, you that have had your very being set on fire of hell, you that are grievously tormented with this dreadful, raging thirst, come to the Great Physician! Oh, say you, I thought that meant those only who thirst for Living Water, whereas my thirst is all for liquid fire! No, by no means! If your thirst is the fire of sin, so much the more directly are you invited. *Your* thirst is *the* thirst that needs to be quenched, and nothing but the Living Water will quench it. It is to you directly that Christ says, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink! It is you that *need* to come, it is you that *must* come. And it is to Christ that you must come, for if you go any where else, you drink, not this Living Water, but still the fire of sin. It is to Christ that you must come, for he is the Lord and Master of this Water-Cure, and if you stay away from him, never a drop of the Living Water will you taste, though all the rivers of the continent were poured upon you. **WHOSOEVER IS ATHIRST, LET HIM COME UNTO ME AND DRINK. AND THE WATER THAT I SHALL GIVE HIM SHALL BE IN HIM A WELL OF WATER, SPRINGING UP UNTO EVERLASTING LIFE.**

## **"THERE IS DEATH IN THE CUP."**

**BY HON. C. N. OLDS, G. W. P., OF OHIO.**

**"Look not upon the Wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the Cup; for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."**

It is one of the characteristics of the human heart, that it loves to sympathise with sorrow and distress. Animal instinct will sometimes exhibit a momentary sympathy for a suffering companion; but it will be only momentary, lapsing quickly into the most stolid indifference. It is the distinguishing glory of human sympathy, that it dies not in the heart, but blows forth in all "the sweet charities of life," prompting to deeds of active benevolence. Whenever man suffers, there the heart of his brother man, if obedient to its own best impulses, finds an exalted pleasure in soothing his sorrow and ministering to his necessities.

But the laws of human sympathy often present a strange anomaly. Suffering may be kept so continuously before the mind, and the eye may rest so long and so familiarly upon it, that it will cease to affect the heart. The fountain of sympathy will often become sealed and dry, at the very moment when it should pour forth its healing waters most copiously to cheer and beautify and bless.

This strange fact, is daily illustrated, everywhere in our land, in the progress of Intemperance. Could the eye gaze for

the first time upon the work of His Destroyer, and upon its first victim, tracing out all the ruin which is brought with such deadly certainty upon man and all his interests, the heart would almost leap from its resting place in the human bosom, in its intense anxiety to rescue the victim from the grasp of the Destroyer. The ill-fated Laocoon himself could not have struggled with more desperate energy, to release his dying sons from the crushing folds of those vengeful serpents that issued from the sea.

But, alas, the ravages of Intemperance are familiar to us as household words. The earliest look of our childhood rested upon them. They are mingled with all the impressions and memories of our boyhood and youth. In our riper years we have come to regard them as almost a part of "the order of nature" around us, so intimately blended with the other characteristics of society, that its very identity would seem doubtful without them. And, in accordance with this anomaly in the laws of human sympathy, the eye can now look coldly upon the struggling victim, and the heart turn carelessly away towards its own private interests; smothering a feeble emotion of pity, if need be, under the mean sophistry of Cain:—"Surely, I am not my brother's keeper."

Illustrations of this fact crowd upon the memory. I once saw a man, whose great prowess and physical strength had won for him the title of "the Lion-king." He stood forth in all his manly pride and beauty, a splendid specimen of the human form, the very magnus, Apollo of his associates. I saw the Lion, that proud king of beasts, quail beneath the glance of his eye. The untamed Tiger sank down under the strength of his muscular arm. The Leopard and the Panther were tossed about him, like the toys with which he had played in his childhood. And I thought, how worthily man had been styled "The lord of Creation."



But a few hours later, and this man lay prostrate in the dust. The light of his eye had gone out. No ray of intellect beamed forth from his countenance. The strength had departed from his arm. His person had been stripped of its dignified and manly beauty. He lay, groveling and degraded, lower than the beasts that perish. What sudden calamity had befallen him! Did no strange terror seize upon his bewildered companions? Oh, no. They looked on in calm indifference, while rude boys sported around him. They said; it was nothing; he was only—*drunk*.

I remember in the days of my early boyhood, a lady, beautiful in person and accomplished in manners, who had been educated in the highest circles of refinement at the East. She was a wife and mother; admirably fitted to be “a crown of glory” to her husband, and a loving guardian to her children in their tender innocence and purity. And yet, how often was my childish wonder excited, as I saw that woman suddenly disrobed of all the loveliness of her sex, struck down from her high place in the family circle, and her woman’s heart filled with such bitterness and hate, that her children fled from her presence for their personal safety. Was it some fearful disease, some terrible madness, or had God smitten her with his curse? Oh, no. Men laughed at her wildness and folly, and idle boys shouted after her in derision. Often and often have I seen her young girls, playmates of my childhood and companions of my schoolboy years, with their cheeks mantled in shame because the name of their mother was a by-word in the streets. But it was all nothing—*She was only, drunk*.

The fact is, if we reflect upon the evils of Intemperance at all, we accustom ourselves to regard them only in the abstract, and to talk about them in vague generalities. They are doubtless bad enough in themselves, and a probable curse to society,

but nothing about which we feel any personal interest or concern. We think that we ourselves are safe ; for we stand on an eminence, where pride of character, or strength of will to control appetite, or the genial influence of virtuous associates, keep us within a charmed circle, far above the battle which is raging below, between life and this Destroyer of life.

So a man may stand upon some hill-top, overlooking the plain where armies have met in hostile array, to settle the disputes or the jealousies of nations. And as the noise and clamor of the conflict break faintly on the ear, and as the eye catches glimpses of the struggling hosts through the clouds of smoke and dust that envelope them, he may have some feeble conceptions of the grandeur of the battle scene.

But if he wishes to learn what war is, let him come down from his lofty elevation, after the smoke and clamor and strife have passed away. And while the pale moon-beams are resting gently on the pale sleepers below, let him walk among the ranks of the dead and the dying ; look steadily into the glazed eye or the haggard face upturned to his view ; bend his ear low that he may listen to the faint gasp of the father, the brother, or the son, who dies far away from the loved ones at home, and is breathing out to the dull cold ear of death, that last wish or last prayer of the departing spirit, which would be treasured up so sacredly could it reach the ear of affection. How speedily, then, will all impressions of the grandeur and glory of the battle-scene give place to the terrible conviction, that War is, indeed, God's scourge to Nations.

The same course of observation will bring us to the same conviction, in regard to this Monster Vice, Intemperance. Whenever we cease to look upon it in the abstract, or to contemplate its ravages in the mass, and, coming down from our elevated and secure position, begin to estimate its enormities in

minute detail, as they develop themselves in every day life around us, the heart must be callous, indeed, that will not open its fountains of sympathy, and pour forth streams for the relief of suffering Humanity. For, such observation shows us, that Intemperance is blighting, where it can, whatever is honorable, and lovely, and of good report among us. It breathes upon our prosperity and strength, and they wither away. It lays its polluting finger upon this beautiful and mysterious frame-work of the human body, which God himself has built up as a dwelling-place for the human soul, and its very bones and marrow are dried up and shrink back to dust. It touches man's intellect, and the light and glory of the human mind go out in thick darkness. It clutches in its grasp the delicate chords of the human heart, and this fountain of social affections is changed into a stagnant pool of sluggish and bitter waters, exhaling their poisonous vapors along the very channels where love once flowed to bless and beautify. In its fiendish aspirations, it reaches up towards the human soul itself, that glorious representative of Divinity on earth, and life immortal yields to the death that never dies.

The simple, undisguised, naked truth is, *there is DEATH always in the Cup*. The work of Intemperance is the work of Death. Its mission among men is *to kill*! Always, everywhere, traced to the final consummation of its designs, and Death triumphs.

#### I. Intemperance kills man's Body.

This truth would force itself on every reflecting mind, even if drunkards were not daily dying around us. The laws that regulate and govern the human system, show that it must inevitably be so. God has set up this frame-work of the human body, as a most delicate and beautiful piece of mechanism, nicely adapted by His infinite wisdom to the action and control

of its motive power, which we call "the animal spirits," or "the vital energy," or "life." This physical system requires regular and healthful nutriment, which is the process of repairing this machinery, and keeping it in order. But so long as it remains in perfect order, the motive power, from its own intrinsic qualities, is exactly suited to propel this machinery, in perfect harmony with the principles of its organization. It needs no nutriment, it requires no increase nor diminution, for God, its Author, has admirably adjusted it to the mechanism He has made.

Now, physiologists tell us, that the human system can derive no nutriment from Alcohol. If taken into the stomach, as the great laboratory of the system, it cannot there be analyzed and worked over into new combinations of material, to be sent off to the various parts of the body as a supply for what has been wasted or worn out. So far as it can act directly upon the system, it must therefore become a disorganiser, impairing the mechanism and deranging all its movements. With its fiery nature unchanged and uncontrolled, it comes through the veins, and along the nervous system, marking its pathway with festering corruption. Not finding any employment as a nourishing ingredient, it naturally engages in mischief; and seizing hold of the motive power, the vital energy, it distorts it from its purposes, and drives it on furiously to the destruction of what it was designed to regulate and keep in harmony. The result, sooner or later, is inevitable. As well might a drunken man be safely entrusted with the management of a Locomotive, as Alcohol be made the engineer of the human system, without driving the whole to ruin.

But facts upon this subject, are more forcible than argument.

And most unfortunately for society, these facts present themselves to us on every hand, and within the experience of

every one, old or young. There is not a neighborhood, and scarcely a family, in the land, that has not sent forth its victims to garnish the bloody altar of this Destroyer. Let any man of mature years, who has himself escaped from the wiles of the Tempter, look after the companions of his jovial youth, who reveled with him over the Wine Cups. Where are they now? Nine out of every ten of them have gone down to a Drunkard's grave. The progress sometimes may have been slow, but almost always sure and fatal. Judgment may have lingered, but the dread penalty has ultimately been paid. Sometimes a man, may have indulged his appetite for strong drink, through years of apparent sobriety. He may never have reeled on the street, and his iron constitution may have resisted the corroding poison, until he is pointed at as evidence that there is no danger in his appetite. But let some violent disease take hold of his strong and muscular frame, and how quickly is it seen that the powers of his nature have been so burnt out by the fatal stimulus of years, that he must fall an easy and unresisting prey to the first enemy that approaches. His tombstone tells, perhaps, of a sudden fever that was fatal, but the finger of the recording angel in Heaven has written that—“*he died a drunkard.*”

I remember at this moment a man of great physical strength, who had never been drunk in his life; and yet this vice had grown upon him, until a friend remonstrated with him one day on the street, and suggested the danger that threatened him. Said poor C., “If I thought that Brandy had ever injured me a particle, I would not taste another drop of it. But really I think you are unnecessarily alarmed; there is no danger of me, for I despise a drunkard.”

They parted. But in less than one week, poor C. died, “*with snakes in his boots,*” a raving victim of Delirium Tremens! A fever had seized his system; and all power of resist-

ance having been destroyed, the Demon of strong drink asserted his supremacy and claimed his prey.

But ordinarily, he does not thus disguise his approaches. He makes his assaults boldly, and publicly triumphs.

In an inland town of Ohio, a man of respectability and good business habits, opened an extensive Liquor establishment, in the year 1837. His business enlarged, and his gains increased rapidly. He improved his grounds, erected a large and costly building, and was lauded as a man of fine public spirit. *But God cursed him!* In the course of five years, six young men who entered his employment, sober, industrious and respectable, had been carried from his establishment to a drunkard's grave; and in 1842 he himself died, a pauper, and his bloated body was carried to the pottersfield, so marred and polluted that the undying affection of a wife could alone recognize any traces of its former manliness.

The work of destruction by drunkenness is becoming more and more rapid every year; either because Liquors are adulterated with more noxious ingredients, or because as light increases on the subject, God is marking it more directly with his curse. If the depraved appetite once acquire the mastery, little less than a miracle can now snatch the poor sufferer from the death that awaits him.

Oh, how familiar have we all been made with the sad and fearful process? We have seen the eye becoming dim and lustreless, as darkness settled over this window of the soul. We have seen the lineaments of intellectual expression fade away from the countenance. We have seen the manly and dignified form bowed down and wasted by premature decay. We have seen disease and loathsome corruption sucking up the life-blood drop by drop, eating and rioting upon the physical system, until susceptibility to suffering was almost the only attribute of human-

ity left to the dying body. And when the hand of Charity has covered up the mortal remains in the inanimate earth, committing "dust to its kindred dust," we have almost expected to see the shuddering earth reject the claim of kindred set up to it by such pollution.

Surely, the work of Intemperance is the work of Death.

II. It destroys man's intellect.

If its work stopped with the body, it would seem to be bad enough ; but when it takes hold of the intellect and lays the mind in ruins, it has wrought destruction indeed !

Mind is so much superior to matter, that some philosophers have supposed it to be the whole of man. It is indeed in some respects all of his nature that is worth caring for. God himself, in the historic record of man's creation, has given to intellect a rank and dignity infinitely exalted above the mere animal life. "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became"—what ? a beautiful animal ? a splendid piece of mechanism, instinct with life and motion ? No, no. The record does not even name his physical nature, as worthy of a moment's thought. "Man," it says, "became, *a living soul*." This living soul was breathed into his body, to fit him for the grade he was to occupy in the scale of creation, "a little lower than the angels." Intellect, therefore, holds its seal in the brain of man dome covered, where it can look forth as from a watch-tower, downwards to the earth over which it is to exercise a beneficent dominion, and upwards toward Heaven, to which, it is taught to aspire as the place of its rest, its final home.

But the Demon of Intemperance labors to thwart the designs of God's providence ; and when man yields himself to its control, the work is speedily accomplished. It lays its polluting touch upon the delicate tissues of the brain, and reason,

reels from her throne. The eye becomes lustreless, because the mind no longer looks forth from its windows. The countenance loses its expression, because the bright beams of intellect no longer play over its surface. The once manly form is robbed of its uprightness and beauty, because its inhabitant has become palsied and powerless. It crumbles back to its native dust, because the living soul has ceased to care for and control it.

The ravages of Intemperance upon the intellect are even more marked than its effects upon man's physical nature. Long before the body has sunk beneath the weight of its accumulated misery, the mind has often sacrificed its best powers to this insatiate Destroyer. Reason, judgment, correct perceptions, pride of character, the moral sense, all emotions of the good, the beautiful, the true, everything that elevates him above the brute beasts, are gone from him for ever. He still breathes, and walks, and utters half articulate sounds, made up of profanity and obscene jests; but he only retains the outward semblance of humanity, without any of its higher attributes.

But there is often exhibited a worse phase of intellectual death, than even this. The Destroyer sometimes seizes hold of the powers of the mind, while in full activity and strength, and so distorts them from right purposes, that they are turned in on themselves and fall victims to their own violence. Retribution begins its work in this life, and the poor sufferer is "tormented before his time." Delirium tremens adds its untold horrors to all the other anguish of the chafed and self-accusing spirit. Wild vagaries of the brain, fantastic shapes of evil, hover about the mind and goad it on to madness. The more ridiculous and absurd they may appear to the calm looker on, the more horribly real are they to the victim of their delusions.

A short time ago, a physician of my acquaintance was sent for to see an old friend. He found him sitting by the fire,



and apparently in his usual health, except that he was looking somewhat despondent. Said he, "Doctor, I want some of the medicine you used to give me." The doctor did not understand him, for he had not been called to prescribe for him in a long while. He had formerly been an intemperate man, and had once or twice been attacked with delirium. But for some time he had belonged to the Order of the Sons, and been quite a changed man, kind and pleasant in his family, and prosperous in his affairs. "The fact is, doctor," said he, "I have broken my pledge; and though my brethren are not aware of it, I have been drinking too much, and am now suffering from it. I know the symptoms too well doctor," said he with a shudder. "You must give me something to quiet my nerves, and give it strong too."

"I can even now see spiders and mice and rats crawling around over the floor here; and though I know very well it's all a delusion now, it will be a horrid reality to me before long, unless you help me." And the strong man shook in his chair, as he thought of the future. The doctor made a prescription suited to his condition, and left him. About midnight, he was sent for in haste, as his friend was said to be worse. When he entered the room, he found him stalking over the floor, brandishing a billet of wood, and his eyes glaring with madness. Every thing was in confusion around him, the bed was torn in pieces, his poor wife was cowering in one corner in her night clothes, he had nailed up the bureau and the stair-door, and was for the moment "monarch of all he surveyed." As soon as he saw the doctor, he sprang towards him with a shout.

"Ha! ha! doctor, I've got 'em. I've got 'em! Don't you see? Look at that stair-door there! Look at this bureau here! Haven't I got 'em, though? There! Don't you hear the devils? But I've got 'em. Ha! ha!"

Suddenly his mood changed, and he shrank away, and crouched in a corner, moaning piteously and helpless as a wailing infant. This was all imaginary to be sure, and the grossest delusion of his heated brain; but a few such delusions will change that man into a driveling idiot.

I once saw a poor fellow in rags come up and sign the Washingtonian pledge, and relate with great simplicity, while the tears ran down his cheeks, some portions of his sad experience. He was a young man of talent, the son of a Presbyterian minister, and had been well educated. I can never forget how he shuddered, when he spoke of the horrors of Delirium tremens. One instance of its hallucinations, he described particularly.

He had slept at a tavern in town, where the landlord furnished his customers with bad liquors in the day-time, and worse beds at night. The delirium seized him at midnight. He said "he was aroused by a noise on the stairs. He started up in bed and listened. Soon he saw a strange light in the room; then a large hook with a cord attached came in under the door and seemed to crawl over the floor as if alive. It came up the bed-post on to the bed, grappled his flesh, and he was drawn out of bed, down the stairs, into the street, where red-hot cylinders were rolling over one another, into the midst of which he was plunged until total unconsciousness ended his agony." This was so absurd a phantasy, that some of us smiled. Said he, "I do not blame you for smiling; it is a foolish thing, I know; but it was a sad reality to me. My landlord was aroused from his bed by an unusual noise about the house, and he found me lying in my night-clothes on the frozen ground before his street-door, senseless." It had been a terrible reality indeed to him. No physical force had touched him, yet this mania of the mind

had literally dragged him from his bed at midnight and thrust him into the street, with the power of a whole legion of devils.

This young man was reformed, and sat once more "clothed and in his right mind." The hand of sympathy and kindness raised him up to respectability and virtue. With regular employment, as a school-teacher, he became prosperous and happy. But alas, there is Death always in the Cup! One day, as he was passing a low Grocery, some of his old companions hailed him, and dragged him over its rotten door-sill. They coaxed him to drink with them, but he steadily refused. They said, he must at least treat his new Temperance principles; and some of them held him, while the vile keeper forced the glass to his lips. Oh, it was such a rich joke to see poor I., "take a little," just for his stomach's sake.

*That little* waked up the Demon within him. Before night he was a maniac on the streets, and in one week he died. He died alone, at midnight, in a stable. The iron hook with its living prongs had grappled him indeed, and the red-hot cylinders had rolled over him! Surely, the work of Intemperance is the work of Death!

III.—It is Death, also, to the Social affections.

If the victim could only fall alone, though he dies a double death of body and of mind, society might still bear it. His place, it is true, would be vacant, and all his duties to society left unperformed; but the waves of forgetfulness would soon close over him, and all things move on as before. Man, however, is so constituted, that he cannot live or fall alone. There are affections of the heart, which are ever interweaving themselves with the affections of kindred hearts. The holiest and best feelings of his nature bind him to wife and children and friends. The highest happiness and the highest dignity of man are attained in the home circle; at the domestic fireside, where

love is unstained by impurity, and where all the sweet charities of life bloom in unselfish luxuriance.

But how the Demon of strong drink loves to riot and waste amid such scenes as this! The process of destruction is short, certain and complete. It tears away from the heart of man his holiest sympathies and purest emotions, implanting, in their stead, indifference, neglect, bitterness, and hate.

The very heaviest curse of Drunkenness falls upon the loved ones of home. Let death, in any of its ordinary forms, invade the family circle, striking down the father, the brother, or the son, and there are a thousand sources of consolation opened to the mourning and bereaved spirit. The memories of former joys, of loving intercourse, of tender parting words, of holy aspirations reaching beyond the grave, all shed their soothing influence into the heart, and are cherished among its sacred treasures. But if the heart die while the body lives, if the holy light of affection goes out or is changed into the lucid flame of passion, if bitterness and cursing and coarse abuse take the place of loving, tender words, where is there a solace for the grief that settles down upon the soul—"a grief that has no outlet—no relief in word or sigh or tear!"

The home of every drunkard in the land, if the word *home* can be applied to an abode of so much wretchedness, is exhibiting daily just such transformations. While the heart of the drunkard dies in his breast, it dies not alone. For, he has stood in the midst of his family like the majestic oak, around whose branches the loving vine weaves its tendrils, and at whose foot the blushing flowers seek the dancing sunshine. When his heart is scathed and blasted by the consuming fires of Intemperance, the withered and falling leaves of his decayed affections carry with them blight and mildew wherever they are scattered. The pure loveliness of woman, and the sweet innocence of

childhood, which had nestled around him for protection and support, droop and fade away, as at the touch of death.

The father of a family has a high and holy mission to fulfil. He stands the acknowledged head of the domestic circle, the high-priest of the household, the law-giver, and the judge. His children instinctively look up to him with reverence, mingled with love. He is to them, in their unreflecting childhood, in the place of God. They are proud of his manliness and strength, they confide in his ability to protect and guard them from danger, they nestle close into his great loving heart as a safe retreat from all evil. But let that heart, like the drunkard's, mock and spurn them; meeting their attempted caresses with cursing and bitterness; changing the eye of love into the stern look of the tyrant; shocking their natural sense of justice by repeated acts of unreasonable and brutal violence; and there is a dark and gloomy pall thrown over the affections, the hopes, the aspirations of childhood, such as long years cannot remove. They have grown old before their time. They may still wear the outward semblance of childhood and youth, but their hearts have grown gray with premature sorrow.

It is still worse than this, with the devoted and faithful wife.

Earth can present no holier subject of contemplation, than the confiding love of a pure-minded woman. She has stood at the altar, and consecrated to the object of her heart's worship, all its most sacred and well garnered treasures. Her whole being has become his, not by a slavish and reluctant surrender, but drawn to him gently by the sweet compulsions of love. The beauties and grace of her person are attractive in her own eye, only because they meet his admiration; the stores of intellectual culture, and the "adornings of a meek and quiet spirit," are all the more highly prized, because they win and secure his

manly affection. She has left a father's protecting care, a mother's cherishing fondness, the proud regard of a brother, and a sister's tender love, trusting to find them all restored to her in a husband's devotedness.

But the Demon of strong drink enters her beautiful Eden. The fatal plague-spot appears upon her husband's cheek, the lineaments of manly beauty fade away from his countenance, words of kindness die upon his lips, the grasp of the Destroyer is upon his heart strings, and they are sundered rudely and for ever.

Is it strange that her own heart dies within her bosom? Is it strange that those streams of pure affection, which flowed forth so joyously, spreading the music of rippling waters among the green vales of home, are now turned back in a sluggish course, to settle in stagnant pools around the fountain head? Why? her home was her empire, where her heart queened it among gentle and loyal subjects; losing it, she has lost her all. Man, per chance, may suffer from blighted or misplaced affection; but he can go forth into the world, and in its ambitious struggles for fame or wealth or power, forget or find a solace for a wounded spirit. But, alas, for woman? True to the holy instincts of her nature, she must "love on through all ills, and love on 'till she dies." Like the fabled mistletoe,—

"That clings to the oak, not in part,  
But with leaves close around it, the root in its heart,  
She lives but to twine it, imbibe the same dew,  
Or fall with her loved oak, and perish there too."

The utter and hopeless ruin brought upon her affections, is a desolation worse than death. Could the surgeon's knife, guided by some strange scientific skill. take out the warm and

palpitating heart from its resting-place in her bosom, and insert in its stead a nest of vipers, to coil and writhe and sting for a lifetime, it would be a merciful kindness to her, compared with the ravages of this Demon of strong drink.

Surely, the work of Intemperance is the work of Death !

IV.—It is death to the Soul.

But cannot the destroyer be satisfied with less than this ? Is it not enough that he has killed the body, prostrated the intellect, laid waste the affections, and extended his curse to wife and child and friend ? Alas ! “ *No Drunkard shall inherit eternal life.* ” This fearful truth needs little illustration. God has said it, let man tremble and beware.

This Destroyer is more insatiate than the grave ; his power reaches beyond it, into the far off future. He visits the soul with a death that never dies. The poor victim—

——— “ Lives on in his pain,  
With a fire in his heart and a fire in his brain ;  
Sleep can visit him never,  
But the curse must rest on him for ever and ever ! ”

Have you ever thought what the human soul is ? Have you ever estimated its almost boundless capabilities ? Have you watched it expanding its powers under the genial influences of learning, until it has put on, one by one, attributes that allay it to Divinity ? Have you followed it when it has laid aside this “ mortal coil,” and soared away, a free spirit in Eternity ? Oh, the inimitable extent of this terrible curse that falls upon it !

Some vindictive Power, little less than Omnipotent, might climb up the heavens and strike the glorious Sun from its orbit, bringing darkness and desolation upon God’s beautiful creation around us, but all this ruin would be less than the destruction of

a single soul. For, the time will come, when "these Heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the very elements shall melt with fervent heat;" but even then this soul will live on, and on, and on. Designed by its Creator for glory, honor, and immortality in Heaven, it has been snatched away from its high destiny; and, as a willing slave to Sin, it must now "eat the fruit of its own ways,"—shame, reproach, and everlasting contempt.

Surely, the work of Intemperance is the work of Death!

But I have, after all, given only a faint portrayal of the work of Intemperance, *in a single case*. It is a mere dim outline of its personal effects. Multiply these effects by *thirty or fifty thousand*, and you then only begin to estimate the ravages of this monster Vice in our land for a single year.

Friend of Humanity! There is work to be done—a mighty work! If man's body is to be rescued from this physical destruction, if the light of his intellect is to burn brightly on, if his social nature is to bloom with the fragrance of love, if his soul is to live in Heaven like the stars that shine forever, if the pure loveliness of woman, and the sweet innocence of childhood are to be saved from the glance and the touch of the Destroyer, then, UP! AND WORK FOR YOUR LIFE!

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## WHAT IS OUR ORDER LIKE?

BY I. FRED SIMMONS.

Like the pure trusting heart, that with sympathy glows,  
Like the dew-drop that glistens, upon the bright rose,  
Like the sweet gentle streamlet, that dances along,  
Like the warbler who praises his Maker in song,  
Like the modest young virgin, all beauty and smiles,  
Like the city whose buildings are proud stately piles,  
Like the pure crystal waters so bright and so clear,  
Like a jewel whose brightness, time ne'er can destroy,  
Like the bosom whose only emotion is joy,  
Like the breast of the maiden, just yielding its love,  
Like the sweetest of birds—the innocent dove,  
Like the land in the midst, of the watery main,  
Like the sweet gurgling spring, in the broad desert plain,  
Like the hope of the Christian, as he walks the ship's deck,  
Like the barque that's rescuing, fond souls from the wreck,  
Like the moon who illumines the wanderer's way,  
Like the sun who exists but to brighten the day,  
Like gardens of flowers, through which we have trod,  
Like RELIGION, that leads us to Heaven and God.

WELDON, N. C., JULY 1851.

## THE TWO CLERKS.

BY C. D. COLESWORTHY.

Would'st thou, with deep repentance, bring  
A wanderer to the fold of God :  
Use not reproach—a bitter sting—  
Or hold to view an iron rod.  
With pleasant words, and looks that speak  
The warm out-gushings of the heart,  
Go—and the adamant will break,  
And tears of true contrition start.

“WHEN I get through with Haler, I shall set up in business for myself; and I tell you what, Harry, I shall make money hand over fist.”

“So you may think, Charles, but like hundreds of others, you will be disappointed.”

“Not exactly. I know what I shall do, and I will succeed admirably. I have been somewhat observing, and noticed what business produces the greatest profit with the least capital, and how those men manage who become rich.”

“What business do you contemplate entering upon, when you become of age?”

“That’s a secret yet; but I know.”

“All I have to say is, that you will be disappointed. If I can make a good living and lay by a little every year I shall be satisfied.”

“A little won’t satisfy me, that I assure you. I intend to become rich.”

Henry Welby was the son of a poor widow. His mother had early instilled into his mind judicious and valuable precepts. From childhood he was taught that a good name and spotless character were invaluable to an individual—more precious than gold. A strict regard for truth, and a tender sympathy for the unfortunate and suffering, had ever characterized the boy. Mrs. Welby had the satisfaction of seeing her son practise upon the instructions he had received from his mother. No oath polluted his lips—no falsehood marred his character, and no vice leprosed his heart. Kind and generous, faithful and industrious, he won the encomiums of his neighbors, and when of a suitable age, was solicited by Mr. Haler, a wholesale grocer, to enter his store.

Charles Ingalls was the reverse of Henry in almost everything. He was brought up by indulgent parents, who were in easy circumstances, and suffered too often to follow the bent of his inclination without being checked. His father did not believe it to be his duty to severely correct his son, when guilty of a wrong act, and would often suffer him to pursue his own course without a word of advice. The parents of Charles were of that class who look more to the appearance than at the heart. If a boy conducts well in company, is particular in his dress, and is constantly aping the foolish fashions of the day, with such all is well: the lad must make a smart and active man. Thus Charles was suffered to grow up, following the bent of his perverse nature, till he was of a suitable age to do something towards his own support. His father was anxious to put him in a lawyer’s office, deeming the profession of the law the height of respectability. No opportunity presenting, he finally secured a place for his boy at the store of Mr. Haler.

The wholesale merchant was a gentleman of middle age, who did an extensive business, and was reputed to be rich. He had one or two older clerks in his employ, when Henry and Charles entered his store. These lads generally lived on good terms with each other; but occasionally a dispute would arise between them on account of the overbearing disposition of Charles. He was determined at times to have his own way, no matter how much it interfered with his companions. But as Henry was kind and yielding, and seldom manifested angry or revengeful feelings, the lads on the whole lived on pleasant terms.

The young men had been in the employ of Mr. Haler several years, when the conversation at the beginning of our story took place. They had often conversed on the business they would pursue in after life, and while Henry insisted that small gains and a safe business were to be preferred, his companion declared that nothing would satisfy him but large profits and an extensive trade. It was seldom that Charles spent an evening at home with his parents, or at the house of his master. In the summer season he would walk the streets with his companions, engaged in idle conversation, while in winter he would resort to some shop, where he passed his time in profitless amusements, if not vicious pursuits. On the contrary, Henry improved his leisure hours in reading and study. His evenings were generally passed at home, reading some useful book or paper, or in drawing or writing. His companions were chosen from those who were industrious, and thought more of the improvement of the mind and heart, than the decoration of person, or the gratification of the appetite.

It was not unfrequently that Henry inquired of his companion, on returning at night, where he had passed the evening. "Oh, I have had a fine time," would be his reply.

"Why don't you read more?" once said Henry to him.

"I don't love to read; and besides, I get but little time you know."

"You have as much time as I do, and in the course of a few months past, I have read a dozen volumes, besides various periodicals."

"But you read evenings, while I am enjoying myself."

"If you would take my advice, Charles—and I think it is good advice, and in the end you will find it so—I would say, don't go into the society of the idle and frivolous. There bad habits are contracted which lead to everything that is bad."

"No, Harry, you know nothing about it, If you could go with us and enter into your sports, you would be happy."

"That is what I have no desire to do."

All the persuasion of the virtuous youth could not produce the desired effect. Charles spent his time in idleness and folly, made a fine appearance in society, and took pride in his dress and exterior deportment.

A few years passed, and the young men had completed their clerkships. Welby, by the earnest solicitations of the merchant, was persuaded to remain in his employ another year for a specified salary, while Ingalls commenced business for himself. The father of Charles had proposed, and now put a capital in his son's hands to commence with. He engaged a large store, and had it filled with groceries of the first quality, not forgetting to parade his casks of rum, brandy, gin, &c. He also erected a bar in his store for the retail of spirits. So here was the secret of his money making. Day by day the shop of Ingalls was crowded by purchasers and loafers—for the latter tribe are the necessary result of a bar. Pass by his store at any hour of the day, and you will hear the rattling of glasses and decanters, and the impure conversation attendant upon such

business. If you have taken a look within, you would have seen Charles or his clerk behind the counter, dealing out to the miserable and poor as well as to the decent and well dressed, what has not inappropriately been called "distilled damnation." Early and late was the shop open to visitors. Passing one day, Henry entered the store, and inquired of his friend, "what success he met with in his business."

"I do finely," said he.

"I regret," said Henry, "that you have erected that bar—because I believe it will have an injurious tendency."

"I could not get along without it," said Charles, "I realize more profit from the sale of soirits than from all my other business."

"But only consider how much misery you are instrumental of producing. Doubtless many a poor wife and mother is suffering, because, for a little gain, you put the intoxicating glass to the lips of the husband and father."

"If I didn't sell to them somebody else would, and I should lose the profit."

"That you don't know, and if it were so, that is no excuse for you."

"I don't care, I will sell spirits so long as I can get purchasers."

"You will regret it at some future day, I have no question."

"But I shall sell, and it's nobody's business. I do wish our community was rid of the confounded meddlers. I have a right to dispose of what I please. This is a free country, and the first man that insults me for selling liquor, I will order from my shop."

"Don't get angry, friend Ingalls, I am only speaking for your good."

“Well, I don’t thank you for it. There is a set of men about now-a-days, that do nothing but interfere with other men’s business. They are determined to compel us to give up selling spirits; but their efforts shall be in vain. They talk about prosecution and the like, thinking that we are fools enough to pay attention to what they say and do. No, we have more manliness about us.”

“But, friend, don’t you think it would be for your interest not to retail rum? You know there are a great many people in this community, who look upon your business as not respectable, and on that account will not enter your store to purchase a single article. If you should relinquish the sale, or even empty your casks into the street, I think it would be greatly for your interest in the end—I am certain it will be so.”

“I know better than that. No inducement whatever would prevail upon me now. Since so much has been said, I will sell and risk the consequences.”

“I know you will regret it,” and just as he spoke, a half dozen poor and miserable beings entered the shop and called for spirit, and Henry left, grieving over the conduct of his friend.

“In a year or two Ingalls had become attached to his cups, and it was said that occasionally he was seen intoxicated. However that may be, his business gradually fell off, and it was with difficulty that he sustained himself day by day. He neglected his shop, and idled away his time with unsteady companions, spending money and contracting intemperate habits. Thus inattentive to business, he soon failed and had to give up. On settling with his creditors, Ingalls could pay little more than twenty per cent.; the remainder had been sponged from him by his companions, and squandered in vicious pursuits. After

idling about for five or six months, he started west in pursuit of business.

Welby continued with Haler for one year. He had been so faithful to his employer while a clerk, and had behaved with so much propriety, that his master concluded to take him into equal co-partnership. This was an honor entirely unexpected to Henry, and the prospect was bright before him. Mr. Haler had been doing an extensive business, and was now quite wealthy. The responsibility of the concern was thrown upon Henry, and no man was better qualified to sustain it. Diligent and persevering, virtuous and honest, he had received the approbation and respect of all who knew him. As a citizen and neighbor Welby was of great service. He was one of the most active members of the Temperance Society, and by his exertions a large amount of good had been accomplished. He went among the poor inebriates, and persuaded them to forsake their intemperate habits, while he advised those who dealt in spirit to relinquish the sale of it. He was a friend to virtue, and a benefactor of the poor.

Welby had been in business but a few years, when he led to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished daughter of his partner, Mr. Haler. From early youth he had been partial to Ellen. Her sweet disposition, her graceful manners, and her industrious habits, had won his affections. Unlike multitudes that surrounded her, she thought more of her heart than her face, the improvement of the mind than the decoration of her person; and would rather spend her time at work or in study, than at the theatre or in pacing the streets. Two more congenial spirits were seldom united. The marriage day was a happy one to their friends and neighbors, as well as to themselves. Everybody loved Ellen Haler and Henry Welby, and now they received the smiles and good wishes of all, and many



a prayer was offered, that the bright morning of their days might not be clouded with sorrow.

Several years passed and Welby continued to prosper in business, while the influence he exerted around him was healthy and salutary. About once a year he would leave his native place and journey to the South—partly on business, and partly for pleasure. One season he travelled as far as New Orleans with his wife. One morning as they were passing the street, they noticed a crowd gathered, and on inquiring the cause or the difficulty, they learned that a poor fellow had been caught, who few a nights before had broken into a store, and robbed it of a considerable amount. While moving along, the officer of justice appeared with the prisoner, and a single glance revealed to Welby the countenance of his former companion, Charles Ingalls.

“Can it be possible, Ellen, that this is Charles?” said he.

“I believe my heart it is,” said his wife; another look convinced them.

His dress was very shabby—he bore the imprint of vice and intemperance—but he was hurried on, and they lost sight of him.

Henry had concluded to leave New Orleans on that day, but the situation of his old friend induced him to remain, in the hope that he should have an opportunity of seeing him. After several inquiries, he learned the next day that Charles was in jail, and thither he bent his steps—he was permitted to see the prisoner—on entering the cell he found that he did not mistake the man, worn and altered as he had become; but the thief did not recognize Henry.

“My friend,” said Welby, “I am sorry to see you in this condition, and would that I could be of some service to you.”

“O, sir,” said the prisoner, “intemperance has brought me

here. For the last five or six years I have been miserable. I have suffered in body and mind more than I can express."

"Have you no friends?"

"I had friends once, but I left them. I had parents, but I have not seen or heard from them for several years. If I had performed my duty—lived as I ought to live—I should never have come to this."

"Of what crime do you stand charged?"

"Sir—I—am a thief!" and the tears gushed from his eyes. "I was in liquor and was persuaded to steal, by those who have left me to suffer. Oh, that I had my life to live over again! How different would be my course! Then if a friend advised me, I would hearken to him."

"I sympathize with you, and if it were in my power, I would release you from prison, that you might be a better man."

"Sir, who may I call you. I have no found no one to sympathize in my sorrow, and to speak a friendly word to me since I left my native place. Who may I call you?"

"My name is Henry Welby."

"Good heavens! my old friend and companion—in truth, it is he. I know your voice—your looks," and the poor fellow could say no more for very joy.

After a few minutes, Charles related all that had befallen him since he left Portland. In truth he had suffered by land and by water. Often he was deprived of all the necessities of life, and yet he continued to drink, till he was over-persuaded by a gang of villains to steal.

When Henry left the prison, he promised to exert himself to the uttermost, to obtain the release of his intemperate, but, as he now believed, penitent friend. After remaining in New Orleans a week or more, he finally had the satisfaction of

taking Ingalls by the arm and leading him from the prison. He was furnished with suitable clothing, and sufficient money given him to pay his passage home. When he arrived, he was taken as clerk into the store of Haler and Welby, where for years he conducted himself with the utmost propriety. A drop of spirits never again entered his lips, he became one of the most efficient members of the Temperance Society, and is now using his strongest endeavors to advance the glorious cause. He was lately united to a worthy woman. The debt he owes his friend, he often repeats, he cannot pay. "And but for you," he recently told him, I should now be a miserable outcast—a vagabond and a curse.

Such is the influence of kindness! How glorious the results! Ye who have embarked in the temperance cause, be gentle and kind, persuade and entreat, and take by the hand those who err, and you will accomplish an amount of good that can only be rewarded in eternity.

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## W I N T E R .

BY MRS. N. ORR.

GENTLE as an infant's breathing  
Falls the feathery footed snow,  
Shrouding with its fleecy lightness  
All the dreary waste below.

Trees now shorn of dewy leaflets,  
Flowers shrinking from the storm,  
Fold their young and glowing petals  
Till the summer sun is warm.

Hushed the glee of bird and insect,  
Folded is the Iris wing,  
Woodland bowers, dark and dreary,  
May not with their music ring.

Hark! the storm-king shrilly whistles  
Through the cold and frosty sky,  
While the north wind's lofty cadence  
In a freezing blast reply.

Winter, thou art cold and cheerless,  
Joyless though the crackling fire  
Glowing with its ruddy brightness,  
Many a cheerful song inspire.

To the poor thou bringest sorrow  
Creeping through the broken wall,  
Sending snow-flakes on cold pinions  
Through the dark and crumbling hall.

Flickers now the failing rush-light,  
Dies the embers ruddy glow,  
And the poor half famished children  
To their scanty pallet go.

Winter, thou indeed art cheerless,  
Though thy drapery is bright,  
Quickly pass, and let the spring time  
Come with warmth and flowers bedight.

BERGEN HILL, N. J.

## RESULTS OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

BY REV. E. N. KIRK.

WE well remember with what scepticism, in some quarters, indifference in others, and opposition yet in others, this great moral movement was met at first. And now that it has had the experience of some quarter of a century, has fought its way beyond the sphere of contempt, and of scepticism, if not of opposition, we are prepared to take a somewhat calm survey of its achievements.

Some of its friends have tried to gather its fruits in statistical tables. But a large part of its noblest achievements lie out of the sphere of numbers. There are thousands of men and families who owe it, under a divine blessing, all their temporal enjoyments; and who without it, could have had no prospect in eternity but despair and ruin. We were engulfing in our diseased stomachs forty years ago, what increased their disease, and in half a century, would have cost in itself and its ruinous consequences, more than all the real estate of our country. We were crazing, burning, stabbing, and poisoning one another, at the rate of more than thirty thousand victims a year. We were multiplying the thorns and thistles of the original curse; shortening death's tedious processes; playing thirty thousand machines to bring on the Devil's kingdom with accelerated speed. The old diseases were not enough in number, nor horrible enough in

form ; so we were multiplying their numbers, and augmenting their horrors by purely artificial processes. The power of medicine and the skill of its administrator were becoming too beneficent, so we were ingeniously and expensively inventing and employing various means to counteract them. Religion was threatening to make progress in the world ; even among the pagan nations ; so we were actively engaged in shipping the bane with the antidote ; invoicing together the New England Missionary and New England Rum. Thus matters stood ; or, rather thus they were marching, when, about the beginning of this century a few remonstrating and warning voices were heard, feebly intimating that there might be some danger in the excessive use of distilled beverages. Without any exaggeration a disease more dreadful in its ultimate results ; more terrific in its processes than any plague that ever ravaged a Christian country, more destructive than all the wars of any century of the present era ; was among us ; was gaining upon us ; was threatening every sacred interest of home, country and immortality ; and yet no man could do anything better than tell us that we must guard against excessive drinking.

The discovery came, like all other blessings, from above, simple as the discovery that boiling water could lift the cover of the kettle ; that if the drunkard would cease entirely to drink, he would become sober ; God would make him so, for He never makes men otherwise. And then if sober men should cease to use any intoxicating beverages, the sin, the misery, the expense, the danger, the bondage, the curse of drunkenness would cease. This discovery partially applied in 1826, began to work wonders. In 1836 it was applied to the whole class of intoxicating drinks. And now the triumph of truth over delusion, of philanthropy over sordid selfishness, of principle over passion which this enterprise has secured, is incalculably great.

But there is another class of results to which attention has not been given by many, although of great importance. The Temperance Reformation has given a strong development to the individuality of man.

Mr. Guizot has said in his lectures on European civilization, that the progress of civilization in human Society is to be measured by the improvement of its individual members. This idea was introduced by Christianity. But the middle ages lost sight of it. The Reformation restored it. And yet there is much to be done to give man's individuality its proper place. The hindrances to it are yet many and great. No man rightly appreciates his personal worth until he comes strongly under the sense of responsibility and destiny as the award of personal character. The want of meditation and self-communion which always accompanies a life of care or of indulgence prevents a proper self-respect. Infidelity in all its forms, either suppresses the sense of individuality or of responsibility; either of which prevents the full development of our manhood. The habits and notions of society give a factitious importance to rank, wealth, intellect, and achievement. The practice of rulers and law makers yet tends too much in the same direction. The awful worth of a soul is the great reality which the leaders of society do not yet understand sufficiently. There is still too much dealing with nations, armies and masses, without a sufficiently sensitive perception of the awful interests that lie unwrapped in every human being that goes to make up that aggregate called the nation, or the army, or the poor. We are all yet too much affected by what the man is, rather than by what he may become.

Now the Temperance Reform has done a work of vast importance in bringing before our understandings and our sympathies the worth of the man. The Drama used to portray scenes

of distress, and awaken sympathy; but the sentiment was as abstract as the object was fanciful, that awakened it. It seems to me impossible that men shall hear from time to time such descriptions as Mr. Gough and others make of the man sunk in the drunkard, and then raised to manhood by soberness, without getting a new appreciation of our common humanity and of our individual manhood. And beside this portrayal of man in his misery, his guilt, his recovery, his happiness, his progress, his usefulness, and his immortal hopes, it has given prominence to the individual will. A swelling tide of light and sympathy has gathered around the poor stranded bark to raise it from its dangerous moorings. And yet nothing could be done without the pledge. The man himself must choose; must act, intelligently, rationally, voluntarily. To him the appeals must be made; "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul!" "Poor, besotted drunkard as you are, you are bartering away more than all the kingdoms of the earth. No king, no angel can decide this momentous question but yourself." And men have learned to stand in awe and sacred sympathy before a trembling wretch putting his name to the pledge that is to free an angelic spirit from its bondage, and secure more than the estates of princes.

This Reformation has manifested some evidence of the amazing power of development in man. We might for illustration refer to the branch of the enterprize placed under the beloved name of our country's father. Here were hundreds and thousands of men restored as by magic, to society, their families and themselves; passing into our churches, to our legislative halls, and to seats in our national councils; some of them displaying eloquence of a high order for men of their degree of cultivation. And it is manifest that this movement has confirmed very strongly the conviction that all great reformations



make their conquests first in individual men, then in masses, then in institutions.

It has most impressively illustrated another great fact—

That God wills not the continuance of man in sin, nor his destruction, but his repentance and salvation. Nothing more awfully illustrates God's Holiness and Justice than the History of Drunkenness. He has made laws because they were good. And he intends that we shall obey them. He has affixed penalties because He abhors disobedience. And when we disobey, for instance, by drinking poison for pleasure in the process, or for subsequent exhilaration, then He comes forth in the terror of His offended Majesty. And who can stand before His righteous indignation? His dreadful executioners are a legion. He orders one to put coals of fire in the liver, another to rack the nerves, another to destroy the lustre of the eye. Poverty comes to take down all the pleasant furniture, empty the larder, put out the fire, hang out repulsive signs to the neighbors. And so the dreadful work of righteous chastisement goes on, until it is demonstrated that the man is irreclaimable. Then Delirium Tremens is ordered to go and bind the rebel hand and foot and cast him into outer darkness. So we have seen the terrible righteousness of God in the History of the Drunkard. But in this Reformation we have seen with John, the emerald bow of Peace arching his throne of mercy. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way, and live." How beautifully, how powerfully has this been illustrated in this work! Men of piety and prayer commenced it. God's mercy moved their hearts, and his goodness heard their prayer. And every reclaimed inebriate, every family made happy by the change, is a hymn of praise to Him whose title is, "The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth."

This work has illustrated,—The power of self-denial ; and so illustrates the principle our Saviour has inculcated in the text. These reformed drunkards were greatly debased and corrupted. But they have come up, intellectually, socially and morally, through the instrumentality of self-denial. The change began, the upward progress commenced the moment reason and conscience prevailed over passion and appetite. This is the same principle our Lord was here inculcating. Conquer your present inclinations and desires, that prevent your preparation for heaven, and your salvation is made sure.

It has also illustrated the intrinsic value of self-denial. I maintain that no man can estimate the agricultural benefits which this reformation has conferred on the world. But still farther I maintain, that much less can any one compute the value of the moral impression thus produced on such a vast and important body of men as the owners of farms and tillers of the land in this country. Rum, Beer and Brandy, Whiskey and Cider are just as agreeable to their taste now as formerly. But here is a great body of yeomanry within one generation, taught to deny themselves this gratification in which their fathers indulged. And then before their eyes are constantly displayed the beneficial results of self-denial. The same may be said of the seamen, ship-owners, underwriters, mechanics. Yes, the lesson is now taught on every sea, and in the islands of the sea. Our nation has thrown off an incubus, a vampyre that was sucking her life-blood. We are free a second time. We have fought a second foe, and achieved a second Independence. We dare, not to drink, not to offer ; we dare to speak, to declare the truth. And the advantages of that freedom we owe to the blessings of God on that self-denial which enabled us to pledge ourselves, that for beverages we will use no more alcoholic liquors.

Men have now become more accustomed to see, to encour-

age, and to practice self-denial. Thus has the Temperance Reformation been a great school of moral instruction to the nation.

Men have become more accustomed by it to exercise courage in behalf of the Truth. The array of Interest, Custom, Fashion, Appetite and Ignorance against this Reformation was very powerful. Ridicule, argument and even legal prosecution have been resorted to. Support the worship of the great Diana by all the shrine makers. But men have seen the truth triumphant, its champions undismayed, its enemies silenced. This has been a valuable instruction.

And moreover it has accustomed men to this moral calculation which the Saviour enjoins; "What shall it profit" if I gain this draught and its exhilarating effects for two or three hours, and then lie like a hog for ten, and rave like a wolf for ten more, and ache from head to foot for twenty-four more? "What shall it profit" me to have some glorious frolics with my companions, and then lift my eyes in hell, being in torment, to cry for ever for one drop of water! This has been one form of self-appeal which this enterprise has carried to thousands and hundreds of thousands. It has also started another form of inquiries; "What will it profit me" to make some hundreds of dollars out of that neighbor, and then have him upbraid me for ever in hell for making him a drunkard? It is an immortal being I am destroying. In the depths of his being is centered that wonderful, undying consciousness and memory, that make him accountable. He will live for ever, and for ever echo in my ears—you killed me: wretch you did it for gain. Or, what is the profit of living in a fine house here, amid beautiful furniture, and with a well spread table, to die and meet a righteous Judge with the blood of the drunkard on my garments!

The value of this kind of self-catechising is immense.

## THE MORAL RIGHT TO DRINK AND SELL SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER

No man has a moral right to do any action, or to pursue any course, the influence of which is certainly, and inevitably hurtful to his neighbor-man. I have a legal right to do many things which, as a man of principle I ought not to do. I have a legal right to do many things which would be hurtful to myself,—such as the consumption of opium, or even the taking of arsenic. But I have no moral right to commit this self-destruction.

I have a legal right to attend the theatre occasionally or regularly. There is no civil law to forbid my entering that ensnaring place of entertainment. No policeman stands guard to repel me—no officer of justice dares to eject me while my conduct is orderly and quiet. But as a minister of God's word, I have *no moral* right to go there, not merely because I may see and hear there what shall pollute my memory for days and years, but because that whole garnished and glittering establishment, with its bewildering attractions, is to many a young man a chandeliered and crimsoned hell, the very yawning maelstrom of moral death. The dollar which I give at the entrance is my contribution towards sustaining an establishment whose dark foundations rest on the murdered souls of thousands of my fellow-men. Their blood stains its walls, and from the seats of that "pit" they have gone down mayhap to a lower pit where no sounds of mirth ever come. And now, I ask you, what right have I to enter a place where the tragedies that are played off before me by painted men and women are as nothing to the fearful tragedies of ruined souls that are enacted in all parts of that house every night? What right have I to give the sanction

of my example to such haunts of folly and vice, and by walking into the theatre myself, aid to decoy others there likewise.

Now, on the same principle, (not of *self*-preservation, for of that I am not now speaking,) but on the principle of avoiding what is hurtful to others, what right have I to sustain those magazines of death, where poisonous drinks are sold? What right have I, as a lover of God and man, to petition for them, or to sustain that traffic in any shape or manner? If a glass of wine on my table will entrap some young man, or some one whose inclination is very susceptible to alcoholic stimulant, into dissipation, what right have I to set that trap for his life? What right have I to throw over that drinking practice the sanction of my usage and influence, so that he shall go away, and acknowledge me his tempter, and quote me as his authority for sinning? If the contents of that sparkling glass shall make my brother to stumble, he stumbles over me. I am an accomplice in the wrong. If he goes away from my table, and commits some outrage under the effects of that stimulant, I am, to a certain degree, guilty of that outrage. The blow he struck was mine; the oaths he uttered in his debauch were, to a certain degree, my blasphemies. I have a partnership right in them. But for me, he might not have uttered them, and by giving him the incentive I prompted him to them. The man who (in the language of Scripture) "puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips" is accountable for what comes from those lips under the influence of the exciting draught, and is accountable too for what the maddened and bewildered man may do during his temporary insanity.

But in the next place, if it be wrong for good men to set before others an example of drinking alcoholic drinks, how much more is it wrong to offer them directly as a matter of merchandise and traffic. Here too I wish to present the moral

argument. That the sale of alcohol is legalized in many of our States, I do not deny. I see that, and know it, and weep over it. Under the existing regulations of the commonwealth in which I reside, the traffic in intoxicating drinks is made legal, and for certain specified sums men have "license"—as it is technically termed—to dispose of alcoholic drinks in certain quantities to be drank as a beverage. They have a license—a legal permission. But in spite of the ridicule that has lately been levelled at the doctrine, I submit whether there be not in existence a *higher law* than the enactments of this commonwealth? I submit whether the infinite Jehovah of Hosts be not a mightier Potentate than the governor of any state, or the council of any city? And in the primal statute-book of the universe I read this anathema—whose thunderbolt no human hand can stay—"*Woe unto him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor!*" This is the divine declaration, however men may sophisticate themselves or delude each other.

The full import and powers of a license to "put the bottle" to a neighbor's lips, is greatly misunderstood and overrated. Will a "license" free a man's conscience from the legitimate effects of that which he is doing? Will that make reparation to a man for the loss of his money, time, character, health and soul? Will that make reparation to the family robbed of protection, and to the community robbed of its real wealth, the name and strength of its patriot sons? Will that license soothe the widow, whose outward badges of mourning are but faint emblems of the darkness that hangs like night upon her broken spirit? Is there any trafficker in strong drink who means to take his license up to the Judgment-bar? If so, I entreat him to look well, and see whose "image and superscription it bears." He may then find that fatal document countersigned in blood, and registered with the tears of the lost in God's book of remembrance.

# ONE LEAF OF LIFE.

(A SKETCH.)

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

THERE she lay and faintly whispered,  
    “ Oh how lingering is this death !  
Every pulse of joy has faded,  
    But still feebly pants the breath.  
All of love that e’er I cherished,  
    All of hope that e’er I knew,  
All of happiness has perished  
    In this heart, once warm and true ! .

Still I linger—Still am dying—  
    Inch by inch—and hour by hour  
Dead the heart and heavy lying,  
    Oh how chilling is its power ;  
Life hath long since lost its blessing  
    None but cruel words to hear,  
Like cold rain-drops they have frozen  
    Up my heart and every tear !

Woman—could ye look upon me,  
    Know the struggles I have known,  
Feel the chords of life thus breaking,  
    As I in dying here alone—  
Oh what lessons would be given  
    To the young and to the old,  
Ye would banish from your dwellings,  
    *That, which makes the heart so cold ;*

How it creeps along my vitals  
 Checking there the purple tide"—  
 One faint gasp and all was over—  
*Thus a sorrowing woman died!*

\* \* \* \* \*

Gently raise the shroud above her,  
 Oh how pale her marble brow—  
 And how peaceful is her slumber,  
 Grief can no more move her now!—  
 Lay the white folds back upon her,  
 Let the broken hearted rest.—  
 Oh Intemperance! Thou her murderer!  
 Man—how cruel such a death!

Gentle woman meek and dove eyed,  
 Go at midnight hour and see  
 Thy pale sister, sadly lying,  
 It shall be a voice to thee—  
 It shall come and breathe its whisper  
 When thy curtain folds are drawn—  
 It shall rouse thee from thy slumbers,  
 As thou risest with the dawn.

It shall echo in thy bosom  
 Swaying every thought and deed,  
 Till it rouse the soul to action,  
 And some heart that voice shall heed!  
 It shall breathe its spirit warnings  
 Daily—nightly—unto thee—  
*"Sister rest not—Earth is mourning,  
 Ye must—act decidedly."*



## MONTHLY COMPEND.

WE are not yet fully supplied with our material for preparing the "Compend." It must, therefore, of necessity, be somewhat imperfect, until we get matters entirely arranged. Our agents, correspondents and friends speak well of this portion of our work, thus far, which encourages us not only to prosecute it with increased vigor, but confirms our opinion that it will eventually become and continue one of the most important features of this Magazine.

**THE BRITISH PROVINCES.**—The high stand recently taken by the sovereign people of Maine, through the law passed by their authorized servants in the last Legislature of that State, has given an onward impulse to the temperance cause among a large part of our provincial neighbors.

The effect of the recent meeting of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance at Toronto, Canada West, continues to be felt in all directions. The "Son of Temperance," issued from that beautiful "City of the Lakes," gives abundant and cheering evidence of that fact. We learn from that efficient ally, that many of the leading papers of the Provinces have alluded to the late jubilee, in a way which shows clearly that the temperance cause is taking a deep hold on the minds of the people in that quarter. The open opposition of certain presses to a benevolent and patriotic enterprise, is alike a proof of its intrinsic excellence, and a sure herald of its final success.

New Divisions of the Order of the Sons of Temperance continue to be formed in various parts of the provinces. We will give the names of these Associations, and their different locations, as fast as we are officially furnished with the statistics.

The people are seeking for improved legislation with reference to the traffic in poisonous drinks. The result will undoubtedly be the passage of a law similar to that now so efficiently in operation in Maine.

The editor of the "Son of Temperance" has been making a temperance tour, in which he was well received by the people. This is the way to do the work. Direct personal application, in a good spirit and at the right time, is the best argument. Would that it were more frequently carried into practice!

Several new Temperance Hotels have been opened in the Provinces. We wish them success.

The city of Hamilton contains a goodly number of staunch friends of the temperance cause.

The Sons of Temperance are progressing well in the county of York.

At Smithfield, near Clareville, Rev. Messrs. Wheeler and Dick have united their influence in the good work. Mr. Wheeler is a Deputy Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance.

Mr. S. Alcorn, a laborious temperance speaker of the Canadas, has been working successfully in Ireland. The Londonderry *Standard* speaks of his having met with a favorable reception across the water. So much for the good influence of the New World in the Old one. May it increase!

The Cadets of Temperance are gaining ground in the Provinces. New sections of that youthful and admirable Order are being organized in several counties.

A temperance paper has been started by Mr. Van Dusen, at Owen Sound, C. W.

The summer months have been well improved by the Sons of Temperance in Canada, and other British possessions. Open-air gatherings have taken place in quite a number of central towns, which were largely attended. This is the way to carry on the work. "*All at it, and all the time at it.*" There is no need of waiting, as is the puerile cry of some, for the long winter evenings. "*Now* is the accepted time"—always and everywhere, *now*. This is the carefully-formed opinion of those who, for many years, have "summered and wintered" the temperance cause.

The foundation stone of a new Temperance Hall has been laid in the town of Goderich. The ladies of that town (God bless them!) gave the cause and its consistent advocates their sanction, by presenting the Sons of Temperance a banner, on the occasion. May their example be followed all over the Provinces!

Several new Unions of the Daughters of Temperance have been formed in Canada. Others are spoken of as about being commenced, at Daffin's Creek, Uxbridge, Cooksville, Lambton and Streetsville.

A few well accredited temperance lecturers are called for by the people at Toronto, C. W.

At Peterboro', Bytown, Brooklin, and in several portions of the North, the cause is advancing.

The consumption of alcoholic liquors has fallen off in Canada, within the last fifteen years. This fact is proved by the British official liquor statistics. Considering the increase of population in Canada, this fact speaks loudly in favor of our holy enterprise. Brothers! let us "*thank God and take courage.*"

MAINE.—From all the present appearances, the new temperance law will be fully sustained by the people of this State. The opposition has thus far come from precisely the quarters where it was expected, and where the friends of temperance were prepared to meet it. Several persons of property, and occupying positions of considerable influence in society have voluntarily relinquished the traffic in alcoholic poisons, and the thrice-infamous and thrice-cursed stuff has been emptied from their stores, where many of its victims have so often laid—in the gutter. Would that all its kindred compounds of villany and shame could be cast

at once into the same appropriate place ! Could this be done, how many streets in our world would soon be at high flood, and all be washed clean from curb-stone to curb-stone !

MAINE is still *the leading state*, so far as this law is concerned, in the Temperance Reform.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—One of the principal hindrances to the triumph of temperance in the Granite State, is the fashion of drinking in *high places*. We presume this will be understood in a double sense. Of the truth of the application, the dwellers and visitors in the noble White Mountain realm must be the judges. But with all this “lofty tumbling,” and tumbler-ing against it, the reform is sure to be successful, in New Hampshire.

The bill introduced into the Legislature of the State at its last session, had three good provisions against intemperance. It rendered the traffic—what it deserves to be held by statute-law—*infamous*. Although lost in the Senate, this bill passed in the House, and will undoubtedly become a legal exponent of the people’s voice next year. So may it be !

VERMONT.—The good cause is quietly progressing in this State. The next Legislature will speak so as to be heard on the subject—like the full-voiced thunder of the Green Mountains. The land of Stark is too redolent of pure breezes, to be long tainted by the fumes of the still. The entire drinking business of this splendid region—the Switzerland of America—is gradually becoming “small by degrees, and beautifully less.”

MASSACHUSETTS.—There is a constant gain of the temperance host in the Old Bay State. Our friends are uttering their sentiments in “words that breathe, and thoughts that burn.” The Grand Railroad Convention, representing the entire railroad interests of the New England States, and portions of the British Provinces, held early this month in Boston, afforded a glorious illustration of the successes already won by the temperance forces. It was shown at this very influential meeting that some of the greatest commercial enterprises of the age have been begun and carried on to completion by means of the co-operation of temperance. So will it appear, eventually, throughout the world.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has a good work to do next winter.

RHODE ISLAND.—The position of our cause is encouraging in this little but wealthy State. Much credit is due the ladies of Rhode Island for the continued interest kept up there in the temperance cause. It is just the same everywhere else. Without the sanctified influence of woman, what could be done in any good thing.

PROVIDENCE, thus far, has taken the lead, and keeps it well.

CONNECTICUT.—There is a comparative temperance calm in the land of steady habits—but it is a calm which betokens the strength of moral principle that lies deep in the hearts of the people. Connecticut will be satisfied with nothing less than the use of all fair and honorable means, legal, social, intellectual and moral, to exterminate the unhallowed traffic in alcoholic ruin from all her borders—from the shores of Long Island Sound to the fields at the foot of Mount Holyoke.

The General Assembly of Connecticut, A. D., 1852, will be instructed by the people in a way they will be pretty likely to remember—and obey.

NEW-YORK.—A great National Convention of the Friends of Temperance, including representatives from all branches of our glorious reform, was held in Saratoga, on the 20th of last month. It was designed to operate directly on public sentiment, in view of the recent temperance action of the people of the States of Maine, Ohio, Connecticut and Wisconsin, through their Legislatures. National, Legislative and State organizations, Temperance Orders, Sons of Temperance, Rechabites, Templers, Samaritans, United Brothers, Cadets, and independent bodies were represented on the occasion, and a powerful onward impulse given to the cause.

We shall present our readers additional particulars of this great gathering in the next number of the Magazine.

*The Rochester Temperance Journal* has been recently enlarged, and much improved in its typography. It is a well-conducted paper, and merits an extensive circulation. We would remind our cotemporary that he has unintentionally omitted to credit our story of "Little Peleg, or the Drunkard's Son," to the *American Temperance Magazine*.

There is a constant accession to the Order of the Sons of Temperance in Western New York. Seven Divisions are at work in Rochester. They have also in that thriving city one Union of the Daughters of Temperance.

In Clinton, Oneida County, the friends of temperance have formed themselves into an association "whose only object is to procure the election of such members of the Legislature, and such administrators of the excise laws, as shall rid the State of the crying evils of the liquor traffic." This looks well.

Mr. Taylor's excellent Temperance Hotel in Courtland-street, New York City, continues worthy of the patronage of the public. We commend it to the readers of this Magazine.

NEW JERSEY.—Recent accounts indicate a revival of the cause of temperance in this State. Several of its public men are professed friends of our patriotic movement. There is great need of a well-sustained temperance paper in New Jersey.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Key-Stone State is still making her onward progress. An increasing attention is apparent in the fact that some of the prominent members of the judiciary are tracing the causes of crimes directly to intemperance. The next session of the Legislature of Pennsylvania will be operated upon by the recent vote of the people of Ohio against the traffic in strong drinks. The sale of liquors is beginning to be extensively prohibited on the Sabbath.

The Order of the Sons of Temperance is constantly increasing. The printing of the Ritual of the Order in German, had been productive of great good in Pennsylvania. A similar movement is contemplated for the National Temple of Honor.

There is much need of an increase of the temperance press in that quarter of the land.

OHIO.—The recent expression of the popular will in the Buckeye State is working well. It is clear that the large vote in opposition to granting licenses to sell alcoholic ruin, and in favor of prosecuting all offenders by such sale, has surprised all parties. The State will be reformed. A temperance public sentiment is rising up, which can never be put down until the accursed business of rum-selling shall be smitten to the dust.

The *Western Fountain*, at Cincinnati, has now reached its fifth volume, and is increasing in circulation. The Rum Power of Ohio evidently feels bad.

Father Matlew recently administered the pledge to thousands at Cleveland.

ILLINOIS.—The *Temperance Messenger* has been revived at Chicago, with promise of good success. There is a great work to be done in that part of the West, and we believe the men are there who will do it.

There will be an improved state of feeling after the close of the next Legislature.

WISCONSIN.—We have cheering news from the Badger State. The steady increase of the temperance paper at Milwaukee, (now in its third volume,) certainly looks encouraging. A hundred dollars are demanded for every license to sell liquors. Several large popular gatherings have taken place, and others are in progress. Success to the Prairie Land!

IOWA.—This young State has required the passage of a license law similar to that of Wisconsin. The sum of one hundred dollars must be paid in advance by every one who gets a license.

SOUTHERN STATES.—Our exchanges are not yet in from the South in sufficient numbers to enable us to state all we should be happy to furnish our readers with, in regard to temperance matters South of Mason and Dixon's Line. We shall get all this arranged by the next issue.

From NORTH CAROLINA we get cheering news.

The next meeting of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance, will be held in Richmond, Va., in June, 1852.

The reports from GEORGIA, as published in the *North Carolina Age*, at Raleigh, are encouraging. Hon. JAMES BELSER, M. C., from Alabama, delivered the Address at the late annual meeting of the Georgia State Temperance Convention.

Several significant and grateful facts reach us from ALABAMA.

PERSONAL NEWS.—Hereafter we shall make a digest of the public movements of the principal laborers in our great enterprise.

Copies of temperance documents are again requested at this office.





Eng<sup>d</sup> by T. Deney

Y<sup>r</sup> truly  
M<sup>t</sup> Grant

was a man of great strength and courage, and was  
on the 10th of July, 1785, he was taken  
prisoner, and was carried to the city of  
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several months. He was then released, and  
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The story of the life of the great man, who  
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## MOSES GRANT, Esq.

A STRANGER passing through Cambridge Street in Boston, between the hours of eight and ten in the morning, will see a succession of the children of want and sorrow, crippled and broken down men, ill clad and care-worn women, one with a babe on her arms, another leading a little boy and girl by the hand ; some, the sons and daughters of Erin, others from Afric's shores, passing in and out of the gate of a mansion of wealth and comfort ; and he would say, strange levee for such an abode, and strange the hours of gathering, when the sons and daughters of pleasure have scarce risen from their pillow. But there lives a man there of whom it it can never be said,

“That man may last, but never lives ;  
He much receives, but nothing gives ;  
Him none can love, him none can thank ;  
Creation's blot ; creation's blank.”

The worthy occupant, Moses Grant, was born in Boston, July 29, 1785. His venerable father had long held the office to which he succeeded, of Deacon of the Brattle Street Church ; and though, like all good men in those days, he ever had wine and brandy on his table, he was often admonishing his children to be careful and not drink too much. The family were engaged in the paper manufactory, in which, by great economy and industry, they had risen to opulence. But the subject of

this memoir was not born to live for himself. All the tendencies of his mind and heart were seen to be to the relief of the suffering ; and, at an early period, he was made an Overseer of the Poor, Director of the House of Correction and several other philanthropic institutions, in which he has now, for more than thirty years, served the public with great fidelity. Living among a people of wealth, who had often a heart to do good without the time or opportunity, he early became their almoner. Sums of money were committed to him with which he should, at his discretion, relieve the distressed ; and being prospered in business, as men usually are who have a large heart and seek the good of others, and delighting to do good with his own, his mansion became, in time, almost a public charity-house. To the poor and needy have long been consecrated his morning hours ; and many a child of sorrow has been consoled by his friendly counsel, or relief in distress.

Thus mingling, day by day, with the poor and the outcast, and being somewhat of a philosopher as well as philanthropist, Mr. Grant was early led to inquire into the causes of this poverty and suffering in a land so abounding with all the comforts and luxuries of life. In nine cases out of ten, he found it to be the use of intoxicating drinks ;—a use caused much by the arts and the wiles of the venders in the dens of infamy, though not unfrequently by the wine-cup at the tables of the rich and luxurious, and therefore a perpetual fountain of misery ;—more and more prolific of destitution and crime, especially as a poor and ignorant population flocked from foreign countries to our shores ;—and that the declaration of the Hon. Samuel Dexter, the first President of the Massachusetts Temperance Society, was true : “ Give me the money drawn from the pockets of our countrymen for the support of drunken paupers, and I will pay the expenses of the General and State

Governments, and become, in a few years, with the surplus, as rich as the Nabob of Arcot."

It was not surprising, therefore, that such a man should enter with great zeal into the temperance movement; kindling with the hope that here an end might be put to the hitherto never ceasing flow of this stream of misery. Indeed, he was among its earliest projectors, and has now, for twenty years, been the efficient President of the City and County Society, and the most intimate friend and coadjutor of Doctor John C. Warren, in the councils of the Massachusetts State Temperance Society. Neither time nor money have been spared to promote the object; and it is questionable whether any individual has attended more temperance meetings both in Boston and all parts of New England, than Mr. Grant. He makes no pretensions as a public lecturer; yet he is ever ready to say something, and few men speak better. Like Richard Cobden, he is full of facts; speaks to the point; goes for the cause, and always leaves a good impression. He tells what he has seen among the poor and suffering, and holds up to public indignation, in bold and fearless language the responsible authors of all their miseries. On one occasion, when called to speak before the Legislative Temperance Society, he said:

"He had not received any invitation to the meeting, but he came because he liked to attend these meetings. It was all-important to find out how we could free the soil of rum. Do men consider how intoxicating drinks add to the misery of the community? He was frequently called upon to visit some of the vile places of the city, and had been by Marshal Tukey. He had occasion to visit a dancing hall in Ann Street lately, and he should require the talent of the gentleman who had preceded him, to describe the scene. They also went into the watch-house, and the first object that presented was a *woman dead drunk*. In the next cell was a drunken sailor ready for

a fight. In a third cell we found a genteel, well-dressed young man, twenty-two years of age, who called me by name. I thought of him all night—dreamed of him. I made inquiries about him, and found he was of most respectable parents. He had not been to the *cellars* in Ann Street—he had been to the *genteel hells*, and taken his glass. Under its influence he had committed a crime that will be passed over. Had he been a farmer's son from Norfolk County, he would have been sent to prison.

“The intemperate poor are cruelly treated, while they who get drunk in company, have friends who can cover their crime. Farmer Allen had said, ‘starve the rumsellers out.’ We should have to live to the age of Methuselah to starve them out in Boston. Who owns these splendid saloons? The wealthy. He was at the watch-house in Leverett Street. The watchman brought in an interesting girl, who had been turned out of doors while her parents were *drunk*. Men gave a great deal of money to build hospitals, and almshouses, but he should like to see them do more for this cause. A thousand casks or kegs of brandy lately arrived in this city. They belonged to rich men, and it would be very difficult to ‘*starve them out*.’ The Rev. Dr. Channing justly said, ‘It was the capital of the rich which places at every poor man’s door a temptation to destroy him. It was the capital of the rich which built distilleries.’ Marshal Tukey remarked to me that, in all the gambling places which he visited, liquor was to be had. Still it was gratifying to know that so much had been done. Let us then persevere for we know that God is on our side.”

Such is his style of address ; simple, easily understood, and always both acceptable and effective.

Mr. Grant early became the friend and patron of “the young man eloquent,” John B. Gough. He first brought him into Boston, made his appointments, took care of his funds, aided him in more than two hundred public meetings, and travelled with him in New England, and wherever he went

and was always well provided with temperance tracts, which, at his own expense, he widely distributed.

In promoting temperance among children, he has, from the first, been pre-eminent. No Boston boy or girl is unacquainted with Deac. Grant. Often and often has he gathered thousands on the Common and in Tremont Temple, and made such arrangements as have been most delightful and attractive to them. Often and often has he had four and five thousand copies extra of the *Youth's Temperance Advocate* struck off, which, at his own expense, he has distributed among them.

At the admission of the Cochituate water into Boston, he may be said to have been in his true element. He early saw that this was to be a great blessing to the city in a vast variety of aspects, but more especially in the promotion of temperance, cleanliness and health, among the poorer classes. On this occasion, he appeared at the head of thousands of beautifully dressed children of both sexes, whom he heard sing with the most joyous emotions :

"O happy, happy, happy day!  
 With cheerful hearts we sing;  
 We will, rejoice, for well we may,  
 And grateful offerings bring.

"See here a pure delightful stream  
 Of Nature's nectar flows;  
 From fair Cochituate's Lake it came,  
 To Shaumut's summit goes.

"From thence to all our homes it speeds  
 With blessings in its train:  
 Thank God for all his mighty deeds;  
 For WATER, praise again."

After it was over, he scattered among them ten thousand little temperance papers prepared for the occasion.

In all these philanthropic movements, saving the youth, relieving the distressed, and causing the widow's heart to sing for joy, it would seem that he could rouse no hostile heart. But so it was not with his master, and so it is not with him. The men of wealth were not to be rebuked for opening profitable rum-shops and importing cargoes of poisonous liquors, with impunity. The vampyres were not to be exposed in feeding on human flesh and having their prey snatched from their teeth, without flashes of wrath. The vile dens of infamy and corruption, and the most reputable hotels and taverns, making drunkards of the choice young men of the city, were not to be held up the "ways of hell going down to death," without some expression which should be felt, and which they hoped would discourage the good man in his work. Once and again has he been called a meddler in other men's business, and asked, Who art thou that judgest another? Once and again have his windows been broken; and, at a time when absent with his family, the dram-sellers and their partisans mobbed his home, dashed in his windows and ruined his chandeliers, carpets and sofas, by throwing in upon them bottles of coal tar;—the vilest and most offensive material which could be used for the purpose. But none of these things have moved him. He has gone on in his work and labor of love—now in the almshouse comforting the distress; now in the cellars and garrets searching out the forsaken; now at the Farm School, his own favorite institution, scattering reward books among his two hundred rescued boys; now punctually in his place as Alderman of the city; now addressing, with dignity and force, the Legislative Temperance Society; now amusing four thousand children in the Tremont Temple; and every morning, from eight to ten, dispensing charity in his own mansion.

Mr. Grant has maintained great consistency of character.

Though courted by many, and often a candidate for office, he has never diverged from his true principle of total abstinence. Never, said he, have I for years, knowingly sat down to a public dinner, where have been intoxicating drinks.

His hospitality is unbounded. His office, his parlor, his table, are the property of all temperance men. Though not himself a Son of Temperance, yet, respecting the Order as one of the instrumentalities of advancing the great cause he loves, at the meeting of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance in Boston, in June 1850, he opened his house for a public *soiree*, where more than two hundred guests were assembled, who partook of liberal refreshments, and heard eloquent addresses from Gen. Cary of Ohio, Rev. Mr. Parsons of Kentucky, Mr. Carpenter from England, Mr. Johnson from the province of New Brunswick, Rev. Thomas P. Hunt of Pennsylvania, and George Hall, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y. The interview, said a journal of the day, was one which will long be remembered with pleasure, and which will be found, it is believed, to unite and strengthen the temperance brotherhood of different organizations throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Mr. Grant is yet in his full vigor, and pushing forward all his philanthropic operations with surprising energy.

Go on, beloved man—

“The good begun by thee, shall onward flow  
In many a branching stream, and wider grow  
The seed, that, in these few and fleeting hours,  
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,  
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
And yield thee fruits divine, in heaven’s immortal bowers.”



## ADDRESS.

BY REV. THOS. P. HUNT.

DIFFERENT motives induce different men to engage in the Temperance Reformation. Hence, there has not always been that unity of action among them which is essential to success. Such portions of the public as have not yet joined the temperance ranks, have had various views of our objects and plans. And while they have approved some things and condemned others, they have not been as cordial in their support, as they would have been, if they could have seen us all, from the same motive, pursuing the same object. In various periods of the Reformation classes of men, differing much, both in motive and action, have occupied and cultivated the temperance field. The old pledged men had many, whose only aim, was, to diminish the victims of intemperance. The Tetotalers, desired the reformation of the drunkard, as well as the saving the young from the beginning of evil. The Washingtonians, cared most for drunkards, and desired to save them by moral suasion alone. The *Legal* men cared much for drunkards, but more for those, who, unoffending themselves, suffered most from the intemperance of others. If all these motives could be embraced by those who desire to see the land freed from intemperance, the work would soon be done. I confess that all these motives were not duly appreciated by me in the beginning. I longed most to be called "The Drunkard's Friend." And strange as it may sound, I heard the news that a drunkard was near me, as a war-horse snuffed up the battle. I felt a kind of strange

joy in the opportunity of being an instrument in leading him to happiness and to God. As I progressed in my labors, I began to feel, more than I formerly did, for the young, whom I once saw virtuous and upright, but who were falling into the dark paths of the destroyer. Sympathy for the drunkard and for the tempted moderate drinker, brought me often into the circle of those who wept in consequences of the sinning of others. Then, I began to feel for those who drank none, but suffered most. I love to reclaim the drunkard, and to place the exposed where the billow shall not overflow them. This I aim to do, so far as their safety depends upon their own will and action, by the power of truth and love. But I see before me a suffering female. Every mark that the Liquor-seller can make is upon her face, her person, her dress, her abode, her heart and her children. I go to banish her sorrow. Can I do it by moral suasion? Her husband is a drunkard. Can I persuade her to be happy? "No; but reform her husband, and she will smile again." Persuade her husband! Every means has been tried upon him. He is fully convinced of his sin and cruelty. He has signed the old pledge. Signed the Total Abstinence. Has joined the Washingtonians; the Sons of Temperance; the Church. He is no hypocrite. He has felt, is now feeling, the burning shame of his reckless course. He is miserable, and desires to be happy. But every effort he has made, depending on human wil, has failed. Can you cure the gout by moral means? "No." Until you can, do not rely on moral means alone to cure *all* drunkards. They are diseased. The effect of their disease, is, to weaken their moral powers. Sometimes, when the power of the disease is upon them, they would drink if death presented the cup, and the fire that is not quenched be the stimulant that awoke them from their drunken slumber. In language stronger than I can use, drunkards have often as-

sured me that this is their condition. And actions that, if unfrequent, would be deemed incredible, too often show that the drunkard is under a spell not to be broken by means of persuasion. Ponder, it is fearfully true, that the fixed law of morals make no exception in the case of drinkers. The wicked wax worse and worse. And sinning against light and truth, and conscience, leaves the drunkards where all other such sinners are found, viz. : in a condition in which it is impossible to renew them again unto repentance. I need not sit in judgment on individual cases. I know not what mercy may have in store for them. All things are possible with God. However hopeless and apparently utterly abandoned a case may seem to be, my duty, is, to labor with it, not being weary well doing. But I must forget all I have seen and all I know, if I do not bear in mind that there are those, who are so joined to their idols, and so entirely given over to blindness of mind, hardness of heart, insensibility and unbelief, that they will not yield a willing obedience to the truth. They will die in their sins. Nor is this all : that husband obtains his liquor through facilities furnished by men of high standing. I must persuade them, too, to join in removing the cause of that woman's sorrow. Shall I succeed by moral suasion? With some I may. But there are those whose God is Mammon. I find some of them office-bearers and communicants in churches, where houses of worship are reserved so completely and devotedly and exclusively to the worship of God, that a meeting of the drunkards' family's friends, for the purpose of persuading the seller to abandon his work of damning death, would be looked upon as desecration and sacrilege. The seller is the minister's patron, and he and his family are treated with marked respect. He knows all the texts of Scripture in favor of drinking and selling ; and is quite familiar with modes of interpreting such pas-

sages as denounce woe against the drunkard, as to suffer the conscience of the drunkard maker to slumber in peace. The suffering mother has applied to him; and he has been sorry for her, and recommended her to the Poor House; while the husband has been trusted for Liquor, paid for by stealing the potatoes provided for his children by his wife's hard earning. Besides, this liquor-seller abominates infidelity, and looks upon a neglect to provide for his family, as a more certain evidence of unbelief, than that mode of making a living, which scatters ruin around like storms of fire and brimstone. Persuade such men! I heard one of them say one day, when looking over his ledger, "Such a man is dead and damned; for he died a drunkard, and in my debt." Yet that man continued to sell to others, who were living and would die in the same way, except, perhaps, in the sin of being in his debt. There are liquor-sellers whose hearts have become so absorbed in avarice, that they will not hear Moses and the Prophets. Living testimony produces no effect upon them. Persuade such! They would not be persuaded though one came from the dead. Here, as in the case of the drunkard, my duty is not to sit in judgment, nor to give up in despair. I must labor on. It may be, that God will have mercy, and turn their hearts from idolatry. But I would be a fool to labor on expecting that all will believe or repent. Now, what am I to do for this suffering woman? Have the drunkard and the liquor-seller a right to sport with her feelings, trifle with her happiness, and overwhelm her in present ruin, even if there be hope that they will ever cease to be like the horse-leech and the grave? I answer, no! We are bound to protect her. She has a right to be protected. And none will refuse to protect her, who ever deserved benefit from her unwearied love, and joy from her smile. In asking the aid of law, I only ask for the protection of helpless infants,

dependent childhood, and trusting, bleeding, wronged females, from the doings of drunkards and drunkard-makers. I mean drunkard-makers, not those who sell to drunkards after they are made. I see, I feel, I know that I must abandon all interest and forsake all duty towards wives, children and friends, who do not drink, but suffer continually from the doings of liquor-sellers and drinkers; or I must seek the protection of Law in their behalf. A liquor-seller once said to James Aiken, of Lewisburg, Penn.: "Sir, if you will place yourself from under the protection of law, I will give you a sound thrashing." Aiken, who has ready wit, and no fear, and who has done great service in the good cause, replied: "I would be a great fool to get from under the shield of the law; for it was made to protect me against such fellows as you." Would that I could hear the liquor-sellers pleading with our females, and our parents, to put themselves from under the protection of law, that they might show them what they would do. But alas! they are under no such necessity. There is no law for them, until the ruin is done past recovery. The only favor that the law allows to woman, is, to call upon her to forget her love, and testify against her husband and the father of her children, after he is nothing but the wreck of humanity. She may have him committed to prison after he has made her home a hell; but not before! Is this right? Can God or man approve of it? Let us point to those who drink not; who suffer not in consequence of their own transgression, but of those who have no right to injure them; and ask for law for them. Let us ask for a law, whose penalty shall accord with the character of the offence. And then I am persuaded that with these two objects, Protection to the Unoffending, and Justice to Liquor-sellers, we soon shall see eye to eye, and labor in union with the prospect of success.

## WATCHING.

BY PHOEBE CAREY

SUMMER in the fields of harvest  
    Binds the yellow sheaves of grain,  
One long year that mournful shadow  
    On the maiden's heart has lain.

Sits she now beside the window,  
    Looking eagerly without,  
Sometimes hopeful, sometimes yielding  
    To the bitterness of doubt.

Rocking to and fro, and singing,  
    As of old a lonesome tune,  
Often breaking off to ask me  
    If the year has worn to June.

And when I have said, the roses  
    Are all fading from their prime ;  
Then she says, that he is coming,  
    That she knew that it was time !

Yester night she gaily pointed  
    To the pleasant fields in sight,  
Where the wheat was bending heavy,  
    And the rye-stalks turning white :

And she whispered, softly blushing  
At the trembling of her tone,  
"If he comes while we are waiting,  
Let me see him first, alone!"

"O, these eves are almost over,  
All I wished is nearly won,  
When the autumn winds blow chilly  
Then my watching will be done!"

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## THE LICENSE SYSTEM.

BY REV. J. T. CRANE, M. A.,

Principal of N. J. Conference Seminary.

WE call this the "Age of Improvement." And we say well, for so it is. Almost all nations, indeed, boast over some misty tradition of a time when the world was brighter, and man more happy than at present. But unless we refer these traditions to man in Eden, we are unable to give them any tangible shape. Not even the poet, his eye in fine frenzy rolling, can give these airy nothings a local habitation and a name. The mind may glance lovingly back upon the "Good old times;" but when we would define the precise era, B. C. or A. D., when the said period was in the brightness of its glory, we are at fault.

If we refer to our fathers, the Saxons, we find them a race of savages, who bowed before Thor the Thunderer, and Wodin the Conqueror. With a warrior's fierce joy, they looked, at death, for a warrior's heaven, and hoped to quaff mead with

heroes in Valhalla. We may talk of the later days of Bluff Harry, but England then was only half civilized. The reign of "Good Queen Bess" has also been pointed out as a very blissful age; but at that time, barbarous manners and customs prevailed, and even the august Elizabeth herself could storm and swear, when tipsy,—an amiable weakness to which her majesty was somewhat given. And in our own land the blessed period was not in the days of the border wars, when the settler, a dozen times a day, put his hand to his head, to be sure that his scalp was still there; nor in the days of Salem superstition, when many a wise man declared himself shot by a witch with a broomstick.

But with all our progress, we have not yet arrived at perfection. In the various departments of human advancement, while some have apparently arrived at the highest attainable point, others hardly begin to feel the quickening spirit of the age. Our civilization, like our beloved America, presents a very irregular surface; and while the mountain peaks are exulting in the joyous beams of the coming day, here and there a deep ravine is found, around which gloomy shadows are yet hovering, where the owl and the bat are still abroad, and the night shade is filled with dew.

But it becomes us, no doubt, to vote this a very great age. The "March of Improvement" is performed in double quick time. Improvement in fact, seems to have borrowed the marvellous seven leagues' boots of the renowned Slayer of Giants. But then, as might naturally be expected, it occasionally strides over a seven leagues' interval without once touching it.

This, to some extent, at least, has been the fate of the laws regulating inns and taverns. We have now before us the Laws of New Jersey. The part referring to the subject alluded to, is comprised in fifty sections, filling twelve pages of a goodly



octavo. The other states have also dealt out law in a bountiful manner, but as they are all of the same general type, we shall attempt no quotations beyond the bounds of the fifty sections aforesaid. The same reasoning will apply to all. In looking over these statutes, ostensibly referring solely to "inns or taverns," the most careless reader is struck with the fact that almost every section has direct reference to the sale of alcoholic drinks; and the dullest mind cannot fail to see that the whole system was concocted with a design to regulate the traffic in them. Our legislators evidently thought the sale of ardent spirits dangerous to the community, and considered themselves in duty bound to watch it narrowly.

They saw the ravages of alcohol. Like the line of retreat of Bonaparte's Grand Army from the inhospitable land of snows, its path could be traced by the blackening corpses strewn along. They saw manhood's strong frame bow beneath its touch. They beheld the fond hopes of parents perish, and the gray hairs of age go down with sorrow to the grave. They saw wives made widows, and little innocent children made orphans, by alcohol. They knew that hearts were bleeding, and tears were falling evermore; and that, by it, from many a once happy hearth, every hope, and every joy had fled. The record was like the scroll which the prophet saw in his sad vision; it was written within and without, and full of lamentation, and mourning, and woe. The dispenser of village charities found that most of the wretchedness which he sought to alleviate originated in the love of strong drink. The statesman saw this terrible curse eating like an ulcer, into the very heart of the nation. The managers of the abodes of pauperism saw most of their wards crowded with drunkards' families. The magistrates in most of the criminals dragged before him, recognized the victims of alcohol. The sheriff seldom adjusted his fatal rope,

except around throats long familiar with its use. The coroner held most of his inquests over their disfigured bodies, found in the highways or drawn ashore in the nets of the fisherman. No age, no station, was safe. The great statesman, and the great soldier, as well as men of lower degree, were conquered by their appetites, and "died as the fool dieth." The judge from the bench, and the divine from the pulpit, fell into the dishonored grave of the drunkard; and in this deep abyss, some of the brightest lights of the age were quenched.

The evil, too, threatened to increase, rather than diminish. The laborer took alcohol with him to his field of toil. When the crisis of the suit came, the lawyer resorted to brandy to spur up his jaded powers. With it, the poet plumed his wings for loftier flights. And even the doctor of divinity fancied that a little wine imparted additional pathos and unction to his eloquence. When a child was born, the friends of the family gathered to the christening and drank. If he lived to legal majority, they assembled and drank again. If he called to see the ladies, an invitation to the sideboard was as indispensable as the small-talk. If he married, his wedding was a scene of revelry, in which intoxicating liquors flowed in copious streams. If he died, his relatives and neighbors congregated at his funeral, and sought, with alcohol, to reimburse themselves for the tears which they shed upon his coffin.

In searching for the head-quarters of the evil, our legislators, very naturally fixed their eyes upon the places where intoxicating liquors were retailed. Hither the small politician came to learn the news, and display his wisdom and eloquence. Hither the loungee took his listless way, in hope of finding something to enable him to forget the slow moving hours. Here reckless young men congregated to hold their revels, and

the village tavern became the rendezvous of idleness, dissipation and riot.

The convictions of the lawmakers impelled them to attempt something to remedy these evils ; and then arose the question, "What shall we do ? Shut up the places of sale ? Impossible ! What would the poor traveller do, especially if his journey should happen to be either long or short ; or if the weather should chance to be cold, or hot, or wet, or dry ? Besides, great as the evil confessedly is, it cannot be done away all at once. We must be content to REGULATE." Regulation, therefore, became the motto of the law. And our economists had before them, a most notable and worthy example. The sages who governed the city of London, some centuries since, saw the evils resulting from the gross licentiousness of the times, and felt constrained to do something to abate the wickedness. The magnitude of the evil was such, however, that to attempt its entire destruction seemed worthy only of the chivalrous knight of La Mancha. Would the rulers be so unwise as to attempt impossibilities ? Certainly not ; what then could they do ? *Regulate* ; and therefore they set about regulating the overt sins of a great city. All things were reduced to system by the sage lawgivers ; ordinances were devised for the haunts of wickedness, and their fallen inmates. And that it might be under the supervision of those who were best calculated to deal with sin, the whole matter was committed to the pious care of the *Bishop of Winchester*.

With this admirable model to assist them, our wise men commenced their labors, and finally produced the license system. The trade in alcoholic drinks was thenceforth to be harmless. The vender, the buyer, and the place of sale were hedged about with all manner of cunningly devised safeguards and defences. "At least twelve reputable freeholders" must give a formal cer-

tificate that the proposed "Inn or tavern is necessary, and will conduce to the public good." The applicant for license must also be certified to be "of good repute for temperance and honesty." Moreover, he is required to give bonds for his good behavior, as if he were already suspected of criminal designs, and to crown all, as they had lamentable proof of the fact that men placed in close proximity to alcohol, were liable to sudden backslidings from good morals, they ordained that the license should be valid only one year, at the close of which the whole process must be repeated, or the sale abandoned. A multitude of regulations was devised to make the traffic as little injurious as possible. But all this provident care was vain. It was no wiser than the caution of the cunning Hibernian, who in firing the cannon, thought to moderate the explosion by "touching it off easy." The law makers were not satisfied with the practical results of their own handiwork; and soon "an act to alter and amend" was added. And then supplement upon supplement, and "further supplements" still, were concocted to supply that which was lacking. And now, for some years past, at almost every meeting of the Legislature, the wearisome subject is dragged up, and efforts are made to mend that which former legislators have failed to make satisfactory.

It is not without reason, then, that we look upon the license system as a failure in legislation. The serious part of the community are not satisfied with its morality: It does not even meet the expectations of those who framed it. The tide of death sweeps on, despite the puny barriers which they would fain throw across the channel, some of the reasons for this failure are obvious. An essential part of the law depends for its effect upon certain matters which are in their very nature intangible, and consequently unavailable. The twelve signers of the recommendation for instance, must be "reputable freeholders." But

who is a *legally* reputable man? The law nowhere defines a good reputation; nor can it be done so that the judges can decide, in a moment, whether those whose names are appended to the paper before them, come up to the true standard. We can easily point out the extreme cases. We can show that Washington, or Dwight, or Fisk, was a reputable man, and that a convicted robber or swindler, is not. But who can draw the line which will define clearly the position of every man in a large community? If one should attempt it, another would declare the standard too high or too low, and wish it adjusted to his own notions, and both, in applying their own rules, would find a multitude of cases which it would puzzle them sore to decide. In a task like this even he would have failed who—

“ Could divide

“ A hair twixt south and southwest side.”

And thus, from the vagueness of the terms employed, this part of the law has been rendered almost wholly powerless. Any freeholder out of the State prison, may consider himself sufficiently “reputable” for this purpose. The law, as applied, demands neither intelligence, nor sense, nor virtue. When the Jewish monarch had made his immense laver for the temple, he cast twelve oxen of brass, and placed them beneath it, as its supporters. And so with our Modern Solomons; they are not willing that the traffic in alcohol shall stand upon its own bottom. They must needs mount their poisoned caldron upon the backs of twelve beasts of burden; but they do not seem to care whether their animals are roaring “bulls of Bashan,” or the lean kine of Pharaoh’s dream.

Again, the law demands that the recommendation of the applicant for licence shall certify that he is “of good repute for honesty and temperance.” Here are more vague terms. What is *legal* temperance? One man will say that it means moderation;

another that it means total abstinence from all that can intoxicate. Practically, the terms employed mean nothing. We ourselves know an innkeeper whose license is annually renewed, on the presentation of the regular certificate touching his reputation for temperance ; and yet that man is a drunkard, and several times during the period referred to, has been at death's door with the drunkard's delirium. In other states, where similar language has been employed with the same design, a like result has followed. No judge, or lawyer, or jury, can tell what it is to be legally temperate. We have ourselves seen in a neighboring state, an innkeeper drunk in his own house, and heard him pour forth a most disgusting torrent of the wildest blasphemy, and the filthiest obscenity. If it had been recorded that one of the swine into whom the devils entered, had, instead of drowning himself, put on the semblance of humanity and set up for a liquor seller, we would have been certain that this was the very beast.

But is there no mode in which the authors of false recommendations may be punished for their crime, and the falsehood be rendered harmless ? Yes ; there is a proper remedy. If any person "shall impose on the court, by signing to an undeserved character, or by describing a situation not true, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction, shall be fined in the sum of *ten dollars*." But we never heard of a single case in which the fine was inflicted, although it has been deserved a thousand times.

Moreover, when the application for license is made, "the presiding judge shall call upon his associates to make known any facts or objections, within their individual knowledge, if any there be, why such license should not be granted." One would suppose that here was abundant defense ; but the law is not made effective. The question may be put in legal form, but the judges seldom, or never, respond in the spirit of earnest,

conscientious men. When they ought to speak, fear, or self-interest, keeps them silent. They are members of the same community with the applicant and his abettors, and if the truth of the recommendation should be questioned, it would be construed as a deadly insult by "at least twelve reputable freeholders." Therefore, in some cases, if not in all, they take refuge in the comforting fallacy that, *as judges*, they can know nothing except that has been legally proved. This happy device enables many a man to disregard the combined force of common report, and his own incidental observations.

The signers of the certificate, too, are frequently led by sinister motives, to declare that "such inn or tavern is necessary, and will conduce to the public good." One man owns the tavern property, and he gladly bestows his signature, by way of furnishing himself with a tenant who will pay high rents. Another has lent the applicant money, and he knows that the cash will never be forthcoming unless the debtor is helped to some very easy mode of acquiring the means of payment. A third owns the neighboring distillery, and he signs, in order to provide a convenient market for his commodity. Another loves the cup of the inebriate, and he exults at the thought of having a fountain so near at hand, at whose flowing streams he may quench his thirst. A fifth is rampant for political elevation, and he fears that if the clique at the tavern should refuse to support him, the blissful suffix, *Esq.*, will never trail its glories, comet-like, behind his name. Another thinks that the Democrats ought to have a place of meeting in the village, where innocent voters may not be seduced by the wiles of a Whig landlord. Another is in great distress about the liberties for which our fathers bled; and he directs his tearful eyes to the public-house, as the mighty citadel which shall defend them against the remorseless attacks of the Rechabites, and Sons of Temperance. Another still, is

a noble-hearted philanthropist. He gives his name, because unless the applicant is permitted to sell alcohol "he does not see how the poor devil is to get a living." The applicant's uncle, and father-in-law, and brother, add their signs manual to the paper, because a refusal would raise a family quarrel. And we may suppose the last man of the twelve to be an old bachelor, who spends his evenings at the tavern, because he has no where else to go. And thus, while simple folks are wondering whence the twelve signatures can possibly be obtained, it comes to pass that the legal number is made up, and the "said inn or tavern" goes into operation. Thus, notwithstanding all the ingenious devices found in the statute-book, public-houses multiply fourfold beyond the wants of the public. Thus needless taverns are established, and intemperate men are legally authorized to drag down others to their own level, and detestable mantraps are planted on almost every corner.

Let us now look at the system from another point of view. It is evident that it gives the traffic a higher standing than it could otherwise obtain. The whole thing struts boldly forth, invested with the majesty of the law. The vender is now doing a lawful business, and he can hold up his head in the community. He feels that he occupies a dignified position. The State has laid its hands upon his head, and solemnly set him apart to deal out alcohol to its thirsty citizens. With scrupulous care, he has been selected from the ignoble crowd, to stand by the rock, like Moses, and bid the streams enliven the desert, and bless the fainting multitude. Shall he hang his head, and own a sense of guilt? Shall he in dens and caves of the earth, seek to hide himself from the eyes of men? Nay, verily; he feels his elevation. His face reddens but not with the blush of shame. He takes his place among the aristocracy.



He abstains from labor as religiously as if it were Sunday all the week. The little great men of the village, as they pass by, greet him with a familiar bow. The rabble gather round to consult him on deep questions of national policy, and he opens his mouth and utters words of wisdom. The poor man whom he has ruined, curses him for his meanness when he refuses to trust him longer: and he orders the stable-boy to horsewhip him. The heart-broken wife of another of his victims comes to implore him to sell her husband no more rum, and he assumes an air of offended dignity, and informs her that he is engaged in a lawful business. Besides, he will not have his visitors annoyed by the sight of sniveling women; so she had better go home at once, and stay there. Speak to him of the iniquity of his trade, and he inquires with unspeakable amazement, if any fool can believe that the laws would authorize sin. Thus the vender feels at ease. His inward satisfaction beams from his whole person. He waxes corpulent with good cheer. His eyes stand out with fatness. The more actively he bustles about, the more rotund he becomes, as the planets which revolve on their axes most rapidly bulge out most at the equator. And with a countenance radiant with peace of mind and whiskey blossoms, he inserts his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and parades in front of his decanters, in all the majesty and glory of fifty sections and twelve octavo pages of law.

The same effect is produced upon the minds of others. Many seek no higher code of morals than the law of the land. They think it no disgrace to be seen in a house to which the State has given its sanction, and which has been declared to be "conducive to the public good," by "at least twelve reputable freeholders." They look upon the tavern as a place made sacred by the benedictions of the civil authority. They fancy that they see the Broad Seal of the State, flaming on the pen-

dant sign, decorating the very bottles and casks of liquor, and even stamped upon the livid brow of the poor inebriate whose palsied hand can scarce raise the poison to his lips. In their view, those who assault this legalized traffic array themselves against the law of the land, and assume the attitude of rebellion or revolution. Thus the lovers of alcohol count themselves the friends of law and order, while the temperance man, with fanatical zeal, is attempting to destroy what has been consecrated by a century of legislation.

The public-house, thus upheld, becomes meanwhile, the centre of attraction to prodigal youth, and indolent, sensual adults. The abandoned of every class seek it from afar, as the buzzard does carrion. The vender of alcohol exerts himself to gather the apparatus of his trade. He casts about for everything that will attract attention to his establishment, and thus bring persons within sight and smell of his wares. If a circus company, enters the place, he persuades the manager that the vacant lot next his house is the most eligible spot in town. He provides a large room for the accommodation of jugglers and vagabond exhibitors of all descriptions, for he knows that these things will bring many into his house who will feel thirsty as soon as they see the decanters. For the same reason, he is excessively patriotic; and it grieves his very soul to see the Fourth of July neglected, or the anniversaries of our great victories forgotten. He becomes a patron of literature, too, and subscribes for all the papers, for these will also attract loungers, and promote the consumption of alcohol. He sets forth tables for playing dominoes, gets the blacksmith to make three or four sets of quoits, and erects a ball alley. But does he allow gambling? Not he; Lycurgus never laid down his laws with more sternness. There shall be no betting on his premises, unless it is "merely for a little something to drink."

Thus the licensed inn becomes the pest of the neighborhood. An atmosphere surrounds it as deadly as that of the Upas. Here the youth congregate, for there is always something here to rouse youthful curiosity. Here they learn to be idle and dissolute, and are ruined. Hope is blighted, fair prospects are blasted, and many who might have lived to bless the community with noble deeds, become bloated, reeling, festering masses of moral and physical rottenness.

It is written in Roman history that a chasm once opened in the midst of the great city, and the efforts of all the citizens to fill it up were unavailing.

The oracles were consulted, and the response was that the chasm would continue to spread, until Rome's best treasures were cast into it. The terrified people came in crowds, bearing gold, and silver, and precious stones, and costly garments, and threw them in, but still it spread, and the undermined dwellings were, one by one, falling into it with a crash. At last, a knight, crying out that virtue and patriotism were Rome's best treasures, spurred his war-horse over the brink, and was swallowed up, and the spot became solid ground. But alcohol has opened a chasm in our midst which is more insatiate than that of Rome. Millions of treasure have gone down its fathomless depths. Our citizens have been swallowed up by hundreds of thousands, and still it yawns for more. Courage, patriotism, talent, learning, wisdom, every manly virtue, every mental excellence, and every feminine grace, have been cast into the bottomless gulf. Sorrowing parents have seen their sons, and weeping wives have seen their husbands make the fatal plunge. And we have all seen it, and have heard the last faint sound rise from the horrible abyss, like

"The bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

If sacrifice is our only mode of defense against the remorseless devourer, we are undone. Our best treasures have already been cast in with lavish hands.

That one mighty obstacle in the way of the temperance reform is the legalized sale of alcohol at the public-houses, cannot be doubted. Many a poor fellow, waking from his drunken lethargy, has resolved to struggle for his life. He sees the wretchedness of his family, and he feels the woes which he is inflicting on them. His past life, as he reviews it, seems like looking back upon the path of a tornado. Everything fair has been smitten, everything lofty has been shattered, and thrown down, and desolation broods over the ruins of all that was lovely and of good report. He looks onward, and sees nothing before him but anguish and death, and anguish after death. Stung with self-reproach, he vows that he will touch the accursed thing no more. Perhaps he signs the pledge, and thus publicly declares his determination. For a time, he masters his appetite, and the smile of returning hope begins to light up the sad countenances of those who love him. But he can hardly leave his own threshold without being assailed by powerful temptation. A legalized grog-shop pollutes every corner. As he essays to pass by, the ring of glasses and the merry laugh strike upon his ear. The fumes of brandy salute his sense, and all the demon of drink is roused. His very soul is rent with fiercely-contending passions. He tries to resist. His little sorrow-stricken children seem to stand before his eyes, and the tearful, pleading face of the wife whom he still tenderly loves, rises upon his vision. He struggles, perhaps he prays, in agony untold. But the relentless grasp of a fiend is upon him, and he struggles in vain. Once more the glass is at his lips. Once more he goes reeling home, crushing the budding hopes of the weeping group there, and carrying terror to their hearts. He

might have conquered, if he had a chance for his life ; but his feet are caught in the net which the law has planted in his path ; he falls into the pit which the law has digged.

“ Ah, but the law ” exclaims some wiseacre, “ the law establishes respectable houses only. It lends no countenance to filthy grog-shops, where wretched sots congregate to their drunken revels.” Indeed ? Let us look into this matter. Here, drunkards, dirty and ragged as you are, stand up and answer a question. Where did you purchase your first glasses of alcohol ? Was it at the low grog-shop ? Nay, do not curse so bitterly, since no insult was intended. The truth is, you would once have considered yourselves deeply disgraced if caught drinking at the bar of the low grog-shop, or even seen going down into its depths. You were once honorable young men, and moved in respectable circles. You began by drinking wine in a reputable house, declared necessary “ by at least twelve reputable freeholders,” and bolstered up with twelve octavo pages of law. Then away with these contemptible subterfuges. Let the keeper of the “ respectable hotel ” cease his hypocritical whining about the injustice of classing him with the low grog-seller. They are both engaged in the same villainous work. As in a needle manufactory, one workman cuts off the wire, another drills the eye, and the third, or the tenth, imparts the final polish ;—so in rum-selling, one begins and another completes. The reputable hotel prepares the material, and passes it on down, till it finally reaches the finishing shop. They are but different parts of the same machine for the manufacture of drunkards. They are “ members one of another,” and of the same putrefying “ body of death.”

We protest, therefore, in the most emphatic terms, against the whole iniquitous system of licensing the sale of alcohol as a beverage. It is a dark stain upon the legislation of a civilized

state. In time past, the constitutionality of various laws tending to restrict the sale of alcohol, has been debated with much zeal and acrimony. We shall not now seek to defend any of them. We prefer carrying the war into Africa. We are convinced that the *license laws are unconstitutional*, contrary to the great principles of all right government. Inspiration declares that the civil government is designed to be a "*terror to evil doers, and a praise to them that do well.*" The Declaration of Independence lays down the fundamental truth that "All men are endowed by nature with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that *to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men.*" The preamble of the Constitution of the United States sets forth the fact that the object of the Constitution itself is to "*promote the general welfare* and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." The Constitution of New Jersey declares that "Government is instituted for the protection, security, and benefit of the people."

The whole matter, then, assumes the form of a question; —Does granting licences to retail alcoholic drinks tend to secure men in the enjoyment of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?" Does it "promote the general welfare?" Does it tend to the "protection, security and benefit of the people?" Who, not under the influence of alcohol, is mad enough to affirm that it does? We cannot regard the trade as anything other than a crime against society. The direct effect of the license system is to give factitious respectability to a traffic which is doing incalculable injury. This traffic destroys property; it destroys reputation and debases morals; it breaks hearts and causes blood to flow. It fills the almshouse, and the jail and furnishes materials for the prison and the gallows. It destroys the elements and appliances of civilization more rapidly

than any war in which our country has ever been engaged ; and like the serpent in Eden, it curses everything over which it drags its deadly trail, breathing a mildew upon all that is beautiful, and bringing sorrow and death into every abode of innocence. A late Attorney-General of the United States estimates the waste caused by alcohol in our own land, at one hundred millions of dollars annually. Poorhouse Commissioners have declared that three-fourths of the pauperism spring from alcohol. Judges have declared that the great majority of murders and gross outrages are the fruits of the use of alcohol ; and medical men have asserted that one-third of the insanity is clearly traceable to the same source. It is a root from which grows a rank crop of all moral and social evils ; a tree planted in our midst, whose spreading branches drip with poisonous dew, and in whose deep shadow death reigns.

And what good does the traffic do to balance the record of its ruinous effects ? None, save that it supports in idleness a few persons who ought to be gaining a livelihood in some honest way. Does the license system, then, which throws its protecting arms lovingly around alcohol, tend to "protect, secure and benefit the people," and "promote the general welfare?" No ; these are its loud professions ; but facts prove its claims false. We ask bread it gives us a stone ; we ask an egg, and receive serpents and scorpions. The practical results are only evil continually. It invests with legal dignity the trade in the souls and bodies of men. It renders nugatory the efforts of good citizens to stay its ravages, and evermore interposes in its defense, the broad shield of the civil authority. It fosters an agency which creates crime, and then takes the product of honest men's labor to defray the expenses of courts and prisons and executions. It cherishes a trade which creates paupers by the ten thousand, and then taxes the sober, industrious part

of the community to support them. It keeps open a leak in the ship of state, poisons half the crew, and then compels the rest to toil night and day to keep the vessel from going to the bottom.

“But,” interposes an objector, “the traffic would increase tenfold, were it not for the license regulations; and the State authorizes a few places of sale, in order to prevent the establishment of a host of others.” The framers of the original law, like the sage authors of the London regulation, may have been prompted by this motive; but results show the expedient ill-judged. Legalizing sin can have no tendency to lessen wickedness. An evil tree never bears good fruit. In those places where there are most legal sellers, there will illegal sellers be found most numerous. The license system teaches the community bad morals. It defends the sale of alcohol from the odium which would otherwise follow it; and lifts up in its behalf a strong voice which, in the vender’s ear, drowns the widow’s wail, and the orphan’s feeble sobbing cry. The license imparts a false respectability to the whole traffic; and why should the lack of a formal piece of paper deter any man from engaging in an employment which the law has blessed?

“But what can our legislators do?” Let them prohibit the accursed traffic. It may be that prohibition will not wholly destroy it; but what crime can we prevent wholly? Homicide is unlawful; but are not some two hundred murders committed in our own land every year? Are not hundreds of robberies committed in defiance of the law against them? Are profanity, and perjury, and outrage, unknown? They are all prohibited by law. What species of crime can be mentioned, which prohibitions and penalties have driven from among men? Not one. Then away with the miserable warnings against the folly of “legislating in advance of public opinion.” They are founded



in ignorance and cowardice, and falsehood. The law frequently forms public opinion. If public opinion is wrong, let the laws be made right; and thus lead the popular mind onward to the truth. But in the present case, the real convictions of the great body of the people are on the side of prohibition. The selfish vender must, in his secret heart, despise the law that shelters him. When we go through the legal sham of declaring a grog-shop "conducive to the public good," the veriest scoundrel that pockets his paper and goes back to his murderous den, knows it to be a lie. Let the law cease to impart fictitious respectability to the trade, and it would soon be given up to open villains, and be compelled to skulk to secret holes.

As matters now are, the foes of intemperance have no heart to attack even the illegal part of the traffic. The licensed grog-sellers wish us to do so; but why should we spend our strength in increasing their custom? And if the sale of alcohol is a blessed thing, to be bolstered up by law, why should we persecute the unfortunate man who is too poor to buy the license? The wag boasted that at the great battle of Waterloo, he performed prodigies of valor, slaying three of the enemy by cutting off their feet, with his own good sword. But being asked why he did not rather cut off their heads, he replied that "the heads were off already." We do not admire his tactics. We will not waste our breath in denouncing the vile haunts, where villains sell, and sots and thieves congregate. These are already despised and loathed. No decent man drinks there. The young man who has been lured from virtuous ways, into the drunkard's path of woe, did not take his first step in this hateful place. The once respectable mechanic, who died with the drunkard's mania, and left his young wife a widow, and his little children orphans, did not drink his first glasses in this dismal cavern of

the dead, where the dim light shone every where on rags, and filth, and bloated reeling forms. He formed the habit by drinking legal alcohol, in a "respectable hotel," thought conducive to the public good, by at least twelve reputable freeholders.

"But we must have public houses in many places where the income derived from the travelers alone would not sustain them." Even so; and there must also be men to attend toll-gates and bridges, where the salary paid for the service will not support a family, or even a single person. But do these men appear in our courts, with faces full of woe, and ask authority to poison their neighbors, and thus eke out a living? They apply themselves to labor. They make hats, or shoes or garments. Thus they benefit the community and live in an honest way. Let the keepers of villiage public houses do the same, instead of uttering a piteous lamentation because they cannot live in idleness and support themselves by iniquity. They will not be degraded by "working with their hands," as did the Apostle Paul. It is surely as honorable to be a tailor, or a shoemaker, or dig in a garden, as it is to dig untimely graves for men, and cause little children, ragged, hungry and barefoot, to follow their father's corpse to the drunkard's last resting place in the Potter's Field.

"My dear Sir," smoothly insinuates some one whom cowardice or interest makes non-committal, "the sale should certainly be stopped in some way. Why not try moral suasion?"

We have been trying moral suasion for the last quarter of a century. The immorality of the traffic has been discussed in public addresses: it has been treated of in periodicals; it has been argued out in books. There has been no lack of argument. Weeping females have gone to the vender, and pleaded with him with all the eloquence and pathos of broken hearts. He has on every side mute demonstration in the deadly results

of his business, the fiery complexion, the bloodshot eye, the fetid breath, the trembling hand, the reeling form, the rags, the filth, the wretchedness of his victims. And if these things, will not convince, to spend time in words is folly. Alcohol will continue to be sold, till made too unsafe to be profitable. There are those engaged in this trade who would sell, though the walls of their hiding-place, were reeking with the clotted gore of the slain, and though clattering skeletons were evermore dancing through the gloom. They would sell, though the lurid flames of eternal torment poured through the crevices, and the groans of the damned shook the floor on which they stand. Let those who deal in moral suasion only, try argument on a vulture tearing a dead body, or address sweet words to a starving tiger maddened by the taste of blood. If they succeed, then let them try "moral suasion" on the rum-sellers.

We anticipate a final objection to prohibitory laws. If any such are passed, they must be passed by the votes of members of the Legislature who are now longing for re-election to their present post. If they vote for prohibition, they will bitterly offend certain of their constituents. The tavern-keeper will be furious. If you destroy his license, you may compel him to labor, a thing which his very soul abhors. He will not only denounce the horrible law, but turn against the framers of it every vote he can control. All his dependents and hangers on will be mustered and drilled. The hostler is legally entitled to a vote; and so is the ragged red-nosed wreck of a man who hangs about the pump, and occasionally earns a lazy six-pence by watering horses. And so are the distiller and his whiskey loving men.

And will the legislator blindly sacrifice himself to his fanatical zeal for achieving impossibilities? He knows that the lovers of alcohol will hate him. He knows that all interested in the

sale will curse him, when the hope of their gains is gone. If he should favor prohibition, he may look around upon the legislative halls where he thus votes, and feel that the places that now know him, shall soon know him no more forever. If he resolves to stand by right principles to the last, he is destined to hear reproaches from another quarter. His political friends gather round him, and allude feelingly to the next election. With tearful eyes, they assure him that he is compromising his party, and that it will be remembered against them. If he is inflexible still, he is branded as a traitor, and is told with a face of solemn warning, that if his party should lose the ascendancy, he may attribute it wholly to his unpopular course. But justice, honor, religion, patriotism, all cry aloud to him to gird on his armor, and prepare himself to the battle. What is the vast object for which he is implored to outrage the dictates of conscience and honest judgment? It is simply to keep a certain clique in possession of certain paltry offices. Come what will, let him do right. And if his constituents wish a more manageable man in his place, let him go home, and with a clear conscience, again study his briefs, or till the soil, or beat the ringing anvil. Let him become a party reprobate, rather than lend himself to a line of policy, which buys political favors with the price of blood.

But it would be ungenerous, as well as grossly unjust, to place the sole responsibility upon the framers of the laws. If the friends of temperance rally not to the support of those who represent temperance principles, then criminal neglect is chargeable upon them. They must cheer the hearts, and strengthen the hands, of those who hate legal iniquity, and are ready to assault the rulers of darkness, and wickedness in high places. At the ballot-box, let them remember those of the candidates who are foes to intemperance and all its works; and also those

who, on the other hand, like Judas, are willing to sell blood for pieces of silver.

“But this is carrying temperance into politics,” shrieks some mousing politician.

Awful plot. Party leaders turn pale, and stand speechless with consternation. Wire-pullers swoon with excessive horror. Carry temperance into politics? Verily, temperance could not be carried where it is more needed. And why should we leave our consciences at home, when we go to the polls? Matters of infinitely less moment have furnished the watchword and battle-cry of whole political campaigns. Were we not once entreated to let our votes be governed by our preferences for a high or a low tariff? The amount wasted by alcohol would suffice to purchase all our present importations and distribute them among the people gratis. The United States Bank was once made an item of political capital; and yet the trade in intoxicating liquors, swallows up, every six months, the whole value of the “monster,” with its lofty marble palace, and all its vaults of bullion. The Mexican war was made a test question at an election. But alcohol destroys more lives than the Mexican balls, and the Mexican climate combined; while one week’s waste would purchase, twice over, the territory originally in dispute.

And what are politics? The term means “the science of government,” and government is designed to “promote the general welfare.” We do not, then, drag this subject into politics. It is there already, and we merely wish men to recognize its presence. It is intimately connected with the public weal. “Oh thou invisible spirit of wine, if men had no name for thee, I would call thee DEVIL.” This demon is everywhere present. His glaring eyes dart through the land, his hot breath poisons the air, and his relentless clutch is upon everything good and

beautiful. His course is like that of Homer's warrior at the siege of Troy :—

“Around him wide immense destruction pours,  
And earth is deluged with the sanguine showers;  
The fiery coursers, as the chariot rolls,  
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes' souls—  
Dashed from their hoofs, as o'er the dead they fly,  
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye;  
The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore,  
And thick the groaning axles dropped with gore:  
High o'er the scene Achilles stood,  
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood.”

If government is instituted for the good of the people, may not they resort to it, to heal some of the gaping wounds caused by alcohol, and rescue some of its victims from present and everlasting burnings? If this subject is not one for the legitimate action of the civil power, then centuries of legislation have been illegal, and government itself is a miserable farce.

Again, government is instituted for the protection of the people, and the sober part of the community need protection. Pauperism, insanity, and idiocy are all fearfully increased by it, and to build and support asylums for the thousands thus unfortunate, the honest and the sober are taxed. The expenses of our criminal courts are tripled by alcohol, and to defray these expenses, the whole community are taxed. By alcohol they are also rendered insecure in their persons and their property. A drunken pilot drives the vessel upon a reef, and the waves engulf cargo, crew and passengers. A drunken engineer blows up the boiler of which he has the care, and scores of mangled human forms, the living and the dead, lie crushed among the blazing ruins of the building. An outrage that makes the ears of those who hear of it tingle, is committed upon the innocent and the defenceless; and it is proved that the wretch who com-

mitted it, was first rendered a fiend by rum. Mobs and riots multiply, until life is considered insecure, and real estate falls in value; and the cause is shown to be the sale of alcohol in that locality. Can we not, then, look to the civil power for protection against this mighty load of evil?

And who wishes things to remain as they are? All who love the unrighteous gains of alcohol,—the distiller who would be rich, though he were compelled to coin human hearts; the unprincipled vender who is too proud to beg, too lazy to dig, and too cowardly to steal outright, and who cares not who is ruined, provided he is supported in idleness; the miserly, covetous capitalist, who is willing that the tenements which he owns, shall be turned into sinks of the rankest, most detestable iniquity, provided they will thus pay one per cent. more of rent.

Must, then, the better part of the community be plundered, and have their lives and property endangered, in order to keep up this iniquitous system? No: if we are freemen, if we "know our rights, and knowing dare maintain," let us demand redress. Let every friend to virtue and humanity, every one who has a heart that bleeds for human woe, lend his influence to secure the right laws. Let us tell the lawmakers in plain terms, that we shall vote with reference to this matter. Bring it to the test of the ballot-box. Let designing politicians whimper over "the great principles of the party," while your adherence to principle endangers their selfish plots. Be not blind pack-horses to bear them into the offices for which they long. Bring the subject to the ballot-box. "Sink or swim; live or die; survive or perish." Remember your principles when you exercise a freeman's rights. Be not dismayed by the doubts of temporizers. Weak spirits will say that the object is good, but beyond our reach. Like the timid Israelitish explorers of

Canaan, they will affirm that the land is a goodly land, but that the enemy dwells in walled cities; and that the sons of Anak are there, in whose sight they are as grasshoppers. But be strong in the faith, and with the valiant son of Jephunneh say, "*Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome it.*"

"Truth, struck to earth, shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are her's;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies amid his worshippers."

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THE  
HISTORY OF A NEIGHBORHOOD.

A TRUE TALE.

BY HON. NEAL DOW.

"It always amuses me to hear you temperance men talk of Temperance and Intemperance; one would think in listening to you, that there is no virtue but the one, and no sin or evil but the other."

Such was a remark made at a tea-table, one fine evening, last summer, by a young lady, who had been listening to an animated discussion, upon the evils of intemperance, and the sin and shame of the Traffic in Intoxicating Drinks.

"Well," said the host, "we'll postpone the matter till after tea, when we will take a walk, if you please, and I shall be able to give you some illustrations of the Evils of Intemperance."



As they stepped out of the door upon the platform, the sun was sinking in the west, and the sky was adorned with a gorgeous drapery of clouds, brilliant with every color of the rainbow; the extensive landscape which lay outspread before them, with the White Hills distinctly projected against the sky in the distance, was one of great beauty. "O," exclaimed the lady alluded to, "what a superb sunset, what a charming landscape!" after a pause, she archly added, "why don't you say, what a glorious world this would be to live in, but for Intemperance?"

"Well," rejoined the host, "I adopt the sentiment, and say this would be indeed a glorious world for us to live in, but for Intemperance, its causes and consequences. Now observe, nothing meets the eye, as we gaze upon this beautiful scene, but objects of loveliness; everything is peaceful, and one would suppose, that where there is so much to make men happy, they should be so. Observe that house nearly opposite; it was built and owned by an industrious man and good citizen, who fell into habits of intemperance, and at last died in consequence of them; the house was subsequently occupied by two families successively, both of which were ruined by the intemperance of the fathers and the sons.

"This next house upon the right, a widow lives there; her husband hung himself in the attic, in a paroxysm of delirium tremens. The next house was occupied by a widower and two sons: the former committed suicide while in a fit of intoxication; both of the latter were miserable inebriates, and one of them died of *mania à potu*."

As they proceeded upon their proposed walk, the host remarked, that he would describe to them some of the mischiefs arising from Intemperance, from which they could judge, whether temperance men could be fairly charged with exag-

gerating the evils of that terrible vice—or the benefits of the virtue of Temperance.

A few steps brought them to a broad street adorned with fine houses, and a double row of trees upon each side. No city in the country can show a more beautiful street, if taken in connection with its ample width, its extent, the palaces, almost upon either hand, and particularly its multitude of noble trees, which stretch nearly across it, and afford a refreshing shade during the heat of summer. They all paused; “here,” continued the host, “you will say, intemperance surely must be unknown; none but the rich, refined and educated, can dwell here, and they will not, to any great extent, be addicted to intemperance.”

Now let us see; this first house was built and owned by a man who fell into habits of intemperance, and died of *delirium tremens*: and several of his family perished miserably from the same cause. Observe that house just across the way, could it speak, what a fearful tale it could unfold; I have known it from the beginning, and am acquainted with its history. It was built by a very worthy and industrious man, who fell into habits of intemperance, and committed suicide; he had a wife and two daughters, all of whom were addicted to strong drink, the mother being a miserable inebriate. After they moved from the house, it was occupied by another family, who were intemperate, and I saw there one day, the wife lying dead, stabbed to the heart by the husband in a fit of madness induced by intemperance, while he also was lying upon the floor in the agonies of death, having also stabbed himself. The house was subsequently occupied by a family consisting of husband, wife, mother and four or five children; they were thrifty and industrious, but fell into habits of intemperance; the aged mother was frozen to death one cold Sunday night in the attic, while intoxicated, and the

family after remaining there a year or two, growing worse all the while, moved out west, and were lost on board the Steamer Erie, when she was burned on Lake Erie, a few years ago ; so much for the ravages of intemperance beneath one roof-tree ; these were all persons in humble circumstances. Now let us pass down this noble street ; the first house, or palace, I should say, was owned originally, by a family which has passed away within a few years ; it was high in official and social position, and several of its members had a widely extended literary reputation. The mother was a drunkard, and died a sot ; the sons died miserably, and one of them was taken to potter's field in New York, on a wheel barrow, without one friend to follow that humble bier ; he was buried in a shallow hole without a mark to designate the spot ; while his father, a man of high character, lies beneath a marble mausoleum, erected by his fellow citizens as a testimony of their regard for his memory. There were two daughters in that family who married men of high standing, both of whom after a few years of wedded life, became miserable drunkards and died of delirium tremens.

The next house, also a splendid residence, was owned by a man in high official position, who was intemperate ; he had one son and one daughter ; the former died young from intemperance the latter married a man who became intemperate, and also died in early life. The next house, also of the first class, was built and owned by an active merchant, who through intemperance, lost all, and died in the Alms House. A wealthy merchant next owned and occupied the house ; he had two children only, a son and daughter. The father fell gradually into habits of gross intemperance, and in a fit of delirium tremens threw himself out of an upper window, and broke a leg, and died of the inflammation which ensued ; the son was a grossly intemperate youth, and was destroyed by brandy at the early age of twenty-

two. The daughter was also addicted to strong drink, married a drunkard and died young.

The next house was built and occupied by a gentleman who had one son of brilliant parts, who became a degraded drunkard, and was in his latter years in the habit of infesting the liquor-shops and drinking without leave or payment; he has been known to take a vessel used for lamp-oil, draw brandy into it, and drink it raw. He was at one time the most popular young man in town, but at last died like a dog, with none to regret his departure, while many mourned his fate.

“Now, as we just turn this corner, observe that magnificent house opposite us: the home of wealth, of taste and refinement. But there is at this moment a ‘skeleton’ in that house. If we should enter, we should behold on every hand, all the appliances of luxury, all the adornments which cultivated taste can devise, or wealth procure; magnificent furniture, books, pictures, and various works of art which crowd its lofty and spacious apartments. But there is no joy in that house; the hearts of all its inmates are heavy with unspeakable sorrow; the only son of that house is a wretched drunkard, and an exile from the home of his boyhood. He is yet a youth—having not attained his majority—but is old in profligacy and sin; in a word, he is a confirmed inebriate, and will steal or lie, which he has often done, to gratify his appetite. He has appropriated mementoes of affection, sent by him from a distant daughter to a mother; he has stolen and pawned his mother’s jewelry and watch, to procure the means of gratifying his thirst for strong drink. All affection for parents and home, all regard for a good name, all fear of shame, are blotted out from his heart; he has one controlling desire, which is, for strong drink, and he sacrifices all to that. This boy has been ruined by an appetite generated and strengthened by the wine which he has habitually taken at his

father's table. Although his father knew the danger to his children, of his habit of having wine upon his board, and of offering it to his friends, yet he had not manly courage enough to break away from a custom, which weak people seem to think necessary in a genteel establishment. Although the father was every way qualified to lead public opinion, and to give the law to custom, yet he has in this case sacrificed his domestic happiness to one which he felt to be wrong, and knew to be dangerous.

"Observe that man who is crossing the street just below us; mark his feeble gait, his squalid dress; everything about him indicates wretchedness and want; he is a degraded drunkard; a few years ago, he was one of our most active, respectable and thrifty merchants. He is of a family of three brothers, and most respectably connected; both of his brothers were ship masters of high standing, but all have fallen victims to strong drink. The oldest brother was a noble and chivalrous man as God made him; but he was ruined by intemperance, and in a fit of delirium, while at sea, he leaped upon the rail by the main rigging, and imagining his death was necessary to the safety of the ship and crew, he jumped into the sea, and was lost.

"The second brother became a common drunkard and inmate of the almshouse; and this man—you see what he is—and can hardly believe it, when I tell you, that a few years ago, he was one of our most respectable young men, standing at the head of his profession as a merchant, and a welcome visitor in the most respectable families in town. He sleeps in barns, or sheds on the wharves, and goes down to the steamboat landing regularly, where the Steamboat Company keeps a large number of hogs, and feeds from the barrels of refuse which comes from the tables and scullery of the steamers.

"You may think I have over-drawn or over-colored the picture which I have given you here, of the evils of intemper-

ance ; but I assure you it is all true that I have told you, and more might be said even of these particular cases.

“I know not, but a similar history might be given of every old street in this town, and of almost every house which has been standing thirty years. The history of one street, or of one town, will be found to be very nearly that of all ; for the causes of intemperance were operating everywhere alike, and with the same results.

“And now Miss A. I have to ask you, if the temperance men are to be laughed at as fanatics, for the great exertions which they have made to remove the terrible sin of intemperance, as a general evil from the land?”

You will hardly find an instance of degradation, of pauperism, or of great crime, which has not its origin more or less directly in Intemperance ; and the effort to remove this prolific source of human misery and degradation, is worthy the highest efforts which good men can put forth.

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## WOMEN AND TEMPERANCE.

BY REV. H. H. WELD.

It has passed into a proverb that drunken men have angel wives. This is partly true ; it is partly a semblance, or a statement by comparison, and it is sometimes a sneer. It is melancholy, but undeniable, that some of the best women who have ever lived, have been allied by marriage to inebriate and sottish men, incapable of appreciating their worth ; and base enough to reward their love by hate, or by indifference, which is scarcely less cruel. In common language, and especially in

declamation, the true angel is taken as the type of the whole class of wives who are subjected to the tyranny of worthless men. This is poetical—but it is not a true representation. It serves the purposes of oratory, and embellishes fine writing; but it does not advance the truth, or promote reformation. The angels among the wives of drunken men, are the fewer number. It would be wonderful, indeed, if the fact were not so; for to suppose a woman maintaining her integrity of high purposes and lovely character under such a terrible affliction, and exposed to such loathsome contamination, is to imagine a character surpassing Job in patience; and presenting the highest grade in Faith, Hope, and Charity, which uninspired mortality has ever attained. That there are such women, lovely and excellent in their lives, even under circumstances so adverse, we are happy to believe. And they have their reward, even in this life; for their Christian graces disarm sorrow, and mollify even an inebriate husband. Their virtues, tried in the fire, are refined, even as silver; and their children arise to call them blessed. The mother is the shield of the children of inebriates; not only from the positive cruelty and injustice of such fathers, but also from many, if not all the evils which arise from their neglect, their ill example, or their positive bad teaching.

The excellent by comparison, are more in number than the others; for almost any sober woman is an angel contrasted with a drunken man. They perform their duty, so far as their characters and their miserable condition permits. They strive; but become dejected at length, or desperate, and cease to attempt to contend against adversity; or, in despair, abandon the unequal burthen of sustaining the duty of both parents, and counteracting the crimes of their husbands. Even in these, however, hope is seldom extinct, and their fitful exertions do much to countervail the evil courses of those who should be

their guides, instead of their ruin—their heads instead of the objects of their contempt: Even in this class, the woman still retains her crown, as the better being; for if she at all supports the task which is thrown upon her, she is an angel, compared with him who neither performs his own duty, nor consents that she should perform her's.

Those of whom it is *sneeringly* said that they are angels, are the most abused of all. It is true, in a very few cases, that a woman's shrewish or uneven temper—her lack of the qualities for companionship, or of the traits of mind and character which command respect, drive the husband abroad for amusement, and consequently lead him into temptation. But this is a very poor apology, indeed, for a worthless man, made worthless by his own vices. It is such an apology that we are tempted sometimes to regard the color for its existence, as rather an advantage to the man than otherwise; since it offers palliation for that of which we fear he would, under any circumstances, be guilty. With another wife he would be an inebriate without excuse. To perceive the inadequacy of the apology, let us apply it to the other sex. What should we say, for instance, if a woman pleaded, or others for her, that the conduct of her husband drove her to habits of intemperance? We know that such things have been; but to the high honor of the sex be it spoken, the instances are rare. They have usually happened when the reckless habits of the man, having lowered his whole household to the depths of degradation, the woman is tempted to seek in that which gratifies his appetite, some solace in her misery. Rather than admit the conduct of the husband as an excuse for the wife, is it not the world's custom to say that he being worthless, she should the more earnestly strive against evil, for her own sake and her children? We deem woman the weaker sex; and yet exact more of her than of man. Is this just?



In any case, and to whatever rank we assign her in the three classes which we have been considering, the woman is the main sufferer by the evil habits of intoxication which still exist among men. Man's pursuits are various, and his objects of interest many. The woman's world is her home. There her hopes centre, there her pursuits lie. She has surrendered every thing else to become inseparably joined to the husband whose tender of himself she has accepted. She has a property in his success and in his misfortune ; in his fame and in his infamy. Her position, respectable or otherwise, is the counterpart of his. If he is worthy, she partakes his honor ; and if he throws away his good name she is compelled to share in all the disgrace and loss which follow so sad a prodigality.

She has no remedy. Other evil associates may be cast off—but to escape from a bad husband is only a choice of evils, when it is practicable, which, in a majority of cases it is not. The poor woman has often no place of retreat, and when she has, the customs of society leave her little defence from the pursuit and persecution of the wretch she would be free from. She forfeits sympathy, and he obtains it. We need not enlarge on this part of our subject, for the difficulties of separation are obvious, and well known—so obvious and so discouraging, that many a wife has submitted, from strong necessity, long after love and respect have fled.

There is usually another bond. When love to the husband is dissipated by his unworthiness, love for her children takes its place ; and this is greater in proportion as the father becomes vile. In addition to the natural instinct which binds a mother to her children, in the drunkard's home children become objects of pity, and claimants of care and protection—protection against their father. That they are his children is not their fault, but a misfortune to which the mother feels that she has been in some

sort accessory. She cannot desert them. Man can forget his children—woman never. It is intense and most brutal selfishness which actuates the drunkard. He forfeits everything to gratify a evil propensity; and while slavish indulgence has blunted his sensibilities and destroyed his consciousness of shame, or converted it into misanthropy, she suffers not only for herself but for him, and for her children. He riots in lavish indulgence abroad, she pines in hunger, perhaps, at home; and it is well indeed if she be not made the object of his violence, for betraying in her pale face and wasted form the consequences of his cruelty. Drunkenness is cowardly, and visits upon wife and children the rage which it dare not exhibit to the world. Boiling over with anger at the contempt or the rebuffs which he justly incurs abroad; or flushed in a quarrel with his ungodly companions, the drunkard brings home to the fireside and the hearthstone, the fury into which he has been wrought by strangers, and adds to desertion and neglect the tyranny of cruelty.

Woman's honor, her self-respect: her hope, her love for her children, a lingering of the affection which her husband has justly forfeited: one or all of these causes, or a necessity which she cannot overcome, compels the wife to endure her burthen. The mother may also weep over the drunken son, and cherish still the love which the father has dismissed, or the sister may lament the erring brother, and weep for him who refuses to feel his own degradation. In one or all of the relations in which she stands to man, woman is ever the greater sufferer by his vices and crimes. Be she angel, pseudo angel, or fiend, she cannot escape the misery of man's misdeeds. The sorrow is the greater that the impression prevails that she cannot help herself. But is this true? Is not the reform of the world, in relation to this social vice really in the hands of women? We believe it is; and that the remedy for the evils should be applied by the sex which is most

injured by it. We speak not only of those allied by birth, maternity, or marriage, to drunken men, but of the whole sex. Theirs is the work. Let them lead in it.

But how? Shall they form associations, and unite in public movements? They may—if their taste leads that way. But such movements are, if not an invasion of man's province, at least a taking up of his weapon's when woman has in reality, the command of better means of her own.

We make no objection—and offer no argument against associations or any other justifiable means to obtain a good result. But associations are a modern invention. They are to-day in fashion, and to-morrow may be out again. We would look beyond and above these temporary expedients, to the intrinsic properties of woman's nature, and the inherent forces of her position. Our ideas of the duties of woman are of that old-fashioned complexion that we regard the sphere and empire of the sex as retiring and domestic. Woman, exposed amid the machinery of public demonstrations, is like a *papier mache* table in the shambles, or a cambric needle upon the sail-cloth of a ship-of-the-line. Yet there must be parlor ornaments, as well as shambles and line-of-battle ships; domestic graces as well as public virtues. The influence of the gentle arts and refinements of life which fall within woman's province are as necessary to true civilization and elevated character, as any of the out-door vocations and commotions among which men live.

"In union," the adage runs, "is strength." But strength may be misdirected, misapplied, or wasted. Where the efforts of unions do not go beyond their legitimate objects, and the action of the society is not made to supersede the duty of the individual, much good may be effected by public organizations. But it will not do for either man or woman to imagine that no single being can stand alone; or to think that temperance can

only be promoted by performing the duties of membership in a Temperance Society. The farmer, who is a member of an Agricultural Association, carries home and applies what he learns there, to his own farm and homestead. What is gained by the interchange of the thoughts and experience of many, is by each applied to his own private business and practice. But the farmer who should confine his operations to attending agricultural meetings, and reading scientific books, reports and periodicals, would have but a poor result in crops to exhibit as the evidence of his improvement.

There is, however, one Temperance Association, in which too much cannot be done. It has existed from the beginning of time, without formal conditions of membership; and its operations are conducted without any elective or other machinery. We are born into it, and we die out of it. Birth is the admission, and death is the discharge. It is the **FAMILY CIRCLE**.

Here woman reigns supreme, or should. If she does not, it may be because she has surrendered her care of the particulars, which are her especial province, to look after generals, on which she can make really little practical impression, while she neglects her own duty. No public moral association can effect much, unless its members are severally prepared *at home*, for what they attempt to do abroad. At home, whether as sister, wife, or mother, or as the honored member in any relation, in any family where she may be placed, lies woman's first and paramount duty—her true field of labor, and her scene of almost certain success. The house is woman's kingdom, and if it happen that any woman is not at the head of a house, she is still, as one of nature's aristocracy—the only oligarchy to which men will willingly submit—concerned in the government. True women can always defend their claims to respect and

influence. And they never do it better than when it is done quietly, naturally and unconsciously. They never rule more absolutely than when they seem to submit.

Women, in domestic life are ever the best governors. How much more potent is the influence of a mother than that of a father over children! The child may refrain from overt acts, which would be indifferent, perhaps, if they were not forbidden through fear of a father's correction; but the mother forms the character and inculcates the principles. The superiority of woman's influence is particularly observable in cases where parents are removed by death. A widow will struggle on and maintain and educate a family of children better than a father, under the same circumstances, could do. The father may be able to procure a larger provision of money; but a little in a woman's hands is wealth, while a man's mismanagement converts wealth to poverty. And, in the far more important respect of moral training, the woman is immeasurably superior. Her weakness is her strength. Her influence is that of love, while the sterner father employs fear. The child defers to her weakness and gentleness. He feels, when a mother is offended, that he is grieving and injuring a tender heart, by disobedience. When a father is disobeyed, the transgressor is only incurring the risk of punishment to himself. The child who will brave a father's chastisement, shrinks from causing a mother's tears.

This control of woman over her child never ceases while the mother lives; and even when death has released her from her responsibilities and her cares, the fruits of her prayers may be evident in the conduct of her offspring; and her memory, like a gentle spirit, glides in between the conception of a wrong design, and its fulfilment—between temptation and submission. The most obdurate and hardened man—and it is of men we must chiefly speak while treating of inebriates—is recalled to

the remembrance of his duty by the voice of his mother. When all other appeals are in vain, her words can reach the heart, and conquer the obstinate spirit of resistance which he would oppose to any *man's* interference. There is a rebellious principle within us, which contends, even on the side of evil, against compulsion. We all like the semblance of free agency; and are inclined, in doing well, to seem to do it to oblige another, or to benefit a female friend or dependent, rather than to confess that we conquer our evil inclinations through fear of consequences, or in obedience to advice. Especially do we rebel against denunciation, whether levelled at us directly, or reaching us incidentally. Force, whether of chastisement or of words, avails less than love; and the chief benefit that the former accomplishes is rather reflective than direct.

Operation by love, rather than by fear or force should be the spirit of all philanthropic movements. In this way, the first strikingly successful efforts were made in the cause, by the men who styled themselves "Washingtonians," and whose policy it has been to recover by sympathy and well timed assistance those who have been given over as hopeless. Previously to the rise of the "Washingtonians," drunkards had been regarded as incorrigible, and all efforts were directed to warning off the young, and arresting "moderate drinkers." Gentleness and conciliation had little place in the old temperance tactics; and the inebriate was scarcely recognized as a human being. The "Washingtonians" took as the basis of their operations the possibility of reforming even an inebriate. They reasoned that what had been effected in some cases, often by the stern resolution of the victim himself, could be accomplished in more, by the kindness and co-operation of others. They addressed themselves to the work in the spirit of charity and kindness. They undertook the most hopeless cases; and by appeals to the honor, the pride, and what-

ever was left of manly impulse or sentiment, brought the human being out of the ruin to which debauchery had reduced him. So wonderful were some of the cures, so truly marvellous the restorations which they effected ; that a popular error arose the opposite of that which had classed all inebriates as incurable. It came to be thought that a man must be a graduate of the distillery before he can be temperate. Many lecturers spake with a sort of pride of their early degradation, and assumed such consequence from their liquid experience, that it was held in some quarters that a man is not ripe for temperance until he has, once at least, been attacked by *mania a potu*.

All human efforts are liable to error ; though in philanthropy the error is usually commenced in good ; a perversion taking place by over action, or the undue pursuit of one idea. The argument of the original Washingtonians was : " We have been drunken, and are sober : therefore you drunken ones may reform if you will. You cannot be worse than we were." Hence came the exaggeration which has disgusted many. Men are disposed to run into extremes ; and perhaps intemperate temperance is as dangerous an extreme as any. We may not do evil that good may come ; and to exaggerate and overstate is certainly evil. Strict truth is necessary to all permanent good. The person who is deceived into the right will take his revenge for the deception, even at his own expense ; and retaliate upon himself for the deceit which has been played upon him by sincere, though ill-judging, friends.

Woman, as daughter, sister, wife, mother, in one or all of the worthy offices in the Family Temperance Society, enjoys a position free from the disadvantages which we have noted. In the first place, her duty is not a calling taken up, or put on, but a natural gift and duty,—an office in which she is most efficient, because her claim is tacitly, though not formally, allowed. She

cannot say "I have been drunken, and am now sober;" but "we never indulge and you need not." In the old drinking days men waited for woman to withdraw before the wine was poured out. Her presence was a check upon indulgence. As the world grew wiser, women became less and less willing to give any countenance to convivial occasions. The dinner went out of fashion; that is, the wine-drinking dinner in private residences. Men met at public places, or in houses where drinking is *the* feature. From these, woman is necessarily and properly excluded. The mistake has been that women, when man admitted that he sought amusement in which it is not seemly for her to participate, submitted to a custom which is at once a compliment to her superior tastes; and a preference for wine over her society. The compliment is neutralized by the preference.

Upon woman rests the character of our social customs; as upon woman fall the evils of our social vices. Fashion must be either led, or permitted by her. In leading—since the kitchen is in her charge—she must correct the vicious and depraved appetite for stimulating and high-seasoned food, the indulgence of which leads to a desire for stimulating drinks. Thus are many taught to drink, who else might never have learned; and thus the dormant appetite is re-awakened in those who have once conquered the tempter. With the particulars of the *cuisine* we will not trouble our readers—but barely remarking that proper food, skilfully prepared, is one of the most rational creature comforts in the world—one of the best evidences of civilization, and one of the surest aids to temperance, we pass to the sum of the whole matter, in general terms.

Woman's duty, then, in relation to temperance, is to make herself so necessary to man's happiness, that he will prefer the excitement of her society, to the excitement of wine; and the



enjoyments in which she can participate, to all others. She must maintain her influence over him by all the gentle virtues with which poets invest her character; and be more than the poet's ideal to him—the **HELP-MEET**, which Heaven designed. She must submit to no sophistry which would argue her out of the possession of tastes in common with his; and she must acquire such knowledge as shall enable her to bear a part in any common topic of conversation. In this, however, we do not mean that she should unsex herself, or lose the gentleness and refinement of character upon which her power depends. Exposed less to the rude contact of the world than he, less to danger, and less to temptation, she must induce him to court her society as a relief from the conflict with an eager world; to fly to her purity, and seek in her high example strength against the less noble influences by which he is moved among men. Happy is the man whose highest earthly reward is the approval of the virtuous woman of his household; for that will lead her to seek a higher than any earthly guerdon, in His approval who retired from the persecutions of the world who knew him not, to hallow with his presence the humble roof at Bethany. Happy is the true woman who adds to “knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness;” for she is of the *Lydias* and *Marthas*, and *Hannahs*; she is the successor of the godly women of the old time, of whom the Apostles testify “they have given us much labor.” And like *Eunice* and *Lois*, the teachers of *Timothy*, she knows that the surest way to teach a son Temperance, with all other virtues, is to take care that “from a child he knows the holy scriptures which are able to make him wise unto salvation.”

AN ADDRESS TO THE LEGISLATORS,  
ON THE  
SUBJECT OF OUR LICENSE LAW.

BY CHRISTIAN KEENER.

To you, ye Guardians of the public weal,  
Into whose hands this sacred trust is given,  
To you! to whom this duty is assigned,  
To check the Tyrant's power, and sustain  
The feeble in their strife, against the wrongs  
Of *Rich* oppression, and of *Legal* power,  
When *Equity's* strong claims are *push'd* aside,  
By *Legal* violence, and the *Hedge* broke down,  
Which *Law* and *Equity* combined, had placed,  
Alike around the feeble and the strong.  
Of you, who hold this sacred trust, I ask,  
How long shall strong aggressors mark their prey!  
And crush them with the "Iron heel of Law?"  
Tell us, ye Legislators—O how long  
Shall Rum's stern counsel's o'er our nation rule?  
And suffering humanity, still groan  
In vain, at doors of Legislative halls,  
Beneath the loads of misery and woe,  
Of widowhood, and orphanage, and crime;  
Which, from "corruption's sealed fountains" flow,  
By more than *thrice* ten thousand "Licensed" streams,  
Seal'd by the *States' Broad* signet, with her *stamp*  
Of approbation on each "GROG-SHOP" door;  
While every vender, in his work of death,  
Wipes his smooth lips, and says, "I've done no wrong,  
If I were not to sell, why others would;  
If men are fools to drink, I'm not to blame,  
If they make sots and drunkards of themselves  
That's their look-out, and no concern of mine:  
It's the 'FOOL'S PENCE' by which I make my gains  
My business is a *lawful* one and right;  
I've paid the price stern Justice claim'd of me,

What would you more ? besides, I tribute pay  
And help to *fill* the *coffers* of the *state*."  
Thus is Law's mantle wrapped securely round  
Their guilt-stained shoulders ; thus they strive to hide,  
The sad mis-doings of their *cursed* trade  
Which fills the land with wailings, and with woe,  
With pauperism, wretchedness and crime ;  
Scattering their arrows, fire-brands, and death !  
Shame on Columbia, endless, lasting shame,  
That Law, is of her *majesty* disrobed,  
And *Sentry* stands at every Grog-Shop door,  
Spreading *legality's* broad shield all o'er  
Those "breathing holes" of deep damnation's pit,  
Why should the States' "broad signet" longer stamp  
Her approbation on this work of death ?  
Why should she thus, with *legal* hand uprear  
These "charnel houses," o'er this goodly land :  
And pander to the "*cursed love of gold*,"  
Thus making merchandise both of the bodies  
And soul's of men : while sober industry  
Is forced to groan beneath a burthen,  
She can illy bear, and bleeds at every pore,  
By *taxes* levied, for Rumsellers' sake :  
And not alone our purse, "but every *sense* is taxed,  
"Pass where we may"—as Cowper said, and sung,  
In days of yore, "through city or through town,  
Village or hamlet, every twentieth pace,  
Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff,  
Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the sties  
That *Law* has *licenced*, as makes temperance reel."  
While horrid oaths, and imprecations loud,  
And fierce blasphemies, shock the passing ear,  
As makes the heart turn sick and almost faint.  
But for your *sanction*, this would never be,  
But for your *license-leave*, these deeds of darkness  
Would by night be screen'd, and daylight would not  
Blush, that christian rulers, in a christian land  
Should fight against the *truth*, and arm themselves  
Against that Gospel light, which breathes of nought  
But "*peace on earth*" and Heaven's "*good will to man* :"

Nor is the brightest light of glorious day,  
 Much more at variance, with the darkest night,  
 Than the full tide of evils, which doth spring  
 Right at your bidding, and doth set with all  
 Its weight of sorrow, and of woe, right full  
 Against the circles of domestic bliss,  
 Bearing away their every earthly prop,  
 Withering their brightest hopes, blasting their joys,  
 And scatt'ring far and wide the noble fragments  
 Of a noble mind. Nor does the tide stop here,  
 But gathering strength, and swelling as it flows,  
 Breaks down the barriers of the *public* peace,  
 And *wrecks* a nation's *health*, and *wealth*, and *fame* ;  
 Destroying "whatsoever things are *pure* and *just*,  
 And *true*, and *holy*, and of *good* report."  
 "Ah ! why will men forget that they are brethren ?  
 Why burst the ties of nature, that should knit  
 Their souls in the soft bands of amity,  
 And love ?" "Father of men, was it for this,  
 Thy breath divine, kindled the vital flame ?  
 For this thine image fair, stamp'd on his soul,  
 With God-like lineaments, only that he  
 Might reign supreme in woe ?"

BALTIMORE *February*, 1850.

## MONTHLY COMPEND.

BRITISH PROVINCES.—We continue to receive cheering news from the Canadas. There are over six hundred members of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, in the city of Toronto—and the number is increasing. A new and strong Division was organized in that important place on the 15th of August last. Soirees and popular excursions have taken place during the summer : it is believed to the advantage of the good cause. The Sons, Cadets and Daughters of Temperance are joining together efficiently, in different parts of the Canadas. Magistrates now have power to punish for selling liquor on the Sabbath. It is proposed to add imprisonment and a fine for the second offence. The people are calling for a repeal of the "Imperial Act," allowing merchants to sell the

poisonous stuff by the quart. A petition for the passage of a general law, striking directly at the whole rum-traffic, has been issued by the Council of York County, Canada West, and officially signed by the Warden. A desire is earnestly expressed that the power to license or not to licence should be absolutely and unreservedly placed in the hands of Township Councils. This will undoubtedly be done; and when it is done, and the people are rightly informed as to their true interests, the triumph of Temperance in the Canadas will be complete. Good public-houses, where the fumes of alcohol offend not the nostrils of the people, are increasing in the British Provinces. The hotels at Keene, Cobourg, Bowmanville, Mount Pleasant, (Cavan,) and in several other places, are feeling the influence of the Temperance reform. Houses of the right stamp are called for in Perrytown, Hope Township, and at Millbrook, Cavan.

The Sons at Churchville have been much encouraged by the visit and labors of Mr. Murrell, the London sailor. Mr. M., we are happy to see, is well received in Canada. He is a useful man.

The Divisions of Trafalgar and Esquesing have been visited recently by the Editor of the Toronto *Son of Temperance*. He brings a good report of the land.

A splendid soiree has been held at Cammingsville, where a spirited address was delivered by that true and staunch friend of the cause, Rev. J. Mixom. Another soiree, equally successful, came off at Sharon.

The Ladies at Smithfield and Waterdowne have issued an Address to the Sons of Temperance, urging them to increased labors in the work of reform.

The Divisions in the County of Haldimand are represented to be in a flourishing condition.

It is reported that two Indian Divisions of the Sons of Temperance have been opened between Caledonia and Brantford, C. W. This is cheering news.

The Grand River County, of Canada, presents one of the most inviting temperance fields in the world.

The aspect of the Temperance cause, this month, in the British Provinces, is highly encouraging.

MAINE.—The new law continues to be well sustained by the people. From present appearances there can be no doubt of its final triumph. The number of those who voluntarily abandon the traffic, in consequence of this law, is constantly increasing. The liquor-sellers of Boston, and other cities, are doing their worst to evade and virtually nullify the law; but, thus far, their "cunning devices" have all failed. Portland, Augusta, (the capital of the State,) Bangor, Bath, Gardner, Hallowell and Waterville, have found strong friends of the law, ready at a moment's warning to carry it into effect. *The Law has succeeded.* It WILL SUCCEED. And glorious indeed shall be its results in all parts of our land.

In the *Maine Temperance Watchman*, at Portland, we notice a list of ONE HUNDRED AND THREE Clubs of Temperance Watchmen, who meet nearly every day in the week, all over the State, and "keep the

ball rolling." That is the way to do the business. With such a force constantly in the field, the Rum-Power must eventually "surrender at discretion."

Similar associations exist in New Brunswick, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. There is but one Club in the Old Bay State, and Chelsea (near Boston) has the honor of containing it.

The Annual Convention of the Temperance Watchmen of Maine, was held in the City of Portland, on the 29th of August last. It was a spirited gathering. A large procession paraded the streets, with banners and music, giving conclusive proof of what is to come.

All honor to MAINE—the leading temperance State of the great American Union!

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Several local Conventions are progressing in the Granite State. The next Legislature will undoubtedly pass an improved temperance law.

VERMONT.—The Fall campaign opens well. We hear of several movements bearing on the legal action of the State, that augur great good to the cause. The combined efforts of the friends of temperance are all that is wanted to secure a complete and permanent triumph in Vermont.

Several spirited movements have taken place in Washington and Caledonia counties.

MASSACHUSETTS.—There can be no question but that the Legislature of this State will be called to follow in the footsteps of that of Maine, the ensuing winter. The people are quietly but fixedly making up their minds on the subject.

Mr. J. B. GOUGH has been spending most of the summer months among his friends in the County of Worcester. Dr. JEWETT has visited to good effect in different parts of the Commonwealth.

A good public reception was recently given to Mr. GOUGH and F. W. KELLOGG, Esq., at the Worcester City Hall. Much credit is due to J. W. GOODRICH, Esq., for this successful occasion.

Mr. KELLOGG is to spend a portion of the year in Europe.

The Bristol Co. T. A. Society has held its annual meeting at Norton, under favorable auspices. The reports of the town are, as a whole, encouraging. Intemperance is increasing in some places. A new hotel where intoxicating drinks are sold to poison people, has been opened in Mansfield: it is called the *Moravian House*. What a misnomer!

The right sort of men will go to the Massachusetts Legislature from Bristol County.

The State of Massachusetts will pass and sustain a temperance law as efficient as that of Maine.

CONNECTICUT.—The cause is certainly advancing. A new Division of the Sons of Temperance is just instituted in the city of Hartford.

A great improvement will be made in the choice of more decided temperance men for the next Legislature.

Rev. Mr. MERRITT, a devoted and successful lecturer, has become the State Agent for the Sons of Temperance. His mission, at this peculiar crisis, is of marked importance.

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance in Connecticut is doing well.

NEW YORK.—The Great National Convention at Saratoga took the highest ground. All the resolutions were worthy of the onward condition of the temperance cause. A powerful impulse has been given to the good work by this meeting; and we hope that a similar or still larger one will be held next year. Some of the most truly distinguished men in our land were present. We confidently rely on their continued efforts to carry forward our benign movement to its destined completion.

P. S. WHITE, Esq., has been quite successful in Western New York. That part of the State contains a strong and healthy temperance sentiment, which can be excelled in no quarter of the Republic.

The Sons of Temperance in Dansville, Livingston County, have recently dedicated a new and beautiful Hall.

A grand demonstration was made by the Sons of Temperance at Watertown, Jefferson County, last month, in connection with a popular Rail Road Celebration. It was a splendid affair, worthy of the cause and of the Order.

There has been an increase of several Divisions, and of applications for charters, in the Western and Central parts of the State.

It is believed that the next Legislature will pass a law similar to that of Maine.

The Grand Union of the Daughters of Temperance held a spirited meeting at Utica, last month. There were sixty representatives present.

Temperance Leagues, designed to bear directly on legislation, have been formed in various parts of New York. They are similar to the Clubs of Watchmen, in Maine, and we hope will have a similar beneficial influence.

The *Temperance Journal*, at Rochester, continues to advocate the great work with marked ability. The same is true of the *Utica Tetotaller*.

The cause is onward in the Empire State.

NEW JERSEY.—There is a want of concert of action, in New Jersey; and nothing can secure what is so much wanted, but a well-conducted paper, at some central point. We are happy to learn that a small monthly temperance sheet has been issued at Paterson, by A. G. CAMPBELL. It should be enlarged, and scattered broad-cast through all that Commonwealth.

There is a good temperance influence at Trenton, and it should be brought to bear on the next Legislature. The winter of '51-52 ought to be memorable for good in the temperance annals of this country.

PENNSYLVANIA.—This State continues to increase the number of its Divisions. A combined effort, under the guidance of a well managed journal, would carry the cause triumphantly.

Philadelphia contains one of the most flourishing Divisions to be found in the United States.

OHIO.—There is a mustering of the Temperance forces in this State which augurs great good to the cause. A right kind of organization is

taking place, which must eventually arrest the reins of government from the polluted hands of the Rum-Power. The West must follow the bright light of Maine—the Star in the East.

Warrants against liquor-sellers are being issued freely. That is the way to do the work. The people are on the side of law and order, and will sustain all prudent measures for putting down the traffic in alcoholic poisons at once and for ever.

On the last of August a grand temperance demonstration took place at Basil, Fairfield County.

Meetings of an enthusiastic character, urging the right kind of legal action, are rapidly increasing in all parts of Ohio.

The *Western Fountain*, at Cincinnati, is enlarging its circulation. It is proposed to aid the paper by means of the requisite number of shares at \$10 each. A good idea. Let it be carried out.

The Temperance Party will carry the State.

KENTUCKY.—A strong (and we hope successful) effort is now in progress, to add largely and permanently to the list of the *New Era*, at Louisville.

At the recent session of the Grand Division, at Glasgow, forty-six Divisions were represented. There are nearly two hundred and fifty in the State.

A proposal is made by the G. D. of a premium of \$50, for the best form of Ritual for the "Younger Brothers."

The next session of the G. D. will be at Louisville, on the third Wednesday of this month.

ILLINOIS.—The *Temperance Messenger*, at Chicago, a large and well-filled paper, presents cheering signs of the onward progress of the work. The suppression of the traffic in strong drink, by legal action, is one of the standard doctrines of the *Messenger*. The Sons of Temperance in Illinois are all on the right track.

Temperance Leagues, for legal action, are being formed in different parts of the State.

The Matteson House, a first class Temperance Hotel, has been opened at Chicago.

We notice with great pleasure, that the TEMPLE OF HONOR, in the town of Springfield is in a flourishing condition. This is a noble Order—a fitting ally of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance—and we shall be most happy to record its labors and triumphs in the pages of the *Magazine*. The pledge of the Templars is *for life*, and is solemnly binding, by every consideration of honor and interest.

The Temple at Bridgeport, Ill., has been at the good work since 1846, and not a Templar has violated his pledge.

Well done, Illinois!

MICHIGAN.—The cause of temperance in the North-West is much indebted to that able paper the *Peninsular Fountain*. It is published weekly at Detroit. Public attention is being more and more attracted to the great question of legislative action, in different parts of Michigan.



A department of the *Fountain* is very properly devoted to the Daughters of Temperance and to the Youth. This portion of the paper is ably conducted by Mrs. E. M. Seldon.

Temperance Leagues, of the right sort, are rising up in the Peninsular State. We bid them God speed.

WISCONSIN.—The *Old Oaken Bucket*, now located at Milwaukie, contains several cheering indications. The action of the Temperance men in Wisconsin is sound and reliable. The next Legislature of that young State will enrol it under the *Maine* banner.

IOWA.—It is a pleasing sign that the *Star of Temperance* is doing well at Keokuk. It is to be changed from a monthly to a weekly. So much the better. Several of the Divisions are waking up.

VIRGINIA.—The *Southern Era*, at Richmond, Va., is so much increased in its circulation and business that the editor is compelled to advertise for a partner.

The Old Dominion has a splendid list of Divisions in the columns of the *Era*. We hope they are all *working ones*. There are over three hundred and eighty of them. How much good they might do, if every member did his duty!

NORTH CAROLINA.—A Manual for the Sons of Temperance, called the *Fire Bell*, has been issued from the office of the *Spirit of the Age*, at Raleigh, N. C. It is well spoken of in that paper.


Several popular celebrations have recently taken place in the Old North State. The opposition that the good cause meets with is calling out its friends in fine style.

The Cadets of Temperance are making headway in North Carolina.

ALABAMA.—We find an industrious advocate of temperance at Tuscaloosa,—the *Crystal Fount*. It is the Organ of the Grand Division of the State.

The Divisions in Mobile have to encounter peculiar difficulties, but they appear to be hard at work. Success attend them.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Cadets of Temperance are advancing in this State. That able paper, the *S. C. Advocate*, at Columbia, warmly calls on the Sons to rally around, and encourage the Cadets. A good idea; and worthy of notice and application in all parts of our land.

 Temperance documents again requested at the office of the *Magazine*.

All the States will continue to be noticed in their order.

We are encouraged at the aspect of the Temperance cause in the United States.

In a short time we shall be in the receipt of authentic information from the Pacific coast.

The Sons of Temperance in San Francisco are doing their duty manfully.

“Westward the Star of TEMPERANCE takes its way.”



David J. Smith

# THE CHURCH

The Church is the body of Christ, the community of believers who are united by the Holy Spirit. It is the visible expression of God's love and grace in the world. The Church is called to be a light to the world, to bring the good news of the Gospel to all people. It is the place where we find fellowship, support, and guidance in our journey of faith.

The Church is not a building or a set of rituals, but a living community. It is the place where we learn to love one another as ourselves, to serve the needs of the poor and the oppressed, and to stand together in the face of adversity. The Church is the place where we find the strength and courage to live out our faith in the world.

The Church is the place where we find the peace and comfort of God's love. It is the place where we can turn to in times of trouble and find the assurance of God's presence. The Church is the place where we can find the joy and fulfillment of a life lived in faith and hope.

The Church is the place where we find the power of God's love. It is the place where we can experience the transformative power of the Holy Spirit. The Church is the place where we can find the strength to overcome our weaknesses and to live out our faith in the world. The Church is the place where we find the love and grace of God, and the joy and fulfillment of a life lived in faith and hope.

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Painted by T. Doney

*From the collection of the*

*Philip S. White*



## PHILIP S. WHITE, P. M. W. P.

BY JAMES M. EDNEY, ESQ.,

PHILIP S. WHITE, the subject of this sketch, now Past Most Worthy Patriarch of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance, and universally allowed to be one of the most distinguished, eloquent, effective and successful Temperance lecturers in America, is the son of Philip and Lucy White, who emigrated from Virginia, nearly half a century ago, and located at Frankfort, Kentucky, where they died many years since. Mr. White had seven brothers and two sisters. Two brothers only are now living, T. J. White, the first Speaker of the House of Representatives in California, and General Zach. White, a wealthy planter of Louisiana. One sister is living and married to Mr. Morehead, of Keene Co., Ky. By profession Mr. W. is an Episcopalian.

Mr. White, in person, is near six feet in height, weighs about 180 pounds, is inclined to corpulency, has dark hair, heavy whiskers, and his head is getting bald; his features are full—well proportioned and indicate a strong and well balanced mind; the general outline of his person is well proportioned, indicating health, strength and elasticity; equally distant from effeminacy and coarseness; his form is erect, his carriage firm and graceful. He was born at Frankfort, Ky., in 1807, and received such elementary instruction from time to time as was usual at that early day, in new settled countries. In 1824, he was sent to the University of Virginia, where he remained two years; from

this Institution he went to Cambridge, Mass., and became a resident graduate. From Cambridge he went to Florida, in 1829. In 1830 he was employed by his brother, J. M. White, Esq., and went to Cuba to obtain and prepare documentary evidence in the land claims of John Forbes, covering thirteen millions of acres; he returned the same year and his brother gained the case and received for his services \$150,000. J. M. White is the author of "White's Land Laws," which is a text book throughout the land. Philip, in the meantime had been devoting his spare time to the study of law, and went from Florida to Kentucky, and finished his studies with Judge Monroe, (who he declares was a "*fac simile*" of the writer of this article.) Mr. White at this time was ranked among the most promising young men of the State, and in 1832 was elected, (in conjunction with Cary Anderson and Richard Pindell,) a delegate to the young Men's National Whig Convention, to nominate HENRY CLAY for the Presidency.

In 1833 he located at St. Louis and practiced law one year. In 1834, he practiced law at Memphis. In 1835 he returned to Florida and remained till the famous Florida War broke out; with a strong love of country, and a brave spirit, he entered the service—was engaged in the battle of Chickasawhatchie, in which a Methodist Preacher of North Carolina, (Mr. Dozier,) stood by his side. In 1836 he and his lady went to Europe and remained till 1839, travelling all over the Continent, enriching his mind by actual observations with what had taxed his memory and excited his fancy and imagination for many weary months during the progress of his education. On his return he was appointed District Attorney for Wisconsin, which station he filled with ability. In 1841 he located in Philadelphia, Penn. In this beautiful "Quaker City" he embarked in the *Temperance Reform* at such times as his profession gave him leisure. (We may re-

mark here that Mr. W. was never an "Old Toper," a "Young Sot," nor a "Davy Tandrum," as his inimitable *forte* at representing all these notable characters would seem to indicate; but like many fashionable men in that day, he "took a *little* occasionally," for his stomach's sake and often infirmities;" and it is but justice to remark that he was not scrupulously exact as to the *smallness* of the quantity, a very great derangement of the "stomach," or a very serious repetition of "infirmities," believing it to be a most excellent medicine in slight "afflictions," and not bad to take in health.

In 1843, after having lectured extensively in public, he was elected Grand Worthy Patriarch of the State of Pennsylvania, and in 1846 was selected as Orator of the first National Jubilee of the Sons of Temperance, in the United States, held at New York, in the Park; at which it is estimated he spoke to 40,000 persons. At this first mighty gathering of the Sons, having acquitted himself so well, he was elected Most Worthy Patriarch of the Order, for North America. Having thus been elected to the highest distinction in the Order, he commenced the public advocacy of its pre-eminent claims upon the consciences and characters of fallen humanity; sacrificing a lucrative profession, the sacred endearments of "Home, sweet home," and all his private means, he went to the vast field before him with a spirit, energy and philanthropy that would not have detracted from the character of a HOWARD or a LOYOLA; but he went not as "*Un tout seul*:" for the cause—"the cause of all mankind" began now to rise in all its pristine majesty and purity, and multitudes flocked to its standard, on which was inscribed "Love, Purity, and Fidelity," and friends, drawn from every grade and profession, good and true, cheered him in his errand of love and mercy, till now, wherever he goes, they flock to him and the cause, like the embattled hosts



of Israel : and to the drunkard and distiller, they may be said to be "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." From 1846, down to the present day, he has been a most indefatigable champion of the cause, travelling over the whole land, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, &c. He has visited since his connection with the Order, every State in the Union, except Iowa, Texas, and Florida, and his labors have been without relaxation, with the exception of about two months each summer, which he usually devotes to recreation and rest, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., when he again goes forth as "a giant refreshed with new wine," with this difference, his refreshing comes from pure cold water, "the beverage prepared by God himself, to nourish and invigorate his creatures." In the great press of travel, and almost daily and nightly lectures, Mr. W. has not suffered his pen to lie idle. The following are the principal works that have emanated from his pen—been published, and met with an extensive sale: "The War of 4,000 Years," by himself and H. R. Pleasants, "Vindication of the Order of the Sons," "Indian Payment," "Philosophy of Trifles," "The Maniac," and many works of less magnitude, but equally original and effective. His father was distinguished in the late war on the frontier, and was with Gen. Harrison. His brother Zack. was with Gen. Taylor at the defence of Fort Harrison, and took charge of his brother who was wounded in that battle, for which act Gen. Taylor ever looked upon him as a brother. PHILIP visited East Tennessee in February, March, and April, 1850; from thence he went to West Tennessee, and thence to Saratoga; in the fall of the same year he returned to East Tennessee, and from thence he went to Abingdon, Va., and visited the Holston Conference, then in session, where 200 gentlemen joined the Order; among them our brother of Knoxville, Rev. W. G. Brownlow. From this time, (October,) may

be dated his labors in the Old North State. After attending the Grand Division of the State in that month, "he was in labors most abundant," visiting every county in the State once, and many of them twice and three times, except Cherokee, Macon, Nash, and Watuaga, going by day and by night, by land and by water, by coach and by canoe, delivering, in six months, about 300 set speeches, never missing but *one single* appointment, and and receiving the names and initiating about 4,000 members, among them Judges of the Supreme and Superior courts, Presidents and Professors of Universities and Colleges, seven Episcopal Ministers, a large number of Missionary Baptists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and nearly every Methodist preacher in the State where he has been. The largest number he received at one place, (103,) was at Wilmington; the most powerful speech he made was at the North Carolina Conference at Warrenton. The Grand Division paid him \$400 a month, and employed him six months; his labors terminated at Wadesboro'. From that time he was dependent upon voluntary contributions, which, when he reached this place, equalled his salary. This may be thought extravagant, but while he received \$2,400, he brought into the treasury at least \$8,000; so that on the whole, he has done the State a service that the light of eternity can only reveal.

We might extend our remarks, but cannot for want of room, having here only glanced at what would fill a volume. We might attempt to describe Mr. White's eloquence and oratory, but nearly all who will be likely to read this, have seen and heard him, *that's enough*. While ever the Tree of Temperance bears one green leaf, or our emblems remain sacred, the name of WHITE will stand pre-eminent in the proud galaxy of her glorious and noble Sons and champions. In life may he prosper; in death may he triumph, and in eternity may he REST!

Asheville N. C.

## A WATER-SONG.

BY GEO. F. CHEVER, SALEM, MASS.

COLD, crystal water to me bring,  
Creation's wide and liquid wealth,  
From out whose gushing fountain's spring  
Eternal purity and health.

O! who can count the precious worth  
Of such a boon to mortals given,—  
All other drinks are brewed on earth,  
But water cometh down from Heaven.

Far in the clear, cold upper air,  
The Spirits of God's holy will  
This calm, pure Earth-drink fit prepare,  
And Heaven's unfailing fountains fill.

No soul e'er fell to it a prey,—  
No palsied of the mind or limb  
Can trembling point to it, and say,  
"I drank my poison from its brim."

Then crystal water to us bring,  
Creation's wide and liquid wealth,  
From out whose gushing fountain's spring  
Eternal purity and health.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

BY ANGELA OF GLEN COTTAGE.

It was at the close of a warm day in summer, that a man with battered hat, and tattered clothes, with a poor forlorn-looking woman and three little girls, called at the mansion of Judge Blanchard, to solicit lodgings in his barn, on the new-made hay, for the night. The barn was open, and there, in the dusk of evening, they grouped together to eat the crusts of charity, and to rest their weary limbs after the day's travel in the hot sun. Poor creatures! what has brought them to this miserable state of things? Dear reader, I am obliged to tell you, it is the common cause of the misery and wretchedness of this life,—Intemperance!

To cure an evil, it must be known. And what is there *greater*, or what has more power to destroy social and domestic happiness, than this alarming vice!

We see these poor creatures, beggars as they are, but they have not always been thus; and what has brought them to this destitute and deplorable condition, without a shelter for their defenceless heads?

Away back in the past, there stands a lowly but pleasant cottage, covered with creepers and surrounded with roses, and there sits by the door a beautiful young girl with her sewing, at the close of a lovely day. Ever and anon she raises her anxious eyes toward the street, and leans forward, as if she expects to see something. There are several trees that partly obscure the

road, but there is a form just appearing in sight, that causes her young warm heart to pause in its beatings, and then it goes again faster than ever.

Henry Melville, surely—and who would not be pleased to see so fine-looking a young man?

Many and frequent were the evenings thus passed, and no foreboding of evil had ever crossed her inexperienced mind. No thought but that of complete, and perfect happiness, lay in the bright future, for she had never heard that he had any bad habit, and her unsuspecting heart, could never have formed so unkind a thought of one so beloved.

Oh, if she had known the truth, “what darts of agony had missed her heart,” but she lived in days when drinking habits were kept concealed, and out of sight, till the vice of inebriety glared through the blood-shot eyes, and revealed the loathsome story, when remedy was too late!

That was, indeed, a sad day; and how many “bowed their hearts and heads” in death, worn out with the anguish of a drunkard’s wife! for what can bring such torturing woe, such scalding tears, such deep-rooted sorrow?

Poor Mary Mansfield—how innocent and lovely she busies herself about the house, moving around like a lightfooted sylph, and her heart full of the delicious vision of domestic happiness.

She looks forward to the time, when she and Henry, will have a house of their own, and what a sweet thought to have his care and company, and herself ministering to his wants.

That day came at length, and how brightly passed those hours. Every little comfort was nicely arranged, in due order, and those dear visions were no longer shadowy fiction, but blissful *reality*.

Their little tea-table was neatly spread in their own “sweet home;” and that first meal together, was one long to be re-

membered—and why should anything have come to mar or cloud their joy ?

Henry had long been in the habit of taking his glass, but no one thought, in those days, that moderate drinking would lead to *Intemperance* ! or that so likely a young man, could become a drunkard, and no word of *caution* had ever been breathed in his ear.

There were then no Temperance Societies—no strong public opinion, to frown on such practices ; and on he went, till his chains were fetters of iron, binding him hand and foot !

Oh, what a night was that, when Henry was first brought home in the arms of men, reasonless, and helpless as the dead ! What desolation, and despair, filled the lonely heart of the young wife and mother, as she laid down her infant, to gaze on the features of her lost husband ; yes, lost he was, indeed ; and life, ever after, wore the sombre hues of the grave, for nothing could ever erase from her memory, the terrible visions of that night !

To trace him all the way downward, would be but a gloomy task. But there were entreaties, and promises, hopes and fears, disappointment and sorrow, in the recurrence of every mournful day, and at that time no one put forth an effort to prevent the infatuated *inebriate* in his course of ruin, and disgrace, and self immolation ; and there was then no kind Son or friend of Temperance to lift him up, and surround him with a hearty influence. The maxims of that time were, “ Let them *alone*, if they want to drink let them drink.” “ It will be abridging their *liberties*, and this is a free country.”

Weary years filled with the sorrowful details of want and misery, passed on in gloom, poverty and sorrow, until all their little comforts were sold, for debts incurred at the bar-room and grocery, and this incited their landlord to eject them, ragged and

penniless, from the poor hovel in which they had long been sheltered.

Countless were the sorrows of those woeful years—but a *home* was some recompense—a place where poor Mary could pillow her weary heart and head; and to hide her sufferings in the deep sepulchre of her own desolate bosom was some alleviation. But oh, how bitter the hour, when taking the two youngest by the hand, she led them forth into a bleak world, and wept as she looked back, as if it had been her paradise. Thus will the heart of women cling to whatever has given it rest or support, even in its bitterness and agony!

How strongly this scene contrasted with the bright visions of her early years, and had she not reason to feel that no woe is like that of being the wretched wife of a miserable drunkard, when her eyes fell, for the last time, on the dim outline of her lowly hovel retreating in the distance, and she felt herself homeless for ever.

She looked at her husband—literally clothed in rags of various colors—every lineament of his face disfigured, and changed, and his dull bleared eyes showing the imbecility of his weakened intellect, and thought of Henry Melville as he used to be, in days that were past, and such a sigh as only comes from the *depths of a broken-hearted wife*, was breathed to the moaning winds, at the same time looking up to Heaven for protection and mercy in this hour of need and trial!

It was only this, that gave her strength to go forward, for she had long since learned to put her trust in God as her only friend and helper.

The two youngest girls were old enough to travel slowly, and knew not the bitter thoughts that were in their poor mother's heart. They loved her and each other, and were happy, they knew not why. They could laugh and pick the

flowers, and while the cravings of hunger were satisfied, they could lie down by the road-side, and sleep as sweetly as if on a bed of down.

Ally the oldest was nine, and had learned to be useful from her earliest years. She exercised a kind of motherly care of the little ones on their weary errand of beggary, and would sometimes ask her father to get a home again, as night reminded her of rest and slumber.

Away on the hill stands a lofty dwelling of imposing appearance, that attracts the eyes of the poor travellers. It betokens abundance and wealth, and a kind of instinctive feeling drew them in their want where it seemed most easy that their wants should be supplied. This, at the time, appeared a mere matter of chance, but He who "feeds the ravens" and clothes the lily of the valley, directed every step of their aimless way. His pitying eye was upon His child, as she silently implored aid from Heaven for herself and destitute family.

They little thought, as thus nightfall brought them to the hospitable mansion of Judge Blanchard, that so many blessings were wrapped up in that one little event, showing in so marked a way, the care of an over-ruling Providence around those who confidingly put their trust in Him.

Weary and glad of a place to rest, they quietly slept on the new hay, while the mother's wakeful thoughts, were ascending on high, with earnest prayer, that God would aid them.

Oh, what a beautiful morning dawned! the rosy east was slightly veiled with delicate clouds that disappeared as the sun in splendor sent his radiant beams over the waking earth. The children were early astir, and as they saw the cows standing around the barn, began their clamors for milk. They saw them come from the house with pails, and watched them as they filled them high with the rich foam, and the poor mother could



not satisfy the little one till she promised to send to the house for a cup for her. Little Ally was promptly out, wending her way to the mansion, over the dewy grass with her little bare feet, and, in respectful words, was asking for the creamy beverage and a pittance for their breakfasts. Oh, the poor beggar, *who is so from necessity*, may you fare as well!

Mrs. Blanchard was one of those women who live for some purpose. Not satisfied with merely passing the days and living in ease and idleness, dreaming away the hours on the sofa, or bed, she felt that life had duties, and she shrank not from any effort that could in any way promote the interests of her family, or those of her *fellow-beings*.

It was a pleasure to her to minister to the wants of those who needed aid, and when she saw the figure of the little girl, she required no importunity, but welcomed her in, asking her if she wanted anything to eat. This took away the burden from Ally's heart, for *she had been often denied*, and almost feared that she might be again.

Her sweet accent, and respectful manner, won the heart of kind Mrs. Blanchard, and when she examined, with some scrutiny, her intelligent face, her dark eyes, and still darker hair, and beheld her in the faded, soiled garb of poverty, she thought of the fulness and overflowing abundance of her own house, and the voice of God was in her ear, and in her heart. How fast the words of Scripture came to her mind: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack, but he that *hideth* his eyes shall have many a *curse*," &c.; and a pan was well filled with provisions, with a pitcher of milk. Little Ally had to go and come several times to carry all the food and dishes in her small hands.

When their full repast was over, Ally returned the dishes, and meanwhile Mrs. Blanchard had time to consider her duty

and her inclination, in behalf of the little girl. Her own daughters were married, and richly supplied, and no one could possibly suffer in thought or reality by an arrangement she had it in her heart to make.

With many thanks from her mother, Ally gave the dishes into Mrs. Blanchard's hands, and as she looked the child in the face, she kindly asked her if she would like to stay with her. She had seen, as if in a vision, what power she held in her own heart to change that poor child's destiny, and she dare not refuse to do so manifest a duty. The thought, it is true, had come over her with force, that her own cares and anxieties would be increased, but still could she not make some sacrifice for the good of others? Why had God made her to differ from them, unless to give room for the exercise of one of his own highest attributes, that of *benevolence*, and her own selfish thoughts were banished, when she made the enquiry.

Poor little Ally had never thought of leaving her mother, and although she knew her poverty, yet she hardly knew what to answer, but told her she thought she should like to stay, if her parents thought best to have her; but little she knew what an entire change in her character and life those few words were likely to produce.

Mrs. Blanchard sent Ally to call her parents, that she might talk the matter over with them. The father did not care, and chose not to go; but the mother felt that perhaps her prayer was about to be answered, and seemed to see the kind hand of her Heavenly Father pointing the way. She left the little ones with the husband, and followed Ally into the residence of wealth and luxury.

The poor woman's face showed that cankering sorrow had been lying at her heart-strings, for it has its own peculiar expression in the eye and about the mouth; and then her

voice was keyed to its low and spiritual tones in a mournful cadence.

Mrs. Blanchard touched upon the subject with as much delicacy as if she was desiring a favor, knowing that even the lowest poverty cannot destroy a mother's love.

They seemed to be each under the same directing influence, and it required but a few words to come to a decision, and make all suitable arrangements, and Ally was to be left at the elegant mansion on the hill.

The mother only can know, what fearful sufferings and corroding anguish of heart, must be long and bitterly felt before she could be induced to give to a stranger the first dear child of her love at so tender an age!

This step made room for another, and a new desire was awakened in the heart of the mother to remain near her child.

With aid and encouragement an old house was found, and among the ancient stores of Mrs. Blanchard, put away as useless lumber, was furnished articles amply enough to supply their scanty need, and to make them as a small household, quite comfortable, which was, to this poor family, as if a fortune had suddenly fallen to them.

The miserable father having been by necessity compelled to do without his inebriating draught began to feel a spark of *humanity* kindling in his callous breast, for he actually put up the bedstead, and gathered fuel for a fire on the old wide hearth, and was heard humming snatches of old tunes he had known in earlier days.

It was in the suffering mother's heart a warm ray of comfort shining down from the throne of Heaven, and devout gratitude arose like a cloud of sweet incense, from the altar of her thoughts.

She would once have looked upon such a home with horror,

but it seemed to her now as a sweet place of repose and shelter, from the wandering, uncertain life of sometimes abused beggary, to which her delicate nature had been forced to submit, by the overmastering power of Intemperance.

But as opportunities of labor occurred, and scanty means were obtained, a large part of it was daily expended at a neighboring *bar*, whose owner seemed to have lost all conscience, as he took the very pence his poor family needed for bread, in exchange for the destructive potions of inebriety.

This was no *new disappointment*, but had become a part of her dreary history ; and she meekly, and with broken spirit, assumed the extra labor of daily toil, in families, to eke out subsistence for her family at her desolate hearth-side.

Years are soon told, and nature—abused nature—will not always last. Clear as a sunbeam, and true to the Eternal record, “half his days” were not numbered, when disease attacked the brain with the drunkard’s delirium. The ravings and howlings of despair were only a parallel, a faint foretaste of an endless future of mental anguish, which held him bound to its Promethean Rock of torture for an almost endless week!

This penalty, which will come at times, makes terrible havoc with the citadel of life, and through its broken door, the already condemned spirit, is often called from its walls, to obey the summons of its Creator. But not yet, was the mandate given to him ; he must live a little longer, as a distinct warning to the living, “to shun the paths of the Destroyer!”

So enfeebled had he become, that he could no longer work, and so unmanageable at home, that his wife could not endure his brutal conduct, made doubly ferocious by words of anger, blasphemy and profaneness, and could not leave him, to labor for their daily wants. This compelled her to the *last step* of human necessity, to report her case to the “Overseer of the

Poor," who removed them to the general receptacle of want and woe, where, in a few wretched months, he ended his earthly career. And here, unwept, unloved, the loathsome remains of the drunkard were borne to the grave by a few miserable Paupers, made so by the same unhappy cause.

There is a *loneliness* even for an Inebriate's widow, and now she thinks of him as when she first knew him, and in her happier days, and realizes the sadness of a heart bereaved, strange as it seems! We wonder at these things, only to confess their truth. It is so natural for the mind to feed itself with affectionate thoughts, and cherish the memory of those we ever loved! Once more she went forth as poverty and want will do, to find places among strangers for her children, and one for herself, but first of all, to see her dear Ally.

The home of wealth and comfort will not always supply happiness; many a sorrowful heart and tearful eye may be found amid the elegancies of luxurious abodes; and at first, poor little Ally *wept* as she felt herself surrounded only by strangers, separated as she now was from her little playmate sisters, and her affectionate mother, but not long did such feelings control the little one's thoughts.

She continued to feel a little strange for awhile, undergoing so much of a change in her habits and life, but a thorough *bath*, clean new *clothes*, and nice combed *hair*, produced as much of a revolution in her *feelings* as they did in her appearance, and she felt herself no longer a beggar girl. She soon became attached to her new home, and no day passed without marked improvement in attainments, which made Mrs. Blanchard feel that her labors and efforts were meeting a full recompense in the satisfaction of doing good to others, and strongly securing the grateful affections of the child, which seemed to warm her own heart like a sunbeam, and gave to her childless home something





Engd by T. H. Hunt

Printed by J. W. Wells

Yours, fraternally,  
W. H. Wells

of its former aspect, when her own, were about her in their innocent joy.

What changes a few years will produce in that period when light hearted, thoughtless childhood is passing away, it seems almost like a new existence in some, and Ally at this time seemed to be undergoing a blossoming process in the very spring time of womanhood. The very heart of the rose was on her cheek, while the delicate lily was on her brow. Thought sparkled in her dark eye, and her laugh was no longer that of careless mirth, but the real smile of intelligence and rational happiness dimpling in her face. The developing period is sometimes slow, but in others rapid and peculiar. The *oldest*, and one *alone* in a family are soonest to mature, they are sooner thrown upon their own resources, and gather strength by every personal effort, as the weakened limb will by use. The influences of Mrs. Blanchard's home training, and the acquirements of school, were weaving for her character and mind a beautiful fabric, and adorning her heart and life with the brightest ornaments.

Gentleness, benevolence, sincerity, and their attendant sister graces, were beautifully manifest in her daily deportment, and although she was very often made to feel the cold and bitter scorn of contempt as it curled on the lip, and the sly wink and smile, and whisper of malice, or envy, yet it only served to heighten and ripen all the rarest richest flowers of female character, and gave a more distinct reality to her real goodness and worth. It was the very discipline of heaven to unfold in her young heart the meekness and forbearance and forgiveness of the precious Saviour, and to make her cling the closer to His love, and the shadow of his wing. And was she not strengthened, and comforted, and enlightened by these very trials, that in her pathway seemed only like sharp and piercing thorns?



When her poor mother and young sisters dragging their weary weight of poverty and sorrow came, she did not turn her eye coldly upon them, ashamed of their wretchedness, but her eyes filled with genuine tears of pitying emotions and natural affection for those she loved, and the death of her father seemed like a cruel blow from the *monster Intemperance*, and from that time her eyes were fully opened to the small beginnings of his deadly influence; and oh, how it pained her to see the fatal wine-cup passing in the social circle, for she knew it was the first link in the strong chain that binds the drunkard, and she saw its first bright links reaching on to those dark corroded ones that lie around the inebriate in the street gutter.

Good Mrs. Blanchard did what she could to soothe and comfort her homeless visitors, and soon found places for both the children, where they could be *useful* and *benefitted*, and their morals and education should form a part of the arrangement. And the mother early found herself in a pleasant home, as nurse and friend, where she was both loved and respected for her kindness and real worth.

A few more years, and what a change has come to Ally, the poor little girl that slept on the hay! In one of our largest cities you may see her presiding over an elegant mansion, occupying the same rooms that were recently occupied by the family of one of our most distinguished ambassadors to a foreign court. *These are life's pictures in some of their strongest contrasts of light and shade!*

Mrs. Clifton is a happy woman, and knows well how to appreciate every blessing. When little Charlie lay in his luxurious cradle, and the delicate light came through the damask curtains to mingle with the odor of a fresh vase of newly-blossomed flowers, and the light step of the nurse was scarce an audible sound in that chamber of wealth, the young mother's

heart was filled even to tears, with a deep, full sense of gratitude and joy. She thought of her own blessings in contrast with those of her own dear mother's, and words of loving praise went up to her Father in Heaven!

A few more years, and as the evening lamps were lighting up the large parlor revealing statues and pictures, and costly books, flowers, birds, &c., a happy group were eagerly listening to Mr. Clifton as he relates the news of the day. That elderly lady in the plain neat cap, sitting in the sofa-chair, is Mrs. Clifton's mother, and those young ladies are her married sisters, who, in separate homes, are living in the same city, accomplished in all the arts of housekeeping, and intelligent, affectionate companions of honorable men; and the three husbands, as Temperance days came on, were strong friends of the cause, faithfully encouraged and aided, by the co-operations of their families, exerting by their position, example, and personal efforts, a wide-spread influence.

The whole group are looking greatly surprised, and their eyes sparkle with wonder and astonishment, as Mr. Clifton relates something that seems to interest, as well as to pain them.

He stood in his store, and heard an unusual noise, and saw a whole troupe of boys chasing after a man in tattered clothes, who was evidently in a state of deep intoxication, and they were making themselves merry with his debasement. He stepped out and dispersed them, and to his own utter astonishment found it to be James Gardiner, whom they had all known when he was a promising clerk in a neighboring city near where they lived, and whose parents were friends of Judge Blanchard in the same place.

Ah, yes! and Mrs. Clifton had now full reason to know that she had done wisely when she discarded him in early life, solely for the reason that she knew him to be a *wine drinker*,

and that his inclinations led him often to places of *social excitement* ; and knew, too, that he was a gay, unwary young man, who sacrificed *principle* at the *shrine of pleasure*.

"Can we not do something for him?" asked Mrs. Clifton ; "do ask him to spend the night with us, and don't let him refuse to come : tell him we wish to see him."

James Gardiner felt at first very reluctant to see his old friends, and Mrs. Clifton in particular, for he had not lost his *memory* ; and pride, and shame, were evidently striving for the mastery.

A denial could not be taken, and Mr. Clifton, with the poor miserable outcast by his side, was soon at the door of his own elegant mansion. It was an affecting, painful meeting to all, as they all knew too well the cause of poor James's ruin, degradation and poverty.

The pledge—the heaven-sent pledge—has done wonders ; and many a poor, lost, wretched, infatuated being has been brought under its influence ; and before he left the city, he was again a sober man, and through their influence was aided and encouraged, till he went back to his old employer, and was again restored to himself and society, and from that time saw that the only safety for *man is total abstinence !*

Mrs. Blanchard lived to see most of these changes, and in them she thankfully acknowledged the goodness of her Father in Heaven ! And, dear reader, were they not clearly the result of her own fully rewarded efforts for the good of others ? It is indeed the sweet blending of human agency with an Overruling Providence, who manifestly adds His benignant smile and blessing to *benevolent actions*, and a warm-hearted *Philanthropy !*

Ought we to be satisfied to live in a world of mutual dependencies without doing some deed to benefit our fellow-crea-

tures? There is something heroic and noble in the acts of benevolence and kindness that seem to raise, and elevate and dignify human nature.

Who would be one that no one can love—that no one can thank? It is when we kindle the fire of gratitude in some bosom, that the flame of love and happiness, *burns brightest in our own.*

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## IDELLA PEMBERTON.

BY REV. PHILIP P. NEELY.

“I am glad you have come, William,” said Idella Pemberton to her husband, as he entered the room late one evening in November; “I feel so lonely as the night winds beat against the walls, and Agnes has been worse all the evening. William, I know your business in town demands much of your time, yet will you not try and spare yourself from it, so that you can spend your evenings with me until our babe is beyond the danger of another paroxysm? It frightens me so much when you are away. When she has recovered, I will endeavor to resign myself to your necessary absence.”

Her kind words and pleading eyes went directly to the heart of William Pemberton, who, drawing his young wife affectionately to his bosom, replied—

“Yes, Idella, I have neglected you and our little Agnes too long. I promise you to watch with you until she is quite well. To-morrow evening I will bring out a collection of books, so that our hours of watching may pass pleasantly and profitably away.”

"You are very kind to me," said Idella, while tears, such as she had not shed for weeks, gathered in her eyes.

William Pemberton was a young man of ardent and generous feelings. Having received a liberal education under the direction of his uncle, and possessing a handsome patrimony, he embarked in the mercantile business in the loveliest village of the South. It was there he saw Idella Chandler. She was just seventeen, and such was the gentleness and amiability of her disposition, that a few months' association was sufficient to win his affections. He wooed her, and was successful. They were as happy a pair as ever knelt before the bridal altar; and none that gazed upon him, as he stood in the manliness of youth, or on her, as she trembled beneath a robe of purest white—beautiful emblem of a spotless heart—and were united in the most hallowed relation on earth, would have dreamed that shadows would ever darken the path on whose flowery threshold they were then standing.

At the time our story opens, they were living in a retired cottage house, a short distance from town. Two years had glided by since their marriage, and the morn of their wedded love had been unclouded. The frank, ingenuous nature of William Pemberton made him the easy subject of temptation, and unfortunately his resistance was but too unsuccessful. For some weeks he had returned home late at night, maintaining throughout the evening a silent and morose manner. He gave as his excuse, that the opening of his fall stock of goods required his unceasing attention, and the confiding Idella, with a credulity inseparable from true affection, doubted it not. Perhaps, if she had marked closely the expression of his eye, or had narrowly watched his step, the wildness of one and the unsteadiness of the other would have revealed, with a too dreadful certainty, the fearful peril to which he was exposed. She knew that he was not as he once

was, but the voice of affection whispered an excuse for him, in the worldly cares with which he was surrounded. Of his absence she had not yet complained; but when her babe sickened, she ventured to plead for the company of her husband, and prevailed. The recovery of Agnes was rapid. During the evenings which William passed at home, it seemed as if he and Idella had entered upon a new existence. All his former tenderness returned. He read to his wife, and hung around the couch of the little invalid; administered needful restoratives with a husband's kindness and a father's love. When the child recovered entirely, William still spent his evenings with his family, in reading or rambling. It was a season of quietude and peace. Gradually he returned to his former habits—drank deeper and deeper of the wine-cup, until it cast off the bonds of moral restraint, and bound him in its damning vassalage. Idella—the gentle, the devoted Idella—was the last to believe William Pemberton a drunkard.

It was a stormy night in the winter of 1840. The wind blew in fitful gusts, and the snow fell through the clap-board roof of a miserable hovel in one of the miserable streets of —, Gathered around a handful of wasting embers in that wretched hut, was a pale woman and two children; one a daughter about fourteen, the other a son, seemingly about six years old. The mother was sewing by the feeble light of an old lamp fastened to the wall, while the daughter read to her the experience of a reformed drunkard, which had been slipped under a crazy door-shutter by some unknown friend. This was the once happy Idella Pemberton, and her worse than orphan children. Her husband had drank till he was a sot—nay, more, a *pauper*.

His property was gone, his kindness was gone, and upon the feeble Idella and her daughter fell the support of the family. She was a frail creature, and the sufferings of the mind, com-

bined with those of the body, were wasting her away. It was apparent that without a change she would soon be beyond the griefs that were preying upon her bosom. Yet she murmured not. Amid the want that poured upon her, and the reproaches of her husband, she was uncomplaining.

"Oh, mother, what *shall* we do? Is there no hope for my dear father?" said Agnes, laying down the book, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Yes, my child, there is hope in God. He has said, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver you.' In Him have I confided, and in Him do I still hope. He has never forsaken us altogether, nor will He while we trust in Him."

"Dear mother, how can I bear it? You are dying every day, and when you are gone, what will become of me and my poor little brother Willie? Oh, mother, can't we get father to sign the pledge?"

"Be calm, my child. The Lord is good, and should He take me, He will provide for you and your brother. You must go before Him with your wants. Take your mother's wants before Him through Jesus Christ. Remember that the promise is, that if you ask, you shall receive. Cast your burden on Him and He will sustain you."

"My dear mother, let us go to Him *now*. Now let us kneel before Him here. I feel as if He would answer our prayers. I *know* He will. O, mother, let us try and prove Him now."

And in that lonely hour, while the wild wind was moaning piteously without, and coldness was pinching the sufferers within, did that girl and her mother bow before God, to test His faithfulness. And never did purer aspirations ascend to Heaven than the pleading of that suffering band. Never did angel-watchers assist by their mysterious ministrations in a holier cause. It was the agony of a breaking heart as it groaned under the accumu-

lated wrongs of years. The vision of the past swept before the wretched Idella, and her soul seemed to embody all its hopes into one.

She wrestled, struggled, and wept, as if her heart was crumbling beneath the intensity of her agony. She prayed for the reformation of her husband—for it to begin then—*that moment*, wherever he might be. Her words seemed to be the raising of faith far above unbelief—the sundering of its fetters—the laying of the torn, bleeding heart before God. “O, Thou righteous Being!” she exclaimed, “who hast promised help in need, hear from Thy holy habitation the wretched inmates of a cold hovel. Thou who hast in Thy mysterious dispensations banished me from the protection of parental love, and who hast for Thine own wise purposes, left me and my little ones to struggle on in misfortune and want; O, look upon us in our misery, and answer our supplications. O, reclaim him around whom my heart still clings, even in his degradation, and save him from eternal woe. O, righteous God! I *do* believe,—help Thou my unbelief! Bring him back to the path wherein we once walked happily together, and”——

At that moment the door opened, and William Pemberton rushed into the arms of his kneeling wife, exclaiming—

“O, my suffering angel, Idella, your prayer is answered. I have this night joined the Washingtonians, and if there is grace in heaven to aid a poor suffering worm, my pledge shall be kept.”

“Amen,” fervently responded the bewildered, weeping wife.

“O, Idella! can you, will you forgive all—my unkindness, my cruelty? Then from this night forward, God being my helper, I will be a sober man, and will seek to make you happy.”

“Dear husband! let the past be forgotten,” replied the



happy wife, while she cried aloud in the delirium of her joy ;  
“ let us trust in God for the future.”

“ Agnes, my daughter, will you forgive your father’s unkindness, and pray that I may never depart from my resolution ? ”

“ O, my dear father, I will love you more than I ever did, and will always pray for you,” said the sobbing girl, and she threw her arms about her father’s neck and kissed away his tears.

“ And, father,” said Willie, who stood by weeping at the strange scene, “ you will let me love you, and kiss you, as I do mother, won’t you ? ”

“ Yes, my son, and strive to be worthy of it too,” said the father, as he pressed him to his bosom.

The wind, in its wild careerings that night, swept not over a happier house than the lonely hovel of William Pemberton.

Five years have passed away, and William Pemberton, by sobriety and industry, has regained his cottage home, and there, with his pious Idella, to whose cheek the bloom of health has returned, and their children, he is spending his days in quietude and devotion.

Is your husband a drunkard ? Be gentle with him and pray for him. Are you a drunkard, or a moderate drinker ? Remember the wife of your bosom, the children of your love, and the soul you possess, which is of incalculable worth. May God bless this narrative to your good.

## CAST OUT THE WINE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

WHY sit you idle here?  
Rough grows the sea—  
Lash the helm instantly—  
Tack to the lee.

Hark, as the wind swept by  
Fearful and dread,  
Heard you the watchman cry,  
Breakers ahead!

Death, death is in the reef—  
Sharp is each crag—  
Haul the rent canvass in—  
Strike the proud flag!

Look, did the angry sky  
Shake out the stars,  
Light came so blindingly  
Through the ship's spars.

Heave out the treasure from  
Deck-plank to hold,  
All the rich merchandize,  
Spices and gold:

## CAST OUT THE WINE.

Still are the gaping waves  
Fearfully tossed—  
Cast the wine overboard,  
Else we are lost.

There, now the vessel's clear,  
Now we are right,  
Look for the beacon star,  
Look for the light!

That was the watchman's cry—  
“Morning is red,  
Fresh breezes springing up,  
Land, land ahead!”

Haste, set the swelling sail  
Full to the breeze,  
Now our ship gallantly  
Ploughs through the seas.

Mariner, tempest-tossed  
On the rough brine,  
Would you sail steadily,  
Cast out the wine!

## HON. CHAUNCEY N. OLDS,

P. G. W. P. OF OHIO.

(With a Portrait.)

CHAUNCEY N. OLDS, the present P. G. W. P. of Ohio, is a member of the Legal Profession, and resides at Circleville, in that State. He is a native of Vermont, and was born in Marlboro, Windham County, on the 2d of February, 1816. His ancestors were of English origin, and settled in the colony of Massachusetts at an early day, soon after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.

His father removed from Vermont to Ohio, when this son was about four years old, and located himself and family in Cuyahoga County, a few miles south of Cleveland. The country was then almost a wilderness, and the subject of our sketch passed his early boyhood amid the privations and excitements of pioneer life. Many of his early recollections are associated with the attractions which the youthful mind is apt to throw around this log-cabin life in the woods.

At the age of fourteen, he entered the Ohio University, at Athens, and spent three years in that institution, when his health, which had always been extremely delicate, became so much impaired by intense application to study, that he was compelled for a while to abandon books, and recruit his wasted physical energies.

At the end of the following year, he entered Miami University, at Oxford, O., and graduated in the summer of 1836. He was not, however, permitted to close his college life, at the

date of his first degree. In addition to the rank conferred upon him and two of his class-mates, by the endorsement on their Diplomas "*Inter primos condiscipulorum*," he was invited by the trustees to remain as a teacher, and in the course of the following year was unanimously elected to a Professorship in the Department of Languages.

He remained at this post, until 1840, when failing health again compelled him to retire from the quiet and congenial pursuits of academic life. It must have been with great reluctance that he abandoned a profession so well suited to his tastes and disposition, and which he had followed with such success that he received his second, or Master's degree, from the government of the college, two years earlier than the rules of the Institution ordinarily allowed it to be conferred. But his physicians advised him that his life depended upon an immediate change to more active and energetic pursuits. There was no dalliance allowed with inclination; the stern voice of duty silenced at once all the longings of literary taste.

He consequently removed from Oxford to Circleville in the Fall of 1840, and after suffering many interruptions from long protracted illness, he entered upon the practice of the Law in 1842, in connexion with his brother, the late Joseph Olds, who was then eminent in his profession in that part of the State.

The labors of his profession have not only been marked with success, but have also restored to him a good degree of bodily health and vigor. To one, who at the age of twenty-five, had spent nearly five years upon a sick bed, the return of confirmed health is no slight or trivial blessing. The sympathy existing between mind and body is so intense, that such an one alone can fully appreciate the "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" of the ancient poet.

It is almost impossible for a lawyer in the West to avoid

political life, especially, if with popular manners and a pleasing address, he secure a reputation as an advocate. The disposition of Mr. Olds, naturally gentle, and rendered almost painfully sensitive by early suffering and long seclusion from the world, seems peculiarly unfitted for the noise and turmoil of political warfare. Yet in the Presidential campaigns of 1844 and 1848, he was constrained by his political friends to take "the Stump;" and with such success did he advocate and enforce the principles of his political faith, that in the latter year, in anticipation of the difficulties and excitement likely to attend the organization of the Legislature under the new apportionment law, he was selected, without solicitation on his part and against his own wishes, to represent the Counties of Ross and Pickaway, a large and populous district, in the House of Representatives.

The acts and doings of that body, its "omissions and commissions," will be long remembered in Ohio. The labors and speeches of Mr. Olds, during the three weeks of the disorganization of the House, amid excitement so intense, and party strife so bitter and vindictive, that anarchy and bloodshed seemed at times almost inevitable, attracted towards him the attention of all parties, throughout the State, and gave him an influence among the members of the House after the organization, seldom if ever before attained by so young a member.

At the next election, he was returned to a seat in the Senate from the same District by a largely increased majority, and there in the difficulties attending the organization of that body, and in the subsequent business of the Senate, fully sustained the high reputation he had acquired in the extraordinary scenes of the previous winter.

In the summer of 1850, depressed in spirits by the long continued illness of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, and anxious to free himself from every responsibility

which might in any manner interrupt the ministrings of affection in her sick chamber, he resigned his seat in the Senate, dreading with fatal presentiment the effects of the approaching winter on her enfeebled constitution.

He was married in the spring of 1838, while at Oxford, to Miss Caroline Woodruff, a lady possessed of many personal attractions, but of still greater beauty of heart and intellect. Blessed with health and endowed with great sprightliness and elasticity of spirit, her society had cheered and solaced him during long seasons of extreme physical suffering. Mental despondency, so often attendant upon bodily disease, and far more distressing in its effects, could not long exist in her presence, and he often felt indebted to this medicine of the heart more than to the mysteries of pharmacy, for the return of health and vigor. But now, alas, the burden of disease and suffering had been shifted, and he had been compelled for a year to mark their silent but fatal progress, in the faded cheek, the languid steps and attenuated form of the very "ministering angel" who had allured him back to health and vigor. *Consumption did its work!* The beautiful and true faded away from earth, to become the more beautiful and lovely in Heaven. "Not lost, but gone before."

Mr. Olds was early enlisted in the Temperance Reformation. At the age of nine or ten years, he connected himself with the oldest form of Temperance organizations, and in every new development of associated effort against the Monster Vice, he has rendered prompt and efficient service. Amid all the temptations and allurements of college life, and the more insinuating and dangerous inducements and snares of political associations, he has not only kept his vow, "to touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing," but he has ever waged an open, manly, determined warfare against this enemy of the race in

all its forms and under all circumstances, in public and in private, at home and abroad.

During the two winters he was in the Legislature, he labored with much energy as Chairman of the Committee on Temperance, to open the eyes of Legislators to the enormities of the Liquor Traffic under the patronage and protection of the odious License Laws. He introduced stringent bills on the subject each session, and advocated their passage with a fearlessness and independence most incomprehensible to timid, trading politicians.

I shall long remember the effect produced by his first speech on the subject in the House, as described by one who was present. The Temperance Bill had worked its way quietly through the Committee of the Whole; nobody seeming to look after or care much about it, until it came up one day for a vote on its engrossment, which was regarded as the first test question. There had been much drinking among the members that winter, and some of them bore the marks that morning of a very recent "spree." When this question was announced, they began to prick up their ears anticipating some fun over this poor Bill, which they intended to play with a little while, and then kill off as genteelly as possible. One and another and another had exercised his waggy upon it, but without any response from the other side.

At length their acknowledged leader took the floor, a young man of fine talents and of great influence in the House, but unfortunately marked with the first light touches of the Destroyer's finger. He was a personal friend to Mr. Olds, though a political opponent, and he treated him with great courtesy, but his speech of half an hour was full of light sarcasm and keen ridicule, which were shot forth like barbed arrows against the poor Bill and "its meek, quiet friends who could not enjoy the bright sparkling of genuine high life." He



closed a brilliant and witty effort, with many appearances of approbation among the majority, who then pressed for a vote at once that should overwhelm the Bill and its friends with confusion. But Mr. Olds obtained the floor to reply to his friend, and in a speech of an hour poured forth a stream of fervid eloquence such as had been rarely heard within those walls. He portrayed the terrible ravages of the Destroyer as it rioted upon the health and life of its victim, as it preyed upon the intellect, the heart, the social affections, upon wife and child and friend, with kind but pointed allusions to the marks of the fatal plague-spot which were even then traced on the features and in the hearts of some around him, until many were moved to tears. His poor friend, the brilliant and witty defender of Alcohol, first looked and listened with countenance full of curiosity, then of vexation, then of regret, until his eyes filled with tears, and long before the close of the speech, he had dropped his head on the desk before him in silence and confusion. *The vote was not then taken.* A wary opponent of the Bill moved an adjournment, and the majority were now as anxious to avoid a test vote as they had been eager before to press it, so they adjourned, and the Bill was thereby laid on the table.

At the next session, however, he succeeded in securing the passage of his Bill through the Senate; battling for it on the question of its passage, from two o'clock in the afternoon until nine o'clock at night, against an opposition so fierce and pertinacious, so full of parliamentary strategy and obstinate resistance, that he sportively remarked to one of his friends after the struggle was ended, "We may well say, with Paul of old, that we have this night 'fought with beasts at Ephesus.'" This Bill failed, however, in the other House. But public sentiment had been so concentrated on the subject, and Temperance men so encouraged by repeated tests of their energy and strength,

that at the last session of the Legislature the License Laws were expunged from the Statute-Book of Ohio.

Mr. Olds connected himself with the Order of the Sons in 1846, upon the organization of a Division in the town where he resides, was initiated into the Grand Division at Dayton, in 1847, and at its annual session at Columbus, in October 1850, was elected its Presiding Officer for the ensuing year, and thereby made the official head of the Order in that State. He is one of the most popular and effective speakers connected with the Order in Ohio, and his services are eagerly sought after in all parts of the State.

He is in person rather under the medium size and height, has blue eyes, and fair complexion inclined to paleness, with dark brown and wavy hair. He is somewhat lame, having suffered severely in early boyhood from a sciatic affection in the right leg, which not only shortened the limb but also rendered his physical constitution extremely delicate and susceptible to disease.

Since the age of sixteen he has been a member of the Presbyterian Church, and for many years an officer therein; and in all the associations and pursuits of life has manifested a scrupulous regard for the obligations and duties of Religion as paramount to all other earthly engagements.

A writer in the February No. of *Holden's Magazine*, giving a Sketch of Buckeye Orators, thus concludes a notice of our friend :—

“To crown his qualifications as a lawyer, Mr. Olds is one of the most graceful and forcible speakers in the State. His growing reputation and practice show the correctness of this judgment. In all the finish of a scholarly speaker, he has no superior. Accustomed to ‘lamp-smoke,’ he can and does do honor to the Classics he has studied so diligently, and yet his great modesty will always save him from becoming a pedant.

There is not a particle of parade in his learning. He shows the inimitable quietness with which a modest scholar should present his thoughts to others. In this respect he is much like the newly-elected Professor of Church History at Princeton, a comparison of no doubtful meaning.

“But Mr. Olds has avoided one rock on which some of our political scholars have made shipwreck. They are so learned and so precise, and they think in such an incomprehensible way, that they might as well whistle at the north wind as speak to the people. With all their learning, the people wonder, and stare, and gape, and long for some far inferior man, who has the gift of thinking as they think, and of speaking so that they can understand him. In this respect, Mr. Olds, had a fine model in his elder brother, and well has he observed it. The most abstruse and difficult questions in politics, and the doctrines of different parties, he will expound with such perfect simplicity that common people will give him their undivided attention for hours. A delightful vein of drollery runs through his speeches, and at times he convulses his audience with some amusing and apt illustration. During the last winter, whilst the disorganization of the Senate continued, he made one of the most charming and witty speeches ever delivered in that old State House. He frequently addresses Literary Societies, and several of these orations have been published. As a Christian, he is no bigot; as a lawyer, he is no bungler; and as a statesman, he is no charlatan; and good men have reason to rejoice when such mingle their honesty and wisdom in the public councils of a great nation.”

## THE U. S. TEMPLE OF HONOR.

WE have the pleasure to present the readers of the *Magazine* with the following authentic sketch of the new temperance organization called the TEMPLE OF HONOR. It has been kindly furnished us by Capt. W. R. STACY, of Boston, who is the present head of the Order in the United States.

From an official publication, prepared in accordance with a resolution of the NATIONAL TEMPLE, we learn that the Order was originated in the City of New-York, Dec. 5, 1845. The simple but great object of the organization, is declared by its constitution to be "*the promotion of the temperance cause.*"

The TEMPLE OF HONOR is beneficial in its character. The receipts are ample, if properly cared for, to secure the promised benefits. The usual fees are; Initiation, \$5; Dues, \$4 per year; Degrees, including the Social Degree, \$9. The benefits are: in sickness \$3, per week. On the death of a brother, \$25, are appropriated as a funeral benefit. On the death of a brother's wife, \$15. These are slightly varied, but constitute nearly the usual rates.

Applications for charters must be signed by at least twenty white male persons, of good moral character, of sound health, of the age of 18 years or upward. They should be addressed to the Grand Worthy Recorder of the Grand Temple, in each State. The Most Worthy Recorder of the National Temple is J. WADSWORTH, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

There are now sixteen Grand Temples in the United States.

The Order is steadily increasing. With this brief introduction, and the promise to refer to the subject again in a short time, we renewedly call attention to the article of the Most Worthy Templar.

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## STEPS TO THE TEMPLE OF HONOR AND TEMPERANCE.

BY WM. R. STACY, M. W. T.

Of the Temple of Honor of the United States.

THE different phases through which the cause of temperance has passed, mark its progress, and ensure the ultimate triumph of its principles. We gain ground at every step—win

fresh laurels in every conflict—while “the enemy of all mankind” retreats in darkness and disgrace from the arena of battle.

The “moderation pledge” was a small thing, not to be despised, for it was the parent and pioneer of mightier instrumentalities—it was the wedge that entered the tough knot which for centuries had bid defiance to the perseverance, the strength, and the skill of “the chopper of logic” and the reformers of the past.

Men became intoxicated by using fermented liquors, although they had abolished the use of distilled drinks, while those who wisely abstained from both, and abjured the evil spirit whatever disguise it might assume, remained perfectly sober. Some moral Columbus then discovered a whole continent of truth. It was simply this,—that entire abstinence from the use of all kinds of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, was the only safeguard to defend society from the evils of drunkenness. Lecturers of extraordinary talents were employed—papers, edited with signal ability, were scattered like leaves for the healing of the nations—societies were organized in almost every city, town and village—and the pledge found its way to every circle and station in life. But that old serpent, the devil, alcohol, was not dead; for when the friends of humanity became weary of well doing, and lost themselves in ignoble sleep at the port of duty, sin revived, and he lived again. Fortunes were squandered, time was worse than wasted—hopes were blasted—hearts were broken—lives were sacrificed—and souls were lost.

At this eventful period in the history of the Temperance Reform, a noble band of Washingtonians came to the work; and many who heeded not the warning of the prophets believed on those who had risen from the dead. These apostles of total abstinence preached the gospel of temperance to the poor as well as the rich—to the halt, the lame, the blind, the deaf, the

dumb and the degraded ; and their influence extended from the "unwashed" in gutterdom, to "the upper crust" in *high* life. Tears were wiped from sad faces ; sad faces beamed with happiness ; deserted homes were revisited ; and broken hearts made to bound for joy. Prodigals who had been feeding swinish habits and propensities returned to home and friends ; and wore the ring and robe of Reformation.

Not a few of these estimable original reformers continue untiringly at work, and keep the pledge with unfaltering fidelity ; but some, unfortunately, have returned to their former haunts and habits, like the dog to its vomit, and the swine to the mire. The makers and venders of inebriating beverages gloated with fiendish glee over the fall of every victim, and every grog-shop was a miniature hell where human devils held a jubilee.

The time had now fully arrived for another phase to appear in this great movement, and He who

" Works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform,"

so ordered the arrangement of his Providence as to induce a small band of the most devoted friends of the cause to form an association called the "SONS OF TEMPERANCE." The plan was popular at once—the infant institution was a giant in its cradle. Divisions were organized, in the course of a short time, in every State in the Union. The world looked on with wonder at the unanticipated and unprecedented success which crowned the labor of those who endeavored to extend the beautiful precepts of the noble Order.

The Ladies, ever ready to co-operate in labors of "Love, Purity and Fidelity," formed societies on a similar basis ; and while many daughters have done virtuously, these excel them all.

Soon the Boys took the hint, and incorporated with their

pledge to abstain from intoxicating drinks, a pledge to abstain from the use of profane language, from gambling, and the use of tobacco: thus setting an example fit for the imitation of children grown up, who love to fumigate and masticate the noxious and filthy tobacco weed, or indulge in the other reprehensible habits which their society disallows.

The "Rechabites" had been at work successfully prior to the formation of some of the last named associations. Such institutions suggested the idea of opening another society, embracing all that is excellent in older associations with additional advantages not to be found in any of them. THE TEMPLE OF HONOR and TEMPERANCE was instituted. Then was the *golden gateway to the millenium* of unceasing and universal abstinence opened.

Without drawing invidious comparisons, I will briefly point out some of the advantages of this model system of Reform.

We are social beings, and were not designed by the great Author of our existence to be recluse. The group at the grocery, the street-corner committee, the throng at the tavern, prove this fact firmly established. When men can meet at stated periods in a pleasant neatly-furnished room, to perform the interesting and attractive duties incumbent on **TEMPLARS**, they gratify a social want of our nature, and they are satisfied without wasting their time in worse than useless idleness among the outsiders who throng where "drouthy neebors—neebors meet."

We need something to break up the dull monotony of ordinary life. We become tired of walking constantly in one beaten track. The farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, and the professional man, require now and then something to divert their attention from the unvarying every day deeds of life. They become dissatisfied and discouraged as they have constantly to

go from the barn to the lot, from the dwelling to the shop, from the store to the wharf, from the house to the study or the office. In the Temple we find that variety which is "the spice of life"—something to divert without distracting the attention—there is novelty which gratifies without leading to the neglect of other duties.

Most men make at least one great mistake in life. It is this: they think they know themselves, while in reality they do not. Some over estimate others undervalue their abilities. In the TEMPLE OF HONOR men have ample opportunities to pursue the chief study of mankind, while there. They learn the fact long ago mentioned by a distinguished divine, that there is a greater number of bad men among good men, and good men among bad men, than the world ever dreamed of. They learn how to manage meetings, keep accounts, prepare reports and resolutions, make speeches, in a way they never knew before, and they discover not only their own peculiarities and gifts, but the peculiarities and gifts of others; such a man they see is a good financier, such an one an eloquent speaker, such an one a ready writer, such an one a dignified officer, such an one a persevering member, and others they see are the opposite of these. Such a society is an evening school, where Templars may be taught, in valuable lessons, whether they be brilliant men or not.

We do not, as we should, value men according to their mental and moral worth. In the Temple, "the rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all." The rich man finds that he cannot carry his heart nor his head in his pocket, and that the poor brother who has not so much of this world's goods at his disposal, has a heart to feel and a head to think as well as himself, and the gap that separates them is bridged over with brotherly love.



We combine and concentrate our influence and our efforts not to promote the interests of a clique, or a party, or a sect, for no man is permitted to introduce political or sectarian matters within the walls of the TEMPLE OF HONOR; and no man is required to renounce his creed or forsake his party who joins this benevolent brotherhood. Yet no person would be received into the embrace of our Order who does not acknowledge the existence of God.

We believe that God is the supreme Ruler of the Universe, and that the Bible is of Divine origin. We aim at the promotion of human happiness, and work individually and collectively to secure that object. We are an army; organized not for the purpose of storming citadels, and shedding blood, and sacrificing life; leaving smouldering cities and heaps of slain upon our track, but for the purpose of protecting the innocent, healing the wounded, and driving away the assailants.

We conquer our foes by force of argument and not by force of arms; we fight with pointed truths and not with pointed bayonets; we "wound to heal and kill to make alive." We all have the same signs, the same passwords, and all appear in the same regalia. We look at the same subject through mutual eyes, and all hearts throb with the same pulsations for the advancement of the same cause. We claim to be good Samaritans. We see our brother man in the ditch of degradation. He has fallen into the hands of thieves, between the brewery and the distillery. The renegade man pass by on the other side, but we deem it our duty to lift up the fallen, and if possible to restore him to himself, to his family, his country and his Maker. We do not ask whether he be Protestant or Catholic, Whig or Democrat, from the North or from the South. It is enough for us to know he is a man, and needs our sympathy and support, and we give him an honest hand and a hearty welcome.

Another beautiful feature in the **TEMPLE OF HONOR**, is the "Social Degree," which opens the door for the admission of Ladies, who participate in the proceedings and ceremonies at the meetings, thus rendering it unlike any similar institution in existence.

The trite excuses—that we are a secret society, that it embraces discordant materials, that we have sinister motives—have been answered a thousand times, and the only reply that I shall make to such objections now is, "by their fruits ye shall know them." Our institution has never injured any one, while it has benefitted all who have availed themselves of its advantages. It has relieved the sick, assisted the needy, lifted up the down fallen, helped the orphan and the widow, reformed the inebriate and kept the temperate from the ways that lead to ruin.

In conclusion, we have abundant reason to "thank God and take courage;" for the work has prospered in our hands beyond our most sanguine expectations. The day is not distant when a Grand Temple will be established in every State, Province and Territory, on the Continent of America, and in the lands across the broad Atlantic.

We have a field white to the harvest before us, and untiring laborers are at work. We must all labor as though all depended on ourselves, and pray as though all depended upon God. We do not confine our exertions to the room, in which we meet. **TEMPLARS** are found in ordinary public meetings. They patronize the temperance press; they contribute of their substance to sustain the cause; they cheerfully make sacrifice of time and toil to extend the principles of abstinence throughout the world.

## A THRILLING SCENE.

BY E. C. DELAVAN,

Ballston Centre, N. Y.

PERMIT me to sketch to you a scene related to me by an eye witness, which occurred in Connecticut while the people in one of the towns in that state were gathered, to discuss the merits of the question of license, whether one neighbor should longer be permitted under the sanction of law, to destroy another, and bring pauperism, crime and every description of misery on the neighborhood.

This town had suffered greatly from the sale and use of intoxicating drink. . . The leading influences were against the total abstinence doctrine. . . At the Meeting the Clergyman and Physician of the town as also a leading Deacon in one of the churches, were in favor of continuing license, for permitting a few men of good moral character to sell, for they all agreed in the opinion that the *moderate* use was not injurious; that intoxicating liquor was a good creature of God, and to hamper its sale to be used in moderation was an unjust restraint on human liberty, and a reflection on the benevolence of the Almighty. . . With such powerful advocates in favor of the old custom, the feeling of the meeting appeared to be all one way, when a gentleman, who was present from another state by accident, but who had been a former resident of the town, begged leave to differ from the highly influential and respectable individuals who

had spoken on the subject. . . He entered into a history of the town from its earliest settlement ; he called the attention of the assembly to the desolation the traffic and moderate drinking had brought upon families and individuals ; he pointed to the Poor House, the prison house and the graveyard for the numerous victims of the traffic ; he urged and with eloquence that in mercy the flood-gates might be shut down and prevent, as far as possible, the continued desolation of families, by sustaining the immoral business of Rum Selling. But all would not do. . . The influence of the Clergyman, the Doctor and the Deacon was too much for him. . . No one followed on his side, and the chairman of the meeting was about to put the question, when all at once, there arose from a distant corner of the room a miserable clad and miserable looking female . . . her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her earthly career had almost closed. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost limit, and her long shrivelled arms to their greatest length, and then raising her voice to a high and shrill pitch, she called upon all to LOOK UPON HER. "Yes," said she, "look upon *me*, and then *hear* me. . . All that the last speaker has said with regard to moderate drinking—as being the author of all drunkenness is true—all that he has said with regard to the immorality of the traffic is also true. . . Now look upon me as an illustration. . . You all know me, or you *once* did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm of this town.—You all know, too, I once had one of the best—one of the kindest—and one of the most devoted of husbands. You know, too, I had fine noble hearted industrious boys, the pride of my life.—*Where are they now ?* Minister of Christ. . . Deacon of the Church. Physician of the body, *where are they now ?*—You all know. You all know *they are buried side by side in yonder*

*churchyard*—all, every one of them filling the drunkard's grave!! . . . They were all taught to believe that moderate drinking was innocent, *excess* only to be avoided—and while they lived they would never admit that they drank to excess.—They quoted *you* and *you* and *you*—pointing with the shred of a finger to the priest, deacon and doctor, as better authority than mine. They thought themselves safe under *your* practical teaching. . . I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects with dismay and horror; I saw that we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin.—I begged, I prayed, I agonized to ward off the blow: I tried to break the spell—the delusive spell, with which moderate drinking had involved my loved ones—but the odds were greatly against me—the tyrant appetite had been formed—the Minister of God said that the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the Deacon sold them the poison; the Doctor said a little could do no harm as he took his *social* glass with them and so all but myself fell into the snare, they could not escape, and one after another of them was conveyed to the dishonored grave of the drunkard.—Now look at me again . . . You probably see me for the last time—my sand is almost run. . . I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—*your Poor House*—to warn you *all*, to warn you Deacon, to warn you, false teacher of God's word, to warn you dealers in strong drink—and with her arms high flung, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly point, she exclaimed, “*I shall soon stand before the Judgment seat of God. . . I shall meet you there with your victims you false guides, and be a swift witness against you all.*” The wretched female vanished from the assembly. . . A dead silence prevailed. . . A pin might have been heard to drop—the priest, deacon and doctor hung their heads.—The President

slowly arose and with subdued voice and with great solemnity put the question :—

Is it the pleasure of this meeting that any more licences be granted to sell Intoxicating liquor in this Town?

The response came like a clap of thunder in one universal gathered up NO.

Friends of humanity all over the world, had you been at this meeting would you not have answered “No,” too?

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## AN ADDRESS,

BY HON. EDMUND DILLAHUNTY, P. G. W. P.,

Of Tennessee.

To enjoy the present, unmindful of the future, is the business of a brute, and not a rational creature. He who would hope to prosper in this life and be happy, should have the firmness and forbearance to forego any present good, or endure any present evil, for the sake of a greater good to come; and must learn to refuse compliance with the solicitation of any temptation, though never so inviting, that would lead him from the path of duty. And when pressed by the entreaty of others, or urged by his own inclinations to do any act of doubtful character, the question should not be, will it afford me present pleasure, will it enhance my interest, will it gain me the applause of the world? But *is it right? Is it what I ought to do?* When this question has been settled, let him do his duty, alike unawed by the frowns and threats, and unseduced by the smiles and flatteries of the world. How many men have lost their fortune,

their fame, their health, their lives, their all, for time and eternity, for want of the moral firmness to pronounce that little monosyllable, of but two letters—no! Principle should be the impelling cause of all our actions. The man who acts from impulse, only, is never to be much relied on as a friend, or dreaded as an enemy. True, in a moment of excitement, he may do his friend a favor, or his enemy an injury; but then he is liable to mistake the one for the other, or his emotions both of love and hate, like soda, soon evaporate all their spirit, by their own effervescence. Give me the man who repays all his favors, redresses all his wrongs, and avenges all his injuries and insults, from a sense of duty—from principle alone. The friendship of such a one is worth courting, and I had rather arouse the lion from his lair than awake the slumbering ire of such a man.

Light, heat and moisture are not more essential to the health of vegetation than confidence in man to the peace and quiet of the mind. I *pity*, from the bottom of my heart, the misery of that man who sees an enemy in every face, and detects deceit in every smile, and treachery, in every cordial greeting. Such a one is unfit for society, and should dwell in solitude. He heapeth not up riches to himself, but scattereth abroad the treasures of others. To confide in all alike without any regard to habit or character, would be unwise and unjust, as it would break down all distinctions between good and evil. But he who suspects all men must feel that himself is unworthy of being trusted.

Although man is a social being, and must find in his social intercourse those incentives which arouse his energies and urge him on to the performance of noble deeds, the mind must look to itself for most of the happiness it enjoys, or misery it suffers. It is true, external circumstances exert a material influence upon the mind that all our philosophy and boasted self-control cannot

entirely overcome. The mind often takes a shade of gloom, or is lighted up by sunshine, according to surrounding circumstances. No one can be happy when suffering acute pain of the body, when pressed by famine, or chilled by cold ; but, by a proper regulation of the mind, these and all other ills may be robbed of half their severity, and according to its training can extract good from ill, or convert good to ill. The great secret of human happiness is a fixed determination to be happy—a resolution to adapt ourselves to, and make the most out of, whatever circumstances may surround us. The active, but moderate employment of our faculties of mind and body for wise, noble and benevolent purposes, itself is happiness. Idleness is no less the parent of misery than of vice.

The stock of public happiness is made up of the mites that each one contributes. And let no one excuse himself from contributing his share thereto, by the plea that the pittance he brings to the sum of public happiness, like a grain of sand to the whole earth, cannot effect it materially either way. Alone, the dew-drop would be useless ; but uniting with its kindred drops, they distil their freshness upon the tender plants, making the earth to bloom in beauty and verdure, and the fields to ripen with a rich harvest to gladden the husbandman's heart. The rivulet may be so small that it could scarcely waft the down from the pinion of a dove, yet when it has commingled its small tribute with kindred streams, they form the mighty river on which may ride the navies of the world.

It is a duty we owe ourselves, to control, not extirpate the passions ; to subject them, as loyal citizens, to wise laws, to the dominion of the understanding. But where this is not the case, when passion holds the sway, the little republic man is in a state of insurrection, and groans under the despotism of anarchy. The veriest galley slave on earth, might well commiserate the



despotic tyranny which ambition held over the mind of that man, who, after having conquered the world, sat down in Babylon to weep, that there was not another world to conquer. Happiness fixes not her abode in that heart where the passions hold their bacchanal revels.

In this world our lives lie at the mercy of the smallest accidents. The thread of life may be snapt asunder by any passing breeze. Dangers, seen and unseen, are scattered along our pathway. In pursuing those splendid allusions that float up through the imagination, we are too apt to forget that man must die; and thus, thoughtless, we hurry on in our butterfly-chase of pleasures, our wild and reckless schemes of ambition, until we stumble off the awful Niagara of death. Seeing the dangers to which we are exposed, the uncertain tenure by which we hold our lives, our liability to be called hence, at any moment, how circumspect should we be in our deportment! How strict a watch should we set over our thoughts, words and actions, so that we be ever ready to obey the summons to meet our God in judgment! To the good man, death is often a welcome visitant; to the vicious, it comes as an unbidden guest—as a spectre whose heavy foot-fall grates like harshest thunder in his ear.

Misfortune has no power to take away the comfort, the sweetness untold, a consciousness of innocence affords. If, then, we would be happy, let us be good; for it is a fact, which God has written with stars in every quarter of the heavens and with sunbeams on every spot of the earth, in vain may man seek happiness but in the performance of his duty.

Individual sobriety, and the exertion of your influence to stay the tide of Intemperance in the land, is another duty I would urge upon you. The present age has performed much

in the cause of human improvement ; but much yet remains to be done.

The causes of evil have been increased and invigorated in this State. Vices which had been shamed from society, have come from their dark haunts, and now stalk abroad in open day. A new impulse has been given to the fiery flood of intemperance, from a quarter the lover of his country and the friend of man, had no right to expect. To stay the ravages of its foul waters, I call upon you all, to rise as one man. Let there be no division among us in this matter. Let us present to the enemy a front unbroken as the Grecian phalanx watched by the Macedonian conqueror. Upon all proper occasions raise your voices and hands against this monster vice, which is sweeping over our country, carrying ruin and devastation in its course. Above all, let your actions correspond to your words, your examples be consistent with your precepts. To *show* others the path of duty is not enough ; we should *walk* therein ourselves.

The *crisis* in the drunkard's life is at the very incipency of the use of ardent spirits ; for after the appetite has been so far vitiated as to have acquired a relish for the taste and stimulus of intoxicating drinks, in nine cases out of ten his fate is as irrevocably sealed as if he already slept in a drunkard's grave, with infamy for his epitaph, poverty, wretchedness, want, obloquy and shame, the legacy bequeathed to his family. I repeat it, the point of danger to every man is at the very commencement of the use of ardent spirits. It is the breaking of the first flake of snow from the mountain peak that causes the avalanche, which, gathering strength as it rolls on, at length buries hamlets and villages in ruins.

Disguise it as the pride of man may, the best security is the absence of temptation ; and " best safety lies in fear." No one

with the reason of a man, ever dreamed when he commenced the use of ardent spirits, of becoming a drunkard. But unfortunately before he suspects that danger brooded nigh, he had passed that bound whence his steps could never be retraced. Total Abstinence is the only tower of strength, the only citadel of refuge, the only place of security against the dangers of drunkenness. See that pleasure-party so sweetly gliding along the placid bosom of the lake, with thoughts as tranquil as the sleeping element on which they ride, as bright as the mellow radiance which the evening sky flings back over the expanse of water. Not a breath disturbs the calm; not a speck dims the prospect; not a sound is heard but the echo of their wild, merry laugh as it dies away upon the far-distant shore of that lake, that cradled in the bosom of mountains, and lulled to rest by zephyrs, sleeps with the quietude of an infant's slumbers. Imperceptible to themselves they are moving on to death. And yet they dream not of danger. But, hark! what sound is that which breaks in upon their delusive dreams of security, and arouses them to a sense of the fate that awaits them? It is the roar of the cataract they are fast nearing! Death, immediate and inevitable, stares them in the face! One wild shriek of despair, and all is over, as they leap with the thundering tide down the awful precipice!

Again I call upon you to set your faces against the vice of intemperance. The age in which we live, the cause we advocate, the principles we profess, demand it at our hands, and bid us onward in a work that promises so much of good without any alloy of evil. If we fail in this duty, let us remember that we are weakening the staff of age, drying up the fountains of domestic bliss, multiplying widows and orphans in the land, and filling their hearts with sorrow, and their habitations with poverty and mourning. Let not the moderate drinker fold his arms

in fancied security. To him, I would say, tarry not where you are, but while you are yet free flee away : for though you see it not, feel it not, hear it not, a volcano threatens to open at your feet. Slumber not in your delusive dreams of safety, lest when the cry is heard announcing the approach of the enemy, you awake and find that while he slept the strong man has been shorn of his strength, and now, without the power of resistance, bows his neck to the oppressor's yoke.

Truly our lot in life has been cast in a land of extraordinary privileges—natural, political and religious ; a land upon which Heaven has exhausted its bounty, and art its ingenuity. Here, nature wears her sweetest smiles. Perhaps it would be no extravagance to say, the sun in his burning circuit through the heavens smiles not upon a fairer, a more goodly land than these United States. It is the modern land of promise, and we the highly-favored people of God.

But dearly as we love the skies that sparkle in brightness above our heads, the earth that blooms in beauty and verdure at our feet, grateful as we feel for natural advantages of our country, with far more gratitude to God do we speak of our free institutions—the religious and political privileges we are permitted to enjoy. The thunder of the Vatican, which in other lands strikes terror to the heart, here passes as the idle wind unheeded by. No hierarchy lords it over the consciences of men. No guillotine is here held up dripping with the blood of martyred millions ; no rack, no faggot, to awe the weak and timorous into submission. Truth asks no weapon but reason to combat error, no helmet but that which it brings burnished from the armory of heaven. No power but that of God can control the conscience of an American citizen. Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Infidels, are all allowed to worship God as they choose.

Our Government, the best that ever blessed mankind, was

not ordained for the few, nor the many, but for all over whom it exercises jurisdiction. It throws its mantle of protection over the humblest as well as the most exalted of its subjects. Like the dew of heaven, it sheds its blessings alike upon the lowly vale blessed only with the dim twilight, and the mountain peak bathed in external sunshine. Security in the enjoyment of life, liberty and private property, are guarantied to all, and never taken away but for the public good. No people in the world were ever blessed with such privileges as we enjoy.

These privileges we hold not in fee simple, but as executors for the past and trustees for coming generations, alike accountable to the dead, the living, the unborn, for the manner in which we use them. It is not enough that we remain stationary, without retrograding from the point where our ancestor left us. Not to speak of the impossibility of any animated existence remaining stationary long without either advancing or receding, posterity has a right to expect that the estates which we hold will descend greatly improved by our good management. What to other ages, less favored, would have been trifling omissions of duty, would be highly criminal in us who live amid the fulblaze of the nineteenth century.

How are we to fulfill those solemn duties we owe to the past, present and the future, and transmit to posterity, invigorated and improved, those free institutions with which our lives have been blessed? I answer, by the elevation of the moral feelings and the diffusion of education,—by sending the Bible and the schoolmaster abroad in the land. No people can flourish in ignorance, and no government is secure that is not founded upon the principles of the Bible. Education and sound morality constitute the palladium of liberty. Slavery can never exist in that community where the light of science, borrowing fresh effulgence from Revelation, sheds forth its radiance. As well

might you expect to chain the whirlwind, to put fetters upon the ocean's rage, to stop Ætna's flames with a wisp of straw, as to bind in slavery the mighty energies of an enlightened, virtuous community of freemen. Let it ever be borne in mind that the intellectual and moral attributes of the great mass of the people are the only *hostages* that can be given in pledge by human wisdom for the prosperity and duration of this vast Republic.

In a few more years all who now hear me will sleep with the dead. But a few more sands shall have fallen from the hour-glass of time, ere we, like flakes of snow, melt in the ocean of eternity. As we to the past generation, so will the next generation rise up to take our places, and continue the unfinished duties of their fathers. Upon their shoulders as now upon ours, will rest the weight of this mighty republic. To their hands will be committed the sacred trust we now hold—the destiny of mankind. In the rising generation the future law-givers, judges, ministerial officers of this great land are to be found. How important, then, that by proper education, they be fully prepared for the awful responsibilities that await them! The father who turns out upon society a vicious, uneducated boy, inflicts upon it a greater calamity than if he were to unchain a lion to roam at large. I call upon you then, as patriots and as fathers, if you love your country, and would transmit its glory, not only untarnished, but improved, to posterity; if you would have children yet unborn rise up and call you blessed; if you would save your gray hairs from sorrow and your old hearts from the bitterness of an anguish for which there is no remedy; if you would strew flowers along your pathway, and cause your lives to close as tranquilly as the flowers of evening folded to their sleep, look well to the education of the rising generation—to the cultivation of their minds and the improvement of their morals. Remember a good education is the richest legacy any of you can be-

queath to your son. It is a fortune that clings to him as his own identity, and can be lost only by his own base self-abandonment. Let it ever be borne in mind that if this proud nation shall ever meet with shipwreck, the waves as they roll over her will chant the sad dirge of liberty on earth. The recollections of the past and hopes of the future bid us onward in the glorious march of improvement—in the grateful duty of aiding and elevating the standard of character of those around us—of opening up the fountains of knowledge—of multiplying and rendering more accessible the sources of happiness, and of impressing upon the age in which we live the great truth, that if eternal vigilance is the price of freedom, its tenure is a cultivated intelligence, and the recognition and practice of all the requirements of a pure and lofty morality.

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### A CUP OF PURE WATER NE’ER CARRIES A STING.

BY CHRISTIAN KEENER.

A sound through the annals of ages is breaking,  
 ’Tis the pleasures of *Wine* mingled up with the song ;  
 It teems with the burstings of hearts, that are aching—  
 Yet *Poets* and *Bards*, waft its echoes along.

They have sung of its *virtues*, and dwelt on its *pleasures*.  
 And kept all its *evils* so far out of sight ;  
 That to take it away, is like stealing our *treasures*,  
 And forbidding to *drink*, is invading our *right*.

Yet the *wisest* of men, bid the "*eye*," to beware,  
How it gazed on the *Wine-cup*, when "*sparkling*," with Wine,  
For the "*poison of adders*," was still lurking there,  
Though in roseate brightness the *tempter* might shine.

Surpassing in *Wisdom*, all those that preceded,  
Unrivalled by *those* of a *subsequent* age ;  
The warning thus *given*, O had he but *heeded*,  
His follies had ne'er sullied History's page.

This *one* fatal *error*, pervading all *ages*,  
Aware of the "*Poison*," the *wine-cup* they'd *sip* ;  
Behold here, the *wisdom* and *folly* of *sages*—  
*Distrusting* the *eye*, while they *trusted* the *lip*.

But these latter-day glories the *secret* unfolded,  
Which *Samson* and *Rechab*, both knew in their day :  
Truth loses no *lustre*, when again 'tis *new-moulded*,  
And the *lumber* of ages, is all cleared away.

The *Secret* was this ; though by *angel-lips* given ;  
No *precept*, how good ; without *practice* combine,  
But will leave you by *passions'* wild storms to be *driven*,  
And *wreck* all your hopes, in the *pleasures* of *Wine*.

Come, "fill up the cup"—not the *wine-cup* of sadness—  
"*Bright water* ; a draught, which no sorrow will bring ;  
The *cup*, in whose minglings are *joy* and *gladness*,  
We may quaff it, with *safety* ; "*It carries no sting*."



## ADDRESS TO LIQUOR SELLERS.

BY DR. E. NOTT.

BRETHREN, inn-keepers, grocers, whose business it has been to sell to drinkers the drunkard's drink, has it never occurred to your minds, that the liquors dispensed were destined, though unseen by you, to blanch some glow of health, to wither some blossom of hope, to disturb some asylum of peace, to pollute some sanctuary of innocence, or plant gratuitous, perhaps enduring, misery, in some bosom of joy? Have you never, in imagination, followed the wretched inebriate whose glass you have poured out, or whose jug or bottle you have filled; have you never, in imagination, followed him to his unblessed and comfortless abode? Have you never mentally witnessed the faded cheek and tearful eye of his broken-hearted wife; never witnessed the wistful look and stifled cry of his terror-stricken children, waiting at nightfall his dreaded return; and marked the thrill of horror which the approaching sound of his footsteps sent across their bosoms? Have you never, in thought, marked his rude entrance, his ferocious look, his savage yell, and that demoniac phrenzy, under the influence of which, father, husband as he was, he drove both wife and children forth, exposed to the wintry blast and the peltings of the pitiless storm; or denying them even this refuge, how he has smitten them both to the earth beneath his murderous arm?

If you have never heretofore considered these things, will

you not consider them, and give up an occupation so subversive of virtue, so conducive to crime, so productive of misery ? You would not willingly, even though it were desired, you would not directly furnish your customers with pauperism, insanity, crime, disease and death ; why then supply them with what produces these, and more than these ; more of misery than eye hath seen, or ear heard, or than it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive ?

But the sale of liquors is your employment, and it furnishes you and yours subsistence. Be it so ; still, is it a desirable employment ? Are you willing to live, and that your family should live on the miseries endured, and the crimes committed by others, in consequence of poisons by you dispensed ? Are you willing to receive and treasure up the profits, which arise from the widow's tears, the orphan's cries, the maniac's loss of reason, the convict's loss of liberty, and the suicides of life ? Are you willing that death should find you still corrupting youth, dishonoring age, and sending waste and want and battle into the families of the poor ; and disgrace, disease and death into those of the rich ; and subverting, in both, the course of nature, so that in the habitations of maternal kindness, and under the tutelage of paternal virtue, in place of wise and good and useful men, debauchees, and paupers, and criminals, are reared up ? Are you willing death should find you still preparing victims for the poor-house, and prison and graveyard ?

And ye men of fortune, manufacturers, importers, wholesale dealers, will you not, for the sake of the young, the old, the rich, the poor, the happy, the miserable, in one word, for the sake of our common humanity, in all the states and forms in which it is presented, will you not shut up your distilleries, countermand your orders, and announce the heaven-approved resolution, never hereafter to do aught to swell the issue of these

some for a thousand, and some for ten thousand dollars a year.' The price at which you estimate your soul, I see, is three thousand dollars a year. My dear husband, look you well to be—to me it seems that even three thousand dollars a year is a paltry price for that which is truly priceless."

On the mind of that husband sudden convictions flashed; and liberal as was his portion of those rewards of unrighteousness which Satan proffered, he resolved, and avowed the resolution, to receive it no longer.

Dealer in these disguised poisons, how stands this profit and loss account with you? Have you summed up the items and ascertained the total to be by you received in exchange for that which "angels dare not bid for, and worlds want wealth to buy?"

Not without reason did the poet say in reference to the debasing influence of sinful mercenary pursuits—

"How long the wretches stoop! how deep they plunge  
In mire and dirt: they drudge and sweat and creep  
Through every fen, for vile contaminating trash.  
Since prone in thought their nature is their shame;  
And they should blush, their forehead meets the skies."

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## THE TRAFFIC.

BY REV. ALBERT BARNES

"EVERY man is bound to pursue such a business as to render a valuable consideration for that which he receives from others. A man who receives in trade the avails of the industry of others, is under obligation to restore that which will be of real

value. He receives the fruit of toil, he receives that which is of value to himself; and common equity requires that he return a valuable consideration. Thus the merchant renders to the farmer, in exchange for the growth of his farm, the productions of other climes; the manufacturer that which is needful for the clothing or comfort of the agriculturist; the physician the result of his professional skill. All these are valuable considerations, which are fair and honorable subjects of exchange. They are a mutual accommodation; they advance the interests of both parties. But it is not so with the dealer in ardent spirits. He obtains the property of his fellow-men, and what does he return? That which will tend to promote his real welfare? That which will make him a happier man? That which will benefit his family? That which diffuses learning and domestic comfort around his family circle? None of these things. He gives him that which will produce poverty, and want, and cursing, and tears, and death. He asked an egg, and he receives a scorpion. He gives him that which is established and well known as the source of no good, but as tending to produce beggary and wretchedness. Now if this were practised in any other business it would be open fraud. If in any, you could palm upon a farmer that which is not only *worthless*, but mischievous—that which would certainly tend to ruin him and his family, *could there be* any doubt about the nature of this employment? It makes no difference here that the man *supposes* that it is for his good, or that he applies for it. You *know* that it is *not* for his benefit, and you know—what is the only material point under this head—that it will tend to his ruin. Whatever *he* may think about it, or whatever *he* may desire, you are well advised that it is an article which will tend to sap the foundation of his morals and happiness, and conduce to the ruin of his estate, and his body, and his soul; and

you know, therefore, that you are *not* rendering him any really valuable consideration for his property. The dealer may look on his gains in this matter—on his houses, or mortgages, or lands, obtained as the result of this business—with something like these reflections: This property has been gained from other men. It was theirs, honestly acquired, and was necessary to promote their own happiness and the happiness of their families. It has become mine by a traffic which has not only taken it away from them, but which has ruined their peace, corrupted their morals, sent wo and discord into their families, and consigned them perhaps to an early and most loathsome grave. This property has come from the hard earnings of other men; has passed into my hands without any valuable compensation rendered; but has been obtained only while I have been diffusing want, and wo, and death, through their abodes. Let the men engaged in this traffic look on their property thus gained; let them survey the wo which has attended it; and then ask, as honest men, whether it is a moral employment.”

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## TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

THE friends of temperance know that you cannot go to the polls. But though you cannot, you can influence your husbands, and sons, and brothers, to go in the spirit of independence and deposit their ballot in favor of national prosperity and domestic peace.

“Oh!” said a wretched female, “how long will men be permitted for gold to lure our husbands and sons to destruction,

through the influence of their poisons? Twice have I been obliged to flee from my husband, at the dead of night, and go three quarters of a mile to the nearest neighbor, to avoid his brutal violence, after he has returned from the tavern, licensed by law. He has often threatened my life. Were it not for my little ones, whom my husband often beats and kicks when drunk, how thankful should I be to lie down and die. Awhile ago I was very sick with a fever, brought on by hardships and my husband's abuse: *he looked in upon me but once during my sickness, and then he only said, "you have been trying to die these ten years, and I hope you will make it out this time."* And yet when this man commenced visiting the tavern over the way, he was one of the kindest of husbands, and one of the most affectionate of fathers."

Wives! *mothers!* do you want your husbands and sons to become drunkards? Sisters do you want your brothers tempted to become drunkards? We know you do not, and if not, then we bespeak your influence in favor of the contemplated prohibition of the traffic in those elements of crime, disease and death, which are the cause of so much misery.

On many a father, and husband, and brother, your influence will be decisive. You have it in your power, therefore, to dry up at once and for ever one chief source of human misery, especially of woman's misery, and to cause plenty to return, and the voice of gladness to resound again through many a place of habitation where now pinching poverty oppresses, and sighs and lamentations only are uttered. Will you not then, betake yourselves to the furtherance of this glorious enterprise? If you will, millions shall hail you as their deliverer, and generations yet unborn arise and call you blessed.

## WHO SLEW ALL THESE?"

THE history of Intemperance is one of fearful interest. Look where you may at the past, in every age since the introduction of Alcohol, and you see the ravages of the dread destroyer. Nations, once prosperous and powerful, under the benign influence of temperance principles, were reduced to effeminacy and poverty, through excessive indulgence in wine, and the many immoralities which follow in the train of Bacchus.—Where are proud Babylon and Nineveh? Their greatness stands recorded on the pages of history, their ruin is declared in the annals of Intemperance; and the great Empire an Alexander called his own, what says the epitaph which commemorates its overthrow? Thus does it read:—"founded in rigid abstemiousness and virtue—destroyed by Intemperance its withering attendants!" Rome too has fallen, and look at the origin of her decay. Her legions, while strong in uncorrupted appetite, were invincible; but when the tempter came with poisoned cup, she drank, and fell before her enemies. The iron power of Daniel's vision became mixed with clay, and crumbled, because not cemented with Temperance and Virtue. These are a few of the wrecks of empires, all of them mighty, which, like high and fearful monuments, attest the remorseless energy of Alcohol. But we have only glanced at the loss of national greatness, as the result of intemperate habits. Let us people these empires, and cast our eyes over the vast multitudes whose souls and bodies have been consumed by Alcoholic fires. Oh! what a melancholy

sight! and could we hear the piercing shrieks of the immolated victims, methinks our souls would loathe, with infinite disgust, the procuring cause of such a vast accumulation of human woe. Look at those reeling, frenzied parents, as they cast their tender offspring into the arms of the insatiate Moloch, whose embrace is cruel death—look at the long array of broken-hearted wives—of widows with blanched cheeks telling of mental and bodily anguish; and as you see the vast concourse, with others equally oppressed and tortured, sink into an untimely grave, let your hearts bleed, and your lips vow eternal hatred of that which has produced such a fearful aggregate of wretchedness. But look again, if you would know more of what Intemperance has done. It has filled many a cavern of ocean with its victims. See those sinking vessels and the frantic groups that crowd their decks, shrieking for help—but all in vain. How came they thus suddenly to meet a watery grave? The demon Alcohol replies, “’Twas I who did the deed.” Yes! no doubt ’twas he—and could the ocean bed but yield its myriads, and should they tell who sent them to their coral resting places, they would corroborate his testimony. But have we seen the whole amount of misery and death which have marked the progress of the Alcoholic cause. No! we have only looked “through a glass darkly,” and at some few of its desolations. There are yet to pass in review the wrecks of gigantic intellects—the blasted reputation of countless thousands—ruined families—the death-bed scenes of those who, in their “*delirium tremens*” talked of hell and inward fires—these are a continuation of what may, with truth, be called the melancholy results of intemperance.

Reader! can you, dare you tamper with such an enemy? Will you introduce him to your family circle, there to sow the seeds of discord—to corrupt the morals and destroy the health and happiness of those who look up to you as their protector.



Oh! will you not become their shield from those mighty woes which have their origin in the *moderate use* of intoxicating drinks? Surely if you are a father, you will not teach your child to pray—"Lead me not into temptation," while you are holding to his lips the cup, which, to countless multitudes, has proved the cup of licentiousness and death! And will you not, now that the power is given you to chain the greatest enemy of the human race—do it? Will you not use all your influence with your friends and neighbors, to pull the fetters on the monster.

What says Washington Irving:

"The depopulating pestilence that walketh in noonday, the carnage of cruel and devastating war can scarcely exhibit their victims in a more terrible array than exterminating drunkenness. I have seen a promising family spring up from the parent trunk, and stretch abroad its populous limbs like a flowering tree covered with green and healthy foliage. I have seen the unnatural decay beginning upon the yet tender leaf, and gnawing like a worm in an unopened bud, while they dropped off, one by one, and the ruined shaft stood alone, until the winds and rains of many a sorrow that laid it too in the dust. On one of these holy days, when the patriarch, rich in virtue and in years, gathered about him the great and little ones of the flock, his sons and daughters, I too sat at the board, I pledged their health, and expatiated with delight upon the eventful future, while the good old man warmed in the genial glow of youthful enthusiasm, wiped a tear from his eyes. He was happy. I met them again when the rolling year brought the festive season round. But all were not here. The kind old man sighed as his suffused eye dwelt on the then unoccupied seat, but joy yet came to his relief, and he was happy. A parent's love knows no diminution—time, distance, poverty, shame, give but intensity

and strength to that passion, before which all others dissolve and melt away. The board was again spread, but the guests came not. The man cried '*where are my children?*' and echo answered '*where?*' His heart broke, for they were not. Could not heaven have spared his gray hairs this affliction? The demon of drunkenness had been there. They had fallen victims to his spell. And one short month sufficed to cast the veil of oblivion over the old man's sorrow and the young one's shame. They are all dead."

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## THE GREAT QUESTION.

WE have never before known the time when four millions of members, now supposed to be pledged to total abstinence in this highly favored nation, and all other persons, whether pledged or not, who give the cause we advocate their good wishes, were so imperiously called upon to arouse from all lethargy, and step forward with all their influence and energies and secure to themselves and their children the greatest blessings. Let each one be made fully acquainted with the real and true merits of the cause—the true issue. Let each one understand that on one side are a small class of men, perhaps one in a hundred of the population, asking of the other ninety-nine parts, their influence and their votes to open houses at the corners of our streets and in the highways of the country, to vend rum, gin, whiskey, enforced and drugged wines, filthy beer, cider, &c. This one-hundredth part of the population of this nation ask of the other ninety-nine parts, to sacrifice their interests for the profits they might make in dealing out these pernicious compounds.

And what, we ask, is the legitimate result of the business this *small* class call upon the suffering *large* class to sanction and support? Is it not to make drunkards of our sons, and prepare drunkards for our daughters to marry? Is it not to degrade a large class of our citizens, who otherwise would have been honest, sober, virtuous and industrious, and large contributors to the public wealth and public burthens, in place of being made paupers, criminals, and madmen, filling our prisons, and poor-houses, and mad-houses, for the industrious to support? Who can deny that these are the legitimate fruits of the traffic in strong drink? This being the case (even the dealers being the judges,) is it not asking a little too much of the people—not to enslave themselves, by continuing a system, which, viewed in every aspect in which it can be placed, is so destructive in all its tendencies?

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TESTIMONY AGAINST INTOXICATING WINE.—Smollet in his travels through France and Italy in 1776, makes the following record:

“All the peasants who have wine for their ordinary drink, are of diminutive size, in comparison with those who use milk and water. And it is a constant observation that when there is a scarcity of wine, the common people are always more healthy than those seasons where it abounds. The longer I live, the more convinced I am that wine and all fermented liquors are pernicious to the human constitution, and that for the preservation of health and exhilaration of the spirits, there is no beverage comparable to *simple water*.”

For the want of the knowledge of the great truth here recorded, in the year of the declaration of our Independence, millions of our population have been sacrificed.



# Monthly Compend.

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**OUR PROVINCIAL NEIGHBORS.**—No part of the North American Continent has done more for the temperance cause, within a short time past, than the British Provinces. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, the Canadas, East and West, have done and are doing a glorious work. Much good is anticipated from the recent visit of Mr. GOUGH to Nova Scotia. The seed scattered by Messrs. HAWKINS and KELLOGG among the people of the Provinces has taken deep root, and already bears an abundant harvest.

The *Canada Temperance Advocate*, a well-filled semi-monthly quarto, has now been published seventeen years, and continues its faithful labors with good success at Montreal.

The Sons of Temperance have made rapid progress in Newfoundland. Prince Edward's Island has also given a noble army to our ranks. A recent public gathering at St. John's, N. B. shows the most cheering signs of progress. It is believed that the manufacture and importation of alcoholic poisons will be materially lessened in that quarter the present year.

Demonstrations, anniversaries, processions, presentations and other popular occasions have called out the people in many parts of the Provincial region. We notice reports of not less than ten public celebrations within a few weeks past.

There are three papers in the Provinces that are hard at work for the cause—the *Canadian Son of Temperance*, the *Watchman*, and the *Christian Advocate*. We wish them all success.

The Sons of Temperance in Canada West have been duly incorporated by the Canadian Legislature. Those in Canada East will probably be incorporated at the next session.

It is stated, in a letter from Rev. J. CHINIQUEY, that the temperance pledge is making progress among the French Canadians—not less than three hundred thousand having enrolled themselves under its peaceful banners.

There is a waking up among the friends of total abstinence, and a consequent opposition among its enemies in Quebec. The Board

of Trade of that city will probably be induced to take some steps in favor of temperance, in consequence of the progress of public sentiment.

A communication from the venerable THADDEUS OSGOOD, urging on the Reform in Canada, appears in the *Montreal Advocate*. Mr. Osgood has been highly useful in that region, especially in promoting temperance among seamen.

The whole aspect of the good work in the British Provinces is certainly onward.

MAINE.—This noble State has thus far maintained her advanced position. She sustains her new temperance law triumphantly. Judging from present appearances she will sustain it to the end. The opposition is marshalling all its forces, secret as well as public; but although the struggle is desperate on the part of the liquor-sellers, it will be all in vain. "*Revolutions never go backwards.*" The people of Maine have called for this Law, and they will maintain it triumphantly.

The indefatigable Dr. CHARLES JEWETT has been laboring very efficiently in Maine. The good effect of his judicious and well-timed exertions are seen in all directions. The Dr. had the pleasure, recently, of seizing a large quantity of liquor, as it came to one of the wharves on the Kennebec. It was a rich scene—literally bearding the lion in his den. But the old monster had to surrender to the Dr.'s doses, and was sent back to his keepers in Boston. Similar cases are occurring in various parts of the State.

The great feature of success in this Maine Temperance Law is that *it annihilates the capital of the rum-seller by destroying the article*. The dealer has no weapons to fight with when his rum is gone. He can drum up no recruits when he is no longer "pot valiant;" and his old body-guards all desert him when deprived of "the sinews of war."

Maine is still the Banner State. But it is evident that she can maintain her exalted position only by the most strenuous exertions. It will not do for the friends of Temperance there to fold their hands and conclude that because they have this powerful law to aid them, therefore the battle is won. By no means. There is a great work yet to be done. Public sentiment is to be kept up to a healthful tone. The weekly meetings of the different orders of temperance must be vigilantly maintained. Particular attention ought to be paid to the choice of members of the next legislature. A constant watch should be kept on the tricks and plots of the rum gentry of the adjacent states and Provinces.

Friends of Temperance, everywhere! give freely of your sympathies, your counsels and your prayers, for the success of our cause in Maine.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The movements in the State are favorable. It is clear that the example of Maine will be powerfully felt among all the people. There is a prospect of a revival of temperance feeling. The Club of Watchmen is doing well. Similar associations are called

for in all parts of the State—especially in Concord, Manchester, and other large towns. There is also great need of an efficient temperance press at some central point. New Hampshire has abundant material for making a powerful onset against the dire evils of intemperance. May she speedily bring it into successful operation!

**VERMONT.**—No temperance paper reaches us from this State. But the principles of total abstinence are very generally diffused throughout the community. There is not much public action of the Sons of Temperance, or of any other Order devoted to the cause—but it seems to be expected that Vermont will come out right, as a matter of course. Her next Legislature will undoubtedly pass a law similar to that of Maine; and when it is passed, it will be triumphantly carried into effect by the people.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—The great Rail Road Celebration in Boston—of which we spoke in our last Magazine—has called much of the attention of the public to the temperance enterprise. Here was a glorious popular demonstration, celebrating the union of the shores of the River St. Lawrence with those of Boston Bay, in which hundreds of thousands from our own and other lands participated, for three days in succession, and the most perfect order reigned throughout the whole occasion. What a triumph of the practice of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks! At least 50,000 people were crowded together on Boston Common at one moment, yet they were there all peaceful, contented and happy. Instead of the old-fashioned rum-booth, with its thrice-accursed paraphernalia of drunkenness, blasphemy, indecency and rioting, was the broad arbor that covered the sparkling fountains of cold water, dealt out freely by the city, “without money and without price,” to all the thirsty multitude. What a change! It was like the dawn of a Temperance Millennium.

His Excellency the President of the United States, **MILLARD FILLMORE**, was present at the great dinner given on the occasion, and set an example worthy of his high place, and of the American nation, by totally abstaining from every intoxicating beverage. When invited to drink wine, he politely declined the glass. What a sublime triumph of temperance is here! The Governor of the State, **Hon. R. C. WINTHROP**, and several other distinguished citizens followed the truly illustrious example set them by the President of the nation!

At the splendid levees given by his honor the Mayor, **Mr. WINTHROP**, and other gentlemen, no wine was offered to the distinguished guests. So much for temperance in high places. What a change within the last twenty years!

Several County Conventions have been held within the past few weeks that were numerously attended. One was held in Barnstable County at which the Governor, Secretary of State, **Rev. Messrs. J. PIERPONT**, and **C. W. DENISON**, were the speakers. A similar meeting took place in Norfolk County that was addressed by **Hon. H. MANN**, **M. C.** for that district, and **Hon. H. P. BANKS**, late Speaker of the Mass. House of Representatives.

A numerous and influential State Temperance Convention was held on the first day of last month at Worcester. Much credit is due to Mr. WILLSON, the efficient G. W. P. of the Mass. S. of T. and to Rev. Mr. OTTEMAN, of Chelsea, the Chief of the only Club of Temperance Watchmen in the State, for the success of this great gathering. It shows what a few determined men can do for a good cause when they really have their hearts in it.

A remarkably neat and judiciously managed temperance paper has appeared in Boston. It is called the *Bulletin*, and is published monthly at Cochituate Hall, by Messrs. E. B. DEARBORN & Co. The price is only fifty cents a year. Hereafter it is to contain eight pages of reading matter, and we have no doubt will prove an efficient ally in our benevolent enterprise.

Much has been said in the papers respecting the free use of intoxicating drinks on board the vessels employed in the Regatta, in Boston Harbor, during the late Rail Road Jubilee. But it ought to be stated here that the liquors were procured and placed in use without the authority and against the known wishes of a majority of the committee of the city government. Nine-tenths of the citizens of Boston disapprove of the public use of alcoholic poison—thus showing the progress of the Temperance reformation.

The Temperance cause is rising in old Massachusetts.

RHODE ISLAND.—The tone of popular feeling is gradually but surely growing better. The attempts made on the lives of several citizens, by the supporters of the liquor traffic, has produced the right kind of re-action. Several Mass Conventions in Rhode Island will secure the State to the right side.

CONNECTICUT.—The State Convention held at Hartford has already produced the most beneficial effects. It encouraged the decided, aroused the lukewarm, combined our forces and alarmed our enemies. So much for the action of the Maine Law in the Land of Steady Habits.

From present appearances we should not be surprised if Connecticut were to press ahead of Massachusetts in regard to legislative action. It looks like it now. The settlement of the State was made on Temperance principles; and the motto on its escutcheon assures us that "*He who planted will sustain.*"

NEW-YORK.—The course pursued by the General Assembly of the Empire has been so diverse that it has discouraged the friends of Temperance. At one time it seemed as if the Legislature would grant all that the people required, by the enactment of righteous laws for the suppression of the infamous liquor traffic. At another, nothing or worse than nothing has been done, leaving the petitioners unanswered at the doors of the legislative halls, and their petitions under the tables of their public servants. No State has been more temporised with on this question than the great State of New-York.

But we are happy to see that there is a prospect of a better state of things the coming winter. One fact is certain: there will be a

greater number of temperance men than ever before returned to the legislature. This is gaining a very important point. When such men are fairly in the seats of power, by the will of the people, the fiendish Rum Demon will tremble in his strong holds.

The Sons of Temperance, Rechabites, Good Samaritans and Leagues are all gradually uniting on common ground, and that ground is the utter extermination of the foul Tyrant of our race from the bounds of New-York. The struggle will be a mighty one; but victory must sooner or later perch on the glorious temperance banner.

A "State Temperance Alliance Committee" was formed in the City of New-York in September last, that promises great good to the cause.

The new National Temperance Society has entered the field in favor of legislative enactments, and will do Yeomens' service in the work before us.

The central part of New-York is rising up like a giant in the temperance movement. The tide of triumph is yet to roll over the State from beyond Cayuga Bridge.

We notice, in the *Rochester Journal*, two articles from our Magazine, without the proper credit, viz.: History of a Neighborhood, by Hon. Neal Dow, and an Address, by Rev. Thos. P. Hunt. We would remind Bro. Chipman that all our articles are *copyrighted*, and we cannot allow them to be copied unless our Magazine has the credit. We would also acquaint Bro. Rech. of the *Christian Advocate and Journal* with the same fact.

NEW-JERSEY.—The returns from this State are not as encouraging as we wish they were. There is still a great need of a central temperance press, and an efficient agent. Our friends in New Jersey should not lose a moment in attending to these important matters. By the union of several of the Divisions the right kind of a man could be readily obtained and efficiently supported as a laborer in that inviting field. Which Division will have the honor of moving first in this good work?

PENNSYLVANIA.—There has been a State gathering since our last that gives signs of encouragement. The great desideratum in Pennsylvania is united action. We are satisfied, however, that this will be obtained. The movement for an advance in legislation has been commenced under judicious auspices, and promises well. Some of the strongest friends of temperance in this country are to be found in Philadelphia. Now is the time, in view of the next session of the legislature, for a combined effort. There is great need of well-sustained temperance houses in all parts of Pennsylvania. These are the rallying points of the friends of the cause.

The Key Stone is the Social State of the Union. It has more public houses in it, in proportion to its population, than any other member of the Confederacy. Let the people reform their taverns by driving out the monster strong drink, and the triumph of total abstinence would be well nigh won.



OHIO.—The signs of the times continue ominous of good in this great commonwealth. The question as to the best method of effectually putting down the liquor traffic is being carried directly before the people, at the polls. It will not take them long to answer it in the right way.

One peculiarity of the anti-temperance movement in Ohio is the organization of the rumsellers (mostly foreigners) into combined societies. This is a striking intimation of what may be expected in this country, and we are glad that the enemy is thus early showing his hand. We now know how and where to meet him.

It is evident that the temperance principle is spreading rapidly in Ohio. The foreign liquor dealers in the large cities are now the principal obstacles to the cause of humanity.

The influence of the seminaries of learning in this State is highly beneficial.

MARYLAND.—We are much encouraged by the intelligence received from the Maryland line. Much good has been done there by the social gatherings that have taken place within the last few months.

The legislation of Maryland in the temperance question has been extremely uncertain. Sometimes it has flattered and then as suddenly depressed the friends of total abstinence. The great hope now lies in sending only pledged men to the legislature. This should be attended to, in every case, by the members of our organizations in the different parties. No other course can be depended upon as safe or successful.

The blending of literature and temperance has been highly successful in Maryland. This is what is wanted every where. Our meetings should be rendered as attractive as possible. It is time that the lyre of music and the laurels of the student should be divorced from the thralldom of the wine cup. Maryland has set a noble example in this respect. We hope it will be followed at once in all parts of the land.

A grand demonstration and Procession of the Sons and Cadets of Temperance took place last month in Baltimore. It was a highly popular and useful occasion.

Our friends have very wisely commenced a Public Library in the Temple, Baltimore, for the use of the Divisions meeting there. We trust this worthy example will be imitated every where.

VIRGINIA.—One of the most favorable symptoms connected with temperance in the Old Dominion is the increased care taken by the different political parties to nominate avowed or well-known temperance men. This shows which way the wind is blowing. And when these temperance men get into the legislature, if they are true to their pledges, they will not be idle in "the cause of all mankind." They will show their hands in a way that will tell directly and powerfully on public sentiment.

There is an increasing temperance influence in Virginia. The popular gatherings of the present fall give unmistakable proof of this fact.

**KENTUCKY.**—The Annual Session of the Grand Division of the S. of T. was held at Louisville last month, but at too late an hour to allow us to give our readers the particulars in this Number. Arrangements were made for quite a number of public addresses.

The foreign liquor selling interest is at work in Kentucky. But our friends are prepared to meet it. The contest will be spirited—especially in the river towns. There is no doubt of the result, if every son and daughter of temperance is true to the sacred vows of the cause.

The editor of the *New Era*, at Louisville, was making arrangements for travelling as extensively as possible in aid of the pledge during the present month. Success attend him!

**TENNESSEE.**—It gives us great pleasure to announce that the authority given by the G. D. of the S. T. in Tennessee to P. G. W. P's. DILLAHUNTY and CARUTHERS, and G. W. A. TAYLOR, to traverse the State and stir up the public mind to the great and lasting claims of the temperance movement has been improved by those gentlemen. Judge DILLAHUNTY is well known to be one of the most efficient temperance advocates in the country. His name is a tower of strength in different parts of the West.

Tennessee owes much to the temperance principles of some of her early settlers. She has some faithful Sons in her borders, who are doing their duty fearlessly. The opposition in some places breaks out into rioting; but this only goes to show its true character, and helps on the good cause.

The *Organ* of the S. of T., at Nashville, is an organ worth having. It does not spend its time in throwing out "Hints" against its fellow-laborers, but gives a true testimony for the pledge, at all times and in all places. Would that every other professed temperance organ were equally judicious and efficient!

The annual meeting of the Tennessee Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance was held in Nashville, on the 14th of last month. A grand rally of the Order took place in that city on the previous day. Considerable important business connected with the advancement of the enterprise was transacted.

Hon. T. M. GALLY, P. G. W. P., of Virginia, has visited Tennessee, and labored there with much acceptance.

Rev. J. P. CAMPBELL is visiting various parts of the State with good success.

There is a prospect that the legislation of Tennessee will be reformed.

**ILLINOIS.**—The Divisions in this State are loudly called upon to encourage the circulation of their temperance paper at Springfield. It is the faithful support of the temperance press that gives life to the temperance cause. The *Illinois Organ* at Springfield, the centre of the State, and the *Messenger*, at Chicago, are both doing a good work, and both should be well sustained.

The law of Illinois against the liquor traffic is strong enough in many of its provisions, and only needs to be carried out to redeem the

the N. Y. *Organ*, the *Fountain* and *Journal*, Gardiner, Me., and *Monumental Fountain*, Baltimore. To commend such works to the public would be like painting the lily, or gilding of refined gold.

The *Templar's Magazine*, at Cincinnati, Ohio, devoted especially to the Order of Templars, is a monthly we peruse with great pleasure.

✍ Several gratifying indications have reached us from New Jersey, since the Compend for the present month was in type.

There are favorable returns from Louisiana, which we shall notice more at length next month.

✍ The friends of temperance have reason to expect a cheering report from the action of the new State Central Committee, appointed by the late Convention in Massachusetts. It is located principally in Boston and vicinity. The indefatigable Dr. CHARLES JEWETT, will devote much of his time to the cause, under the sanction of this Committee.

We understand it is the intention of this influential body to secure the services of Hon. N. P. BANKS, Jr., late Speaker of the Mass. House of Representatives, President of the Worcester Convention, and one of the most able and successful champions of total abstinence to be found in the land.

Highly encouraging returns continue to reach us from the grand demonstration held last summer in Exeter Hall, London. We notice the name of Mr. Geo. Cruikshank, the popular artist, among the names of the temperance men of England.

The establishment of the *Watchman*, a paper friendly to total abstinence, at San Francisco, is one of the most pleasing signs of the times.

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#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

✍ Our Magazine has met with such gratifying encouragement, that we have in active preparation, a series of spirited Temperance Tales, which will be splendidly illustrated by the celebrated artist T. H. MATTESON, Esq. These illustrations will be given in addition to the beautiful steel portraits of our distinguished Temperance Champions, and we would earnestly call upon every friend of Temperance and lover of pure literature to sustain this powerful auxiliary of our noble cause, let the floods of light and flashy publications, which are filling the minds of our youth with worse than nonsense, give place to a literature of a purer and more elevating character; in a word, see that the Magazine is a constant visitor at every Home, that its counsels may influence our hearts and guide the steps of our children.

Communications for subscriptions, or agencies, (post paid,) will receive prompt attention by addressing the *Publisher*.





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John B. Gough



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1870



*B. J. J. J.*



Daggs by Whistler

Eng. by J. Neely

Yours  
In L. P. & F.  
M. Gally

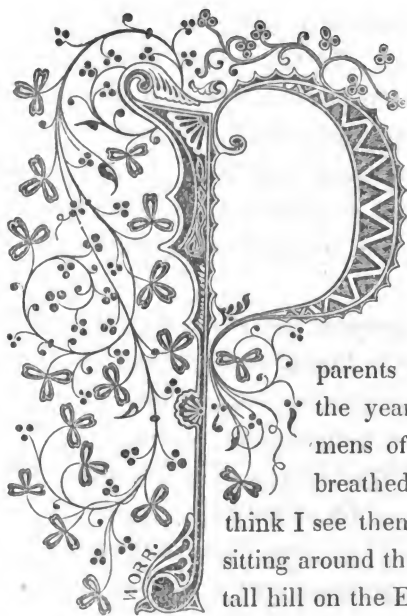
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THOMAS M. GALLY, P. G. W. P.,  
OF VIRGINIA.

(With a Portrait.)



PROBABLY no man of his age, in Virginia, has attracted more distinguished attention than the subject of this sketch.

THOMAS M. GALLY, was born in the city of Wheeling in the State of Virginia, in the year 1822. His

parents emigrated from Ireland in the year 1812, and as noble specimens of the Emerald Isle as ever breathed. They still survive. I

think I see them now—God bless them!—sitting around their happy fireside under the tall hill on the East that shuts out the morn-

ing glory from the city, and seems to say to declining sun-light, “thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.” I think I see them now—sitting around that comfortable, old-fashioned hearth—the lustre of those large, speaking night-eyes still un-dimmed, and those big hearts, within, yet full of love, charity and christian grace, speaking words of kindness to the stranger, and throwing around the heart of the wanderer those endearing charms which true kindness only can invent and take from separation its keen-er pangs, and give to absence a positive enjoyment. Yes, there

they still live, close by that retired and peaceful spot where Thomas received "the first kiss of love" from a mother who, in the long years that have since intervened, has been to him Mother, Guide, Instructor, and who now can and does sit by his side, and, throwing her arms around his neck and, upon his countenance, concentrating all the light and love of eyes that seem born for love and for command, calls him "my boy" in tones of affection, pride and exultation, such only as it is a mother's privilege to use and to enjoy. To the faithful instructions of this mother and of an elder brother—a young man pre-eminent for learning and piety who had long since "gone to his reward"—he is indebted for the substantial foundation of a superstructure of moral and intellectual excellence, of which a man of better opportunities and more advanced age might well be proud.

He spent a short time, probably two or three years, at Alleghany College in Meadville Pennsylvania, where he distinguished himself for his proficiency in mastering any subject, to which his ambition prompted him, and for his intrepid daring which made him rather a difficult subject of government. But his impatience of restraint and his anxiety to grapple with the strong arm of reality, hurried him away from college instruction and discipline, long before prudence and a matured judgment would have dictated.

In the year 1840, he became interested in the Temperance movement, and in the next year went to Pittsburg and for a time had the editorial control of a paper devoted to that cause. Being anxious, however, to adopt some profession upon which he could more safely rely for a support, he subsequently went to Cincinnati and read law under the kind and excellent supervision of Mr. Johnston, afterwards Judge of the Superior Court in that city. During this time, his zeal in behalf of Temper-

ance did not abate, but, to enlarge the sphere of his usefulness, he united with the order of the Sons of Temperance—then in its infancy ; and neglected no opportunity to “warn his fellow-men of error’s path.” Soon he was admitted to the Bar and commenced the practice of law under very encouraging circumstances and with a prospect brighter than which seldom, if ever, opened up to the vision of a young and ambitious practitioner. Unfortunately his health failed, and under the conviction that he was a victim of that fatal decline which has made its heaviest contributions from the roll of genius, he shut his eyes to the inviting future and turned his steps towards home, if not to find health, at least to receive those soothing ministrations, which afford so much solace to the heart in its last moments of weakness and dissolution. Two years passed by, and still a doubt hung over his existence.

In the spring of 1847, from the persuasion of friends, he visited the north, and his health materially improved. During that sojourn, he adhered to his temperance faith, and in public speeches delivered in Philadelphia, Boston, New York and Baltimore, gave ample evidence of his fidelity and ability. In the same year, he became a member of the Grand Division of Virginia, and, at its October Session, was appointed Travelling Deputy G. W. P. Although still in delicate health, he at once entered upon the discharge of the arduous and responsible duties of his new station, and traversed various portions of the State, proclaiming the gospel of temperance to the people and building up Divisions wherever he went. Through his instrumentality, the Order of the Sons of Temperance in Virginia was raised to a degree of respectability and importance in the public estimation, infinitely higher than it had ever before assumed, and more of prejudice and opposition was overcome than the friends of the cause, in so short a time, dared to hope for. At

the October Session of 1848, he was elected, I believe *unanimously*, the Grand Worthy Patriarch of Virginia, and as cordially invited to continue his valuable labors as a State Lecturer. To this he assented, although at a sacrifice of health and money. He travelled extensively over Eastern Virginia, and left everywhere the happy and indelible impress of his intellect and his heart; and now scattered all over the Old Dominion there are numbers untold, whose hearts, at the appearing of brother Gally, would instantly telegraph to his heart those words so grateful to a Son of Temperance, "*Welcome, Brother!*" At the expiration of his term of office, he announced to the Grand Division that his health and private affairs would allow him no longer to remain in their service as a Lecturer. This was sad and unwelcome news, but each member, with reluctance and grief, assented and submitted to the necessity which dissolved the peculiar and delightful relations so long subsisting between them and him. They would not, however, permit him to depart without some further testimonial of their enduring regard and high appreciation, and they, therefore, unanimously adopted the following resolves, the last of which has been handsomely and appropriately executed:

"1. *Resolved*, That the thanks of this G. D. are one, and they are hereby tendered to P. G. W. P. Gally, for the able, distinguished and successful labors which have marked his career during the two years last past, as the Travelling Deputy of this G. D.

"2. *Resolved*, That this G. D. sincerely regrets its inability to confer upon Brother Gally anything like an adequate compensation for those labors, which justice and a spirit of affectionate fraternity alike demand.

"3. *Resolved*, That, as a token of our unchanging affection for our beloved Brother Gally, the G. S. be authorized to

procure a goblet engraved with appropriate devices, and present it to the said brother in the name of this G. D."

Well does the writer of this remember the incidents of the closing scene of that Session, when Brother Gally, as he then supposed, took leave of his brethren for ever. The eye still moistens as memory paints that scene afresh.

Since that time—ah, yes! since that time, he has married, of which flood-tide of his existence, suffice it say, that it brought close to his bosom a fair one selected by himself and fit for himself. But, since that time, until recently,—except when, at long intervals, he would, in spite of ill health and other obstacles, take the position so peculiarly his own, and "cry aloud and spare not" in defence of "the cause of all mankind"—his labors have been confined to the more retired circle of private affairs.

In August last, he was, over many competitors, elected by the qualified voters of his District, in which the city of Wheeling is included, to represent them in the Convention which was convened for the purpose of amending and reforming the Constitution of Virginia. To that duty, he has faithfully, constantly and diligently applied himself, and that, too, in a manner which will yet further enhance his reputation. The great "bone of contention" between the eastern and western sections of the State, is the principle to be engrafted in the new constitution upon which the apportionment of representation is to be based. The east contend for a mixed basis of population and taxation, and the west contend for what is called the white basis, or that which has regard solely to population. On this question Brother Gally has made a speech of which a correspondent of one of the Virginia papers has taken the following notice :

"On Saturday, Mr. Gally made a very brilliant and credit-

able speech in favor of the white basis. It is much to be regretted that it had not been delivered earlier in the session. However, that circumstance will not detract from its superiority in the least, but the speech will take a high rank in the debates of the Convention as a very able and eloquent production. His conclusion, in which he alluded to the division of the State as an event to be desired by no true Virginian, was eloquent and touching in the extreme, and the best evidence of its well-timed and effective pathos is to be derived from the fact that, during its delivery, many members were seen brushing away the tears that were waked up by the happy strokes of the graceful orator."

Let it not be understood, however, that, since he took his seat in this Convention, he has been silent in regard to temperance. On the contrary, he has delivered many speeches with considerable effect, and has bound himself more dearly than ever to the friends of that noble cause.

So much for the labors of Thomas M. Gally. A few more particulars will close this hurried sketch.

He is probably about five feet ten inches high, with a rather delicate frame. He has dark auburn hair; a brow, forehead, and lip, indicative of intellect and resolution; small features, somewhat sallow, but now and then crimsoned with a flush which betokens that the fires of disease have not yet been entirely extinguished. His eyes are dark, piercing, luminous—very magnets of love to one who has his heart, but double-edged poignards, lightning flashes when stirred up to indignation by the sufferings or the vices of mankind. Upon first acquaintance he is somewhat reserved, but that heart of his will never remain cold long, after it has found its like; and then, his affability, his versatility, his extraordinary genius shine out like a bright, warm, summer's sun, exciting wonder, while it inspires love and gratitude, or like a gentle wind reanimating everything it touches, or like the soft, mellow notes of the lute soothing the

senses and taking captive the heart. His purse, even when he could illy afford it—and he has always been a poor man—has ever been open to the poor. To the inebriate he has always been a brother, friend; and many of that forsaken, maltreated class has he been instrumental in saving from worse than a drunkard's degradation. His mind is well stored with rich and varied information upon historical, religious and political questions, and it would be difficult to introduce a topic for conversation upon which he has not bestowed some reflection, or about which he does not possess some valuable information. In addition to this, he has a remarkably accurate and retentive memory, which opens before him an immense storehouse, from which he selects so many sterling weapons with which to do battle in whatever cause he is engaged. As a speaker, he is fluent, eloquent, argumentative and attractive in the extreme; infinitely preferring to argue rather than declaim, never shrinking from a difficult point, but meeting his adversary anywhere and everywhere he may be, with whatever arms he may choose, and with intrepid boldness giving blow for blow, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." His discourses occasionally are tinged with metaphysics, but his reasoning is always clear, pointed, logical and concise. At times he indulges in the most brilliant, impassioned and overwhelming strains of eloquence, carrying his delighted or startled audience whither he listeth; and then, again, he can indulge in strains as soft, melting and plaintive as the melancholy breeze that floats around Italian memories, and open wide the fountains of the heart, deluging his audience with their tears; and then by a master stroke of his tongue, by a keen witticism, or a well-told, *appropos* anecdote, he can make his hearers drown their agony of sorrow in one of uncontrollable, hysterical merriment. In a word, he has entire control of the minds and the passions of the crowds that



flock to hear him—a dangerous man, indeed, in a bad cause, but an invincible champion and an invaluable friend of *the right*.

Before leaving Cincinnati, he was called upon by the citizens of that city to greet, in their behalf, the venerable John Quincy Adams, then on a visit to the Queen City of the Great West. He made a highly eloquent and appropriate address, at the conclusion of which, as was stated in the prints of the day, giving an account of the proceedings, the distinguished and accomplished ex-President walked up to him, and, placing his trembling hand upon his head, said “Young man, I should like to know your mother!” Those who are aware of Mr. Adams’ high appreciation of the value of a mother, and of the important and paramount influence she exercises over the heart and mind and conduct of the son, will at once admit that the compliment conveyed in that remark was infinitely more delicate and truly flattering, than if it had been couched in set and gilded phrases of commonplace adulation; and Mr. Adams, had he known that mother, would have felt no surprise at the son.

Such is a brief but imperfect sketch of Thomas M. Gally, as he has been and as he is. If he shall continue to refuse to “give up to party,” or to sect, that which “was intended for mankind,” he will receive the admiration and applause of the wise and the virtuous of his compeers and of posterity—and be a hero, not of “grim-visaged war,” but of sweetly smiling peace, whose rich trophies will be found around the glad, domestic circle, and, may be, thence transplanted to another sphere, “to shine as stars in the firmament for ever and ever.”

## UNEQUAL YOKING:

A WARNING TO YOUNG WOMEN.

BY LEROY M. LEE, D.D.,

Richmond, Va.

“THOU shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together,” is one of the singular prescripts of the Jewish law. But strange as it may seem, it was founded on good reasons, and is replete with valuable suggestions. The one, in its relations to the Mosaic ritual, was clean; the other unclean. Besides, the differences of form, habit and character of the two animals would seem to interdict such a combination of labor; and it was the belief of an ancient writer that its conception must have been instigated by the father of the whole fraternity of mischief and contradiction. As a corroboration of the unnaturalness of the suggestion it may be stated, that when Ulysses would have it believed that he was mad, he resorted to the device of joining a horse and an ass to plow. One can hardly think that men, unhelpt of Satan, would join together, in the same yoke, two animals so entirely dissimilar in their tempers and motions. But the main object of the prohibition, it is quite certain, was to oppose a supposition then prevalent among the surrounding nations—that their fields would be more productive if cultivated by this process of plowing. Idolatry held and taught that the

gods were propitiated by unnatural contrasts of this kind,—such as sowing divers kinds of seed together, mixing woollen and linen in the texture of their clothing, and plowing with an odd assortment of animals in the yoke. The folly of such arts was augmented by the feelings that prompted them. The prescript, therefore, was intended at once to connect the superstition, and to show the wisdom of the universal law that like cleaves to its like.

Beyond this, it is not improbable that this law lends a forcible illustration, if not a presumptive authority to the doctrine of the apostle, respecting the qualities that constitute fitness for the marriage relation. An ill-assorted marriage is as unseemly a piece of yoke-bearing as that prohibited by Moses ; and, if deliberately entered upon, deserves to be regarded as a proof of the malady assumed by Ulysses when he brought the noble horse and the stupid ass into the associations of the yoke. A quaint old writer has depicted the inequalities of such a union with a remarkable felicity of language and illustration :

“ Ill fares the hapless family that shows  
A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows ;  
I know not which live most unnatural lives :  
Obeying husbands, or commanding wives.

Without staying to settle the difficulty of the poet, it may be assumed that such “ husbands ” and “ wives ” are far more numerous than, for the dignity of the Divine law, and the peace of human society, they ought to be ; and “ hapless families,” therefore, are neither few nor far between. “ A hen that crows ” is a *rara avis*, far more so than the corresponding clause in the poet's figure. With all of the religious propensities of their nature, the greatest barrier in the progress of womankind to the perfection of their social state lies in the repugnance with which, as by one consent, they regard the law that brings

“commanding wives” and “unnatural lives” into juxtaposition. But we are treading on the great battle-field of life to saint, to savage, and to sage, and, therefore, for the present, assume the counterpart of “a hen that crows.”

But if, in the entire history of that kind of yoking which of twain makes one flesh, there is a marked and horrid inequality that chafes until the soul is sore, it is when one half of this one flesh is addicted to drunkenness! A drunken wife!—let her name be written on the sand, to be washed out by the rain, or blown away by the winds of heaven. As a mere theoretical speculation, she is the least of the two evils of married drunkenness. But, to the honor of the sex, they are so scarce that we may not stop to study or depict that last, worst, and meanest of all moral subjects—a drunken woman. Some one has said that the most forlorn and pitiable object in life is “a widow in her weeds of woe.” But we think, desolate as may be her lot, she has a sister whose lot is desolation augmented by despair. Her sadness is sunshine, her sorrow, a daily rapture compared with the unmixed misery of a drunkard’s wife. And this misery in its keenness, intensity and duration will be always proportioned to the virtue, intelligence and refinement of the sufferer. As these have breadth and power her days will be a sigh, her life the long drawn agony of a crushed and bleeding heart.

That such a woman should be deceived into an alliance with drunkenness is one of the misfortunes of life. But to enter it deliberately is a crime well meriting the whole catalogue of suffering that usually follows in the wake of the vice. The fact of a young friend, rich in all the adornments of maidenly attraction and excellence, accepting the proposals of a dissolute young man, whom she had seen intoxicated, is one of the first and profoundest horrors that remains in the writer’s recollections

of early life. Love is changed with blindness. The allegation would seem to be true ; or else, without rhyme or reason, many a woman enters into covenant with misery, and foredooms herself to a long and hopeless companionship with shame and sorrow, crime and suffering. To such as are draining this cup of bitterness, acidulated by the consciousness of having mixed it for themselves, very little can be said, beside the utterance of a sincere sympathy. But for those not yet yoked, a word of warning, against such unequal yoking, may not be out of place.

*To marry* is the first verb in the grammar of female language, as it is the first article in their creed of social life. It is to hope and happiness what action is to eloquence,—everything. It is the territory of bliss on earth ; and we are not sure that the pathway to heaven does not, in the estimation of some, lead directly through it. At least it is the maternal state of grown up people ; and women are no more to be blamed for desiring it than the sterner sex, upon whom the laws of civilized life imposes the obligation of courting. But desire must be reduced to its last shift, or be utterly reckless when it consents to a life's-alliance with drunkenness, or with that common use of liquor that as surely leads to intemperance as consumption does to death. The history of one such marriage may illustrate a thousand ; and will, if rightly considered, serve as a warning to every woman who contemplates an entrance into the holy estate of matrimony. For this purpose we offer a few pages from the life of one who richly merited a better fate—a sister of JOHN WESLEY, the world-known founder of Methodism.

MEHATABEL WESLEY, commonly called HETTY, in her childhood gave such remarkable indications of mental strength as led her parents to cultivate them with great care and diligence. Her proficiency in the learned languages was such that at the early age of eight years she could read the Greek

Testament. Poetry was common to her family, yet it shone forth in her with a peculiar brilliancy. She was of a gay and sprightly disposition, full of mirth and good humor, and of a keen and polished wit. These qualities of mind, set off by a handsome person and pleasing manners, attracted many aspirants for her hand. In the crowd of her admirers there was one whose addresses she accepted, and for whom she felt a strong affection. But in this case, as in a thousand others, "the course of true love did not run smooth." Her father interposed, refused his consent to the consummation of the engagement, and compelled her either to abandon her lover, or marry without the parental blessing on her union. Either offered a severe trial to duty on the one hand, and inclination on the other. She sought to comply with the demands of filial duty, without relinquishing her betrothed; hoping, by patient endurance, ultimately to secure her father's sanction, and his blessing upon her union with the man of her choice. But for some cause the gentlemen, whether from the opposition he met with, or from fickleness of character, or some worse motive, ceased his attentions, and abandoned a woman who, at any sacrifice, would have proved a jewel of priceless value. Her disappointment was keen; and under the influence of mortified feelings she seems to have resolved never to marry. But even that vow was not proof against parental authority. A Mr. Wright, a plumber, poor, but probably of respectable connexions, soon sought her in marriage; and his suit was strongly sustained by her father. She found him utterly unsuited to her in mind, education and manners. They were unlike in every respect. She declared her strong disapprobation of the proposal, and begged that parental authority might not be used to induce her to adopt a measure that promised no comfort to her, and might prove her ruin. She pleaded in vain. Her father was inex-

orable. Except her sister Mary, afterwards Mrs. Whitelamb, all her family seem to have united against her; at least no other one took sides with her. She advised resistance to what she was satisfied would produce misery through life. It was in allusion to this fact that, when that sister descended to the grave so earnestly coveted by herself, she poured forth her soul in lines of deepest sorrow:

“When deep immersed in griefs beyond redress,  
And friends and kindred heightened my distress;  
And by relentless efforts made me prove  
Pain, grief, despair, and wedlock without love;  
My soft Maria could alone dissent,  
Oerlook'd the fatal vow, and mourn'd the punishment.”

But the victim was decorated in bridal clothes, and offered a weeping sacrifice upon the altar of domestic unhappiness. A more ill-assorted marriage was, perhaps, never perpetrated. It was not long after the prize was gained, before the casket that contained it was rudely spurned. In a letter to her father, written not long after her marriage, and in answer to questions as to her married happiness, she lifts the veil from a picture of conjugal wretchedness, and after holding it for a moment to his gaze, suddenly drops it, with the words: “I could say much more; but would rather eternally stifle my sentiments than have the torment of thinking they agree not with yours.” There spoke the *daughter*, true as steel, to her father; and what treasures of affection were hidden in such a heart. But how was she as *wife*? Let us first see what she could have said if she might have leaned her heart against her father's, and poured into his bosom the swelling flood of her griefs. What was her husband? Ignorant, ill-mannered, fond of low dissolute company, spending his evenings from home, and, last in the black register of crime, a drunkard. Of the daily agony such a companion could inflict on an intelligent, virtuous and

forbearing woman, no language is adequate to portray. At any period of such protracted barbarity the repose of the grave might have been welcomed as a joyful refuge. But it came not: weeks ran into months, months into years; and still her husband preferred any place to home, loved any company better than hers. With an uncomplaining, but consuming grief, she bore it all; concealing, with the instinctive delicacy of true womanly feeling, the vices that were gnawing, like grave-worms, at the vitals of her happiness.

“No longer shall I bear, my friends to please,  
The hard constraint of seeming much at ease,  
Wearing an outward smile, a look serene,  
While piercing racks and tortures work within.”

Once in a poetical address, that stands unrivalled in the English language, she essayed to win him back to home and its joys. It was a fruitless expenditure of talent and affection. But it contains a portraiture of patient submission to the gravest wrongs, and an appeal that might have moved anything on earth or in heaven, but failed to move that most insensate of sentient things—a drunkard’s heart. A few extracts from this inimitable poem, is all a proper regard to space will allow us to give. After an exordium in which she strives

“By saddest, softest strains to move  
My wedded, latest, dearest love,  
To throw his cold neglect aside,  
And cheer once more his injured bride:”

She addresses him as he

“Whom sacred rights designed,  
My guide and husband ever kind,  
My sovereign master, best of friends,  
On whom my earthly bliss depends;”

and implores, if he ever saw in her “aught fair, or good,”—

“If gentle speech can ever move  
The cold remains of former love,



Turn thee at last—my bosom ease,  
Or tell me why I cease to please.”

She was still in the bloom and beauty of life.

“Revolving years,  
Heart-breaking sighs, and fruitless tears,”

Had not deprived her form of its loveliness, paled the lustre of her eyes, nor strewed her face with furrows. The stamp of matronly dignity gave a charm to the fresh spring time of womanhood :

“A youthful grace informs these lines,  
Where still the purple current shines :  
Unless by thy ungente art,  
It flies to aid my wretched heart ;  
Nor does this wretched bosom show  
The thousand hours it spends in woe.”

“Fret not thyself because of evil doers,” is an injunction of infinite wisdom. How naturally is fretting, and how common. But it aggravates rather than cures. From that resort of impatient suffering she resolutely abstained. With a truthful energy she demands as a reason for his cold neglect :

“Is it that, oppressed with care,  
I stun with loud complaints thine ear ;  
And make thy home, for quiet meant,  
The seat of noise and discontent ?  
Ah no ! those ears were ever free  
From matrimonial melody.”

Even when the long watches of the night were spent waiting his return from the haunts of the dissolute, at the voice of his footfalls she assumed an unfelt cheerfulness, and “smiled his welcome :”

“I oft have wiped these watchful eyes,  
Concealed my cares, and curbed my sighs,  
In spite of grief to let thee see  
I wore an endless smile for thee.”

Despite these efforts to turn his heart to virtue, and make his “house a paradise,” he still fled

“To some obscure, unclean retreat,  
With friends incarnate glad to meet,  
The vile companions of *his* mirth,  
The scum and refuse of the earth;  
Who when inspired by leer can grin  
At witless oaths and jests obscene.”

To be abandoned for these was “the unkindest cut of all.” Agony was born of grief, and disappointment grew into despair. “Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.” How sick must such contempt make the soul of a sensitive woman. The “endless smile” of a sincere desire to please, the enduring love that sought to recover the lost treasure of a husband’s heart, the energy of soul that concealed its cares and curbed its sighs, if happily it might achieve that greatest of earthly triumphs for which she strove, was, in the anticipation of its hopellessness, transmuted into the bitterness of despair. She had tried too long and fruitlessly to try again. The fortunes of her heart were embarked in this last effort; and if she failed, the sky of her heart was thenceforth to be overcast with the blackness of darkness. Hoping, yet fearing, she says:

“Unkind, ungrateful, as thou art,  
Say must I ne’er regain thy heart?  
Must all attempts to please thee prove  
Unable to regain thy love? ●

Her own breaking heart must describe the result of this latest effort to regain his heart, or die. Shall I fail:

“If so, by truth itself I swear,  
The sad reverse I cannot bear:  
No rest, no pleasure will I see;  
My whole of bliss is lost with thee!  
I’ll give all thoughts of patience o’er;  
(A gift I never lost before;)  
Indulge at once my rage and grief,  
Mourn obstinate, disdain relief,  
And call that wretch my mortal foe,  
Who tries to mitigate my woe;

Till life, on terms severe as these,  
 Shall, ebbing have my heart at ease;  
 To thee thy liberty restore  
 To laugh when Hetty is no more."

Did she conquer? No; from this hour a profounder gloom seems to have settled on the whole horizon of existence. The records of her life show that she carried a broken heart through the wearisome days of her pilgrimage to the tomb. On the birth of a child, which, in three days, closed up its beauties as a flower nipt by an untimely frost, she poured forth her soul in the mournful prayer:

" Let me be  
 Partner in thy destiny!  
 That whene'er the fatal cloud  
 Must thy radiant temples shroud;  
 When deadly damps, impending now,  
 Shall hover round thy destined brow,  
 Diffusive may their influence be,  
 And with the blossom blast the tree!"

The history of her sorrows is summed up and finished in an epitaph prepared by her own hand to transmit, from the place of graves, a cry against drunkenness, and a warning to woman-kind against the infatuation of seeking happiness in wedding even a moderate drinker. Maiden, hear a voice from the grave:

" Destined while living to sustain  
 An equal share of grief and pain;  
 All various ills of human race  
 Within this breast had once a place.  
 Without complaint she learned to bear  
 A living death, a long despair;  
 Till hard oppress'd by adverse fate,  
 O'ercharged, she sunk beneath its weight;  
 And to this peaceful tomb retired,  
 So much esteemed, so long desired.  
 The painful mortal conflicts o'er;  
 A broken heart can bleed no more!"

Such is the life's history of one of the noblest and purest

of women. Her sufferings have had a thousand realizations in the sad experience of drunkards' wives. And yet multitudes will place their earthly bliss in the keeping of men who are strong to drink wine. What a fatal error. Woman ! If a day with a drunkard is offensive, what must be a companionship till the grave opens to you its welcome arms. Loook on this picture of misery, and shun such a fate.

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## THE ANGEL CHILD.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

How fair the lovely cherub, of bright angelic form,  
Its eyes are like two evening stars that twinkle till the morn ;  
Its face is radiant with the smiles that dimple in the cheek, \,  
And its heart is full of sweetest love, tho' its lip no word can speak.

It seems from out of Paradise, so free from guile and sin,  
No thought of wrong has ever lain upon the heart within ;  
How like an angel does it seem, so bright and heavenly fair,  
What joy to clasp it to the heart to nestle sweetly there.

It looks around on forms of earth, pleased with its happy home,  
For gentle voices greet the ear in tones that love will come,  
With every little want supplied, lulled to its gentlest rest  
It sleeps within its downy couch, like bird in downy nest.

Its waking is like opening flowers with every color bright,  
Its rounded arms are upward raised, as if for upward flight ;

It is Purity embodied, to which the mother sings,  
An Angel for a season—a cherub without wings.

They come to teach us of that home beyond this earthly sky,  
Where kindred forms with plumage bright are waving now on  
high,  
Where sweetest language, kindest tones of love in music rings,  
And to *win us* to that higher world among celestial things.

Oh can it be, that man has been what now thou fondly art,  
When we look on the time mar'd features, or the cold and cal-  
lous heart ;  
Earth's angels come to teach us what we at last may be,  
And to show mankind the contrast of *Sin and Purity*.

But that same sweet form, so bright and fair, seeming of heavenly  
birth,  
How dark its spirit may become, stained with the sins of earth ;  
Remember, Oh young mother, the " Angel Child " so fair,  
And then in after years "*the Fiend with visage of despair !*"

Let those *pictures* be a talisman—that form of beauty bright  
With sunny curls of finest gold, and eyes of azure light ;  
And its dark and bitter counterpart, the Painter sadly found,  
Which proves to be, the "*Angel Child*" in *chains and dun-  
geon bound !*

## THE LIQUOR TRADE.

BY E. C. DELAVAN,

Ballstone Centre.

THE enormous evils flowing from the sale and use of intoxicating liquors, have been so often enumerated, that it would be repeating a tale of woe a thousand times told to recapitulate them.

The loss of life, health, character and property following in the train of even the moderate use of intoxicating liquors, have never yet been overestimated, nor can they be. Look where you will the footprints of the destroyer are legibly impressed. Almost every family has sacrificed one or more victims to this Moloch. And yet the work of death goes on; as one generation of victims sinks into dishonored graves, another is educated by moderate drinking to fill their places. There is no station, however high or low, in Church or State, exempt from the assaults of the fell destroyer. All who have entered upon the course of moderate drinking—so called—are in the pathway to danger, if not to destruction. They are moving onwards in the same great frequented avenue that every drunkard now living or that has ever lived, has travelled.

Physicians of the highest standing in this and other countries, have declared there never was a time when intoxicating liquors were not injurious as a beverage in health, even in a

pure state ; but such now is the cupidity of dealers, in this and other lands, that to add to their gains they do not hesitate to mix the most deadly poisons in their liquors ; thus increasing not only their intoxicating power, but also their fatal effects. Still, and notwithstanding all the facts and arguments which have for twenty-five years been placed before the people, the great business of making drunkards, through the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating adulterated liquors is continued.

It does appear that the inhabitants in our large towns, villages and cities, are becoming reckless of consequences ; Breweries and Distilleries are extending, and very many, both young and old, are casting off all restraints, and rushing on to speedy destruction.

It is consoling however to be able to present another phase of the subject. The agricultural districts (the strength of the Nation) are in a great measure purified. The farmer has discovered that intoxicating drink is always injurious, whether introduced within his dwelling, or in his harvest field. But who can tell how soon the bad influences of towns and cities will pervade the country, leaving no trace of the temperance reformation behind.

If there was no intoxicating drink to be had, there would be no moderate drinking or drunkards. All drunkards of course were once moderate drinkers. The line between these two classes never has been, nor never can be intelligibly drawn. What a country ours would be, should the use of intoxicating liquor cease. Then we could stand against the world in a good cause, the remaining part of it continuing its present drinking habits. What can we do to present ourselves before the world thus free not only from drunkards, but from that which alone makes drunkards?

*This is a great question*—a question deserving the indivi-

dual consideration of every lover of God and man. For many years the laborers in the temperance cause thought only of shedding light abroad, and gaining converts by the force of argument; and many think this was the period of our greatest triumph. But such were the evils remaining after all the efforts thus put forth, and such the terrible destruction of life, character and property still resulting from the traffic, that many of those engaged in the work of reform became impatient, not to say indignant, for they saw their converts all around them decoyed back to intemperance and destruction by the liquor dealer, and longing to see the great work fully accomplished, so that the anticipated blessings of universal temperance might be universally felt, they concluded something more was to be done—some new course to be taken. A change had been wrought in the habits of the community such as had never before been wrought in so short a time. Yet, as a mighty evil remained, many wise and good men thought that the strong arm of the law alone could effect its entire removal. This power has been invoked in several of our States, and in some cases its efficacy tested. But it has yet to be shown how much or how little has been gained or lost by legal enactments. Stringent laws are now in operation, prohibiting the sale under severe penalties, in some of our States, from which great and beneficial results are expected. A prohibitory act against the sale is in effect a prohibitory act against the use of intoxicating liquors. Could such a prohibition be carried into full effect, there would not long remain either drunkard or moderate drinker in the land. The great question now before the country is, whether the friends of temperance had better abandon all effort to promote the cause, except through moral suasion, or connect moral suasion with such legal enactments as may be thought the most effective. It is supposed by many that a law may be so constructed as to har-



monize the opinions and unite the influence of all the friends of temperance, and at the same time produce all the good that can be produced by law in the present state of things. In undertaking any enterprise it is well to enquire what impediments are to be overcome, and what amount of effort it will require to attain the desired result. In the execution of this enterprise we must expect to meet the opposition of the makers, venders and drinkers of intoxicating liquors, together with that whole army of sympathisers, whether from interest, relationship or affection. There is also a vast amount of capital employed in the business, and the gains are large. Still the business is a bad business, and in seeking to overthrow it we are engaged in a good cause. Angels sympathise with us, and God is on our side. The contest may be severe and long continued, but if we faint not, and continue to advance in the right spirit and in the right direction, success will ultimately crown our efforts; though auxiliaries to the common enemy exist in every street, in every city, town, and hamlet, and cluster even in the rural districts around our churches, all banded together by the love of money, and all regardless of the misery they occasion.

Rum dealing with all its enormous gains is yet too powerful for entire immediate control. But can anything be done to protect ourselves, our children and the community against the evils resulting from the traffic in intoxicating drinks? And what? If we cannot carry the main fortress, we may make a lodgement in the main redoubt, and thus eventually undermine the deep and strong foundations of that fortress.

First. Let the license system be abolished, and all laws authorizing the sale of these poisons repealed.

Second. Let those selling these poisons as a beverage, be made responsible for their acts, and compelled to pay for the misery they occasion, and for the loss of life or limb they produce.

If a railroad company, through the slightest carelessness occasions the loss of life in this State, \$5,000 is the penalty. If limbs are broken or other injuries are done, corresponding damages are recovered. Why, then should not the rumseller be made responsible for the injury he inflicts? He cannot even plead ignorance. No one is better acquainted with the evils flowing from his traffic than himself. He may plead the sanction of time, and the forbearance of an injured community; but should that avail at this period of the world, when old usages are giving place to new and improved ones? Because we have suffered from the effects of the rum traffic so long, must it follow that we must always continue to suffer from those effects? Because the evil is so great, and the dealers so formidable, shall we abandon all hope and fold our hands in despair? I trust the time has come when such sentiments will not govern; but that the decision formed will be formed on the mere principle of *right*. If the traffic is a proper one let it be continued. If improper, let it be abandoned. A law of the character above suggested would be considered a just one by all reflecting men. Such a law, I doubt not, could, if passed, be executed in the State of New-York, and might be a step towards a better one, and one that can hereafter, though more stringent, be sustained. Damages, it is admitted could not always be traced to their proper source, and much evil would be done by the rumseller without punishment. This is the case with most of those that live on plundering private individuals or the public. *But punishment will come at last and when it does come, it will be felt.* Let a single award of damages be obtained in each town in this State, followed by punishment, and given to the public through the press, and it would, in my opinion, strike terror into the ranks of the rum dealer, and produce a more immediate and more salutary effect than any prohibitory law with a fixed and

paltry fine appended as the penalty—a penalty which the enormous profits of the trade would enable the dealer to pay without inconvenience. But many a rumseller would be ruined himself by responding to others for the ruin he had occasioned, and his hand would tremble as he dealt out the poisonous potion lest the misery he inflicted on other families should re-act upon his own; and thus one after another would be induced to exchange the hazardous and guilty traffic for one more innocent and safe.

In case of prosecution for consequential damages, it would only be necessary to connect the effect with the cause. The sympathies of all would be on the side of the sufferer. The most benevolent and talented of the profession would give their influence to secure the right; and each trial would afford an occasion and an audience before which to discuss the horrible effects of rum selling.

The whole question of furnishing protection from the effects of the traffic is now before the people. They have the power to arrest its progress, or to permit it to go on in the further execution of its work of death. In the State of New-York I believe the people are prepared to try the efficacy of a law founded on the following principles:

1st. No license to be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors, unless to be used as a medicine or in the arts.

2d. No license to be granted for their sale even for these purposes in any town unless a majority of legal voters at a legal meeting shall vote therefor.

3d. Only one person in a town to be licensed to sell, even for the purposes mentioned, and that person only under such restrictions as shall most effectually guard against abuse. It might be thought best perhaps that this person should be paid a salary, and the profits of the sale go into the public treasury.

4th. No such license to be granted for more than one year, and that to be forfeited by abuse of trust.

5th. Any person not thus licensed, selling intoxicating liquors to be liable to such penalties as shall by law be established, to any person known to be in the habit of getting intoxicated, and also liable in damages assessed by a jury for all the mischiefs which such sale shall have produced; the same to be prosecuted for and recovered by the persons injured, or by town officers when the public is the sufferer.

7th. No person licensed to sell intoxicating liquors for any purpose, after being duly notified that a purchaser uses it as a beverage, shall sell it to such purchaser, or to any person to sell it again, or give it to another person, to be used as a beverage; and

8th. In case of such sale, the vender to be liable to the same penalties as unauthorized venders.

The passage of such a law may be one of the ways in which the people who wish it may defend themselves and their children, in part at least, from the effects of this direful traffic. Other, and perhaps more effectual legal provisions may hereafter be devised. Whatever of protection in the form of law the people want, they can have. They have to petition no one. **THEY ARE THEMSELVES SOVEREIGN.** If they want bad laws, and bad men to execute them, they can have both. If they want good laws, and good men to execute them, they can have them. But if they want good laws, and good men to execute them they have but to will it. The power is in their hands, and they can execute; sending forth at pleasure from the ballot box a reforming influence through every city, town and hamlet. The idea of punishment for selling to drunkards and not to moderate drinkers, where no consequential damages can be proved, may not strike the temperance mind of the country agreeably.

I confess it does not mine, for in truth, I feel the greater criminality is in selling to the moderate drinker, by which operation all drunkards are made ; still by beginning with the drunkard, we may be enabled to take another step as we gain strength ; in the case of selling to the drunkard the proof could easily be procured.

It appears to me that the time has fully come for the people of this great State to arouse to action, and unite heart and hand on some plan to protect themselves from the spirit trade. Meetings should be held in every ward, town and village in the State, to discuss the merits of the question, and the results made known through the public press. Let such a course be adopted and it cannot be long before public opinion will be so concentrated and so strong as again to turn back that fearful tide of drinking which was once so much checked but which is now again breaking forth, threatening to destroy all that is lovely and of good report in our land.

If we can heal existing divisions and unite all the friends of temperance, the new as well as the old laborers, under one common banner, we should in due time secure effectual legislative defence. But in order to this there must be a steady, regular, patient, continuous cause of well doing ; and this in the spirit of the Gospel, and with a view to the salvation of man.

Before commencing the labor before us there should be a full understanding, as well as union of sentiment, as far as possible, as to the reason for laboring against the traffic, as well as for the best mode of suppressing it. The reason for action should be deeply impressed on each mind, and when thus impressed, each should be diligent in impressing other minds with that reason through the entire circle of their influence. The effect of this traffic in intoxicating poisons should be fully understood by all who labor for its overthrow. We should all ask

ourselves, is this traffic one that benefits or injures community? Is it a righteous or unrighteous traffic? Is it sinful or virtuous? honorable or dishonorable? Does it tend to elevate or degrade?—and that alike those who are engaged in dispensing, and those receiving the fearful element? Is it a traffic on which we can ask God's blessing, or bid God speed to those engaged in it?

If the wise and good men throughout the land decide that the business of vending intoxicating drinks is injurious both to the vender and the purchaser, and operates as a drain on our national resources; if they decide that it is an injurious, dishonorable and corrupting employment, without one redeeming feature; an employment the effects of which are evil only, and that continually; then, I say, that it is their duty to act, and from *their throne of power* to pronounce its doom. And unless that be done, and done speedily, we shall become what a distinguished statesman once said we were, "*a Nation of drunkards.*"

In view of this terrible result, I cannot but think the wise and good of this and other States will arouse from the lethargy which has of late paralyzed their influence, and by a firm, powerful and persevering effort banish this accursed trade from this favored land, *the only land where, under God, their weal or woe is placed at their own disposal.* Should such a decision be made, who can contemplate the blessed consequences without admiration for its authors, and gratitude to God who put it in their hearts to perform, in behalf of suffering humanity, so great a work?

If the trade in intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage is an immoral trade and productive of evil only, why should it not be classed with gambling, counterfeiting, and vending poisonous food, adulterated drugs, and clothing infected with the plague, small-pox, yellow fever or other infecting disease?

In the great movement which is about to take place on this

vital question one aim should be to imbue the public mind with a sense of the crimes and miseries which the liquor trade involves,—with the deception it employs, and the imposition it practices on the world. Every individual having facts calculated to place this trade in its true light, so as to render it as odious as it deserves to be, should give them publicity in every justifiable way. Let all those having knowledge of the use of poisonous drugs and other impositions of the trade, send abroad the knowledge of the same on the wings of the wind. Should one-fourth of the poisons now used in the beverage of which the drunkard and the temperate drinker drinks, be mingled in our food by the venders thereof, and the fact be made known as it has been in regard to intoxicating liquors, to what infamy as well as penal suffering would an indignant public doom the perpetrators of so great a wrong!

• When the great body of the people shall be fully enlightened with regard to the enormous evils of the liquor trade, and when they shall see that they are responsible for those evils, and that it is in their power to stop the trade at once and for ever, will they not cause those representatives elected to do their bidding, to enact such laws as the magnitude of the evil requires? and their other agents to see them executed? But laws in advance of public opinion are powerless. The will of the people in a free country is the higher law, the will of God the highest. The fountains from which laws flow must be purified before the streams which flow from them can be pure. Not even good laws have much value until the great body of the people are disposed to sustain them. It is through the agency of public opinion that the liquor trade, vile as it is, can be abolished.

Steps then should be taken to enlighten every family in the State, as was done in the early stages of the temperance reformation, to present to them such facts and arguments as exist and

which go to show that the trade is a *curse*, and that all employed in it are contributing to extend and perpetuate *that curse*. Once enlightened, many dealers would desert the trade and seek to support their families by some more useful and innocent vocation. All these, after their disenthralment, would become active and efficient agents in ridding the world of the greatest scourge with which it has ever been visited. After the withdrawal of such men, and after the trade shall be left wholly in the hands of the reckless and the vile, its toleration will not be of long duration.

To bring about a correct public opinion is the first step in this grand enterprise. And let those who wish that step to be taken ask themselves, *what can we do to ensure it?* One thing we can do, and have a right to do, and that is to exercise the right of freemen at the ballot box. I am opposed to the formation of a political temperance party. Let existing parties remain as they are, and let all who love the cause of temperance and wish to see the liquor trade stopped do all they can in their own party to secure that result—a result that can only be secured by the co-operation of different parties; but should one party offer for our support, men who *will not* pledge themselves to aid in destroying the liquor traffic, although we belong to that party—let us give our vote to the other party, provided that party will nominate men who will go for the right in this great work . . . but if *neither party* will give us such men as we can conscientiously vote for, in view of our high responsibilities, to this great cause, our path, it appears to me, is a plain one. We shall have to make one mighty independent effort at the ballot-box to achieve our object, and when once achieved we can again take our places and work for the general good in our respective parties. If we send men to legislate for us who themselves make, vend, import, or drink intoxicating liquors, how can we expect that



they will denounce and inhibit the trade? Will not the session from year to year be found *too short* to afford relief? Let us then in our respective parties select good men and true, who by their example and their votes alike will co-operate in hastening the time of our national deliverance. Will not the interests of the people be as secure in such hands as in the hands of the inebriate and his abettors? What says President Jefferson on this point? "I have had more difficulties to contend with in consequence of the use of strong drink by my cabinet than all other causes united,"—or words to this effect. In keeping with this declaration of Mr. Jefferson is the declaration of eight of the Presidents of the United States. This declaration cannot be too often placed before the public. When it was given to me by Presidents Madison, Adams and Jackson, now no more, I shall never forget the interest expressed by each of them, especially in so far as respected "*young men*," who it was their hope, would be benefited by their testimony—a testimony given in the following impressive words:

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Being satisfied from observation and experience as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits as a drink is not only needless, but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue, and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction that should the citizens of the United States, and especially the young men, discontinue entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of our country, and the world.

JAMES MADISON-  
ANDREW JACKSON.  
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.  
MARTIN VAN BUREN.

JOHN TYLER.  
JAMES K. POLK.  
ZACHARY TAYLOR.  
MILLARD FILLMORE.

Temperance men are bound in all suitable ways to promote the cause of temperance, and temperance now, in its appropriate signification, means *total abstinence from all that can intoxicate*. And is not the purification of the ballot box one of the ways in which this cause can be promoted? What reliance can be placed on a drunkard in defence of freedom? His vote can be purchased and re-purchased a dozen times before it is cast, for a glass of rum! a *bribe* that costs the buyer three cents, and the seller the half only, of one if that.

Before our country can be entirely free from the spirit trade, a great work has to be done at Washington. When the people shall have purified their respective States from the liquor trade, they will be prepared to purify from the same trade the United States. For the same people *are sovereign in both*; and once enlightened they will cause the importation of intoxicating drinks to be prohibited by law, a prohibition that must be brought about before we can become either a free or virtuous people, and before our children, and children's children can be safe.

When by an act of national sovereignty the liquor trade shall be inhibited, and the article have ceased to be used as a beverage, then the millions and the tens of millions of bushels of grain now consumed in distilleries and breweries will be saved for the use of man, and thus the suffering poor be relieved from the double curse of inebriety and starvation, a curse now provided for by statute in most of our States, and dispensed by governmental agents—agents engaged in the execution of an office that befits demons rather than men—the office of disseminating pauperism and crime, disease and death among the inhabitants of earth now, and peopling hell with victims hereafter.

The work we have in hand is as important to the dealer as his victim. If no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven,

is it to be believed that the maker of drunkards will be admitted there?

What a stumbling block would be removed could each denomination of Christians in our land have its own appointed agent to procure the fruit of the vine in as pure a state as possible for sacramental use, so that the reproach now cast upon the church might be wiped away—the reproach of countenancing the sale of these odious fabrications by purchasing of the venders thereof, the same to be used on the sacramental table. These dealers now say, and say by way of reproach, “all the churches of the land are our customers, and what can these churches do without us?”

The Church has yet a great duty to perform in relation to the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. Were this traffic banished, instead of thirty, sixty thousand churches would soon be required in our land to accommodate the converts recovered from the grog shop. And can the church sleep in view of her high responsibilities on this important question? Most of our churches are now more or less engaged in purchasing intoxicating liquor to be used at the Lord’s table. Most of these churches in commemorating their Saviour’s death, use in place of wine the vilest fabrications—fabrications in which not a drop of the fruit of the vine exists.

A change of the element of the cup has heretofore been urged upon the churches. *Not*, as has been supposed and charged; *by the substitution of some other element in place of wine*, but by substituting wine in place of those vile mixtures by which the cup of the Lord in these latter days has been profaned.

Should therefore, all our churches unite in purifying the sacramental cup from those vile mixtures **WHICH THEY THEMSELVES CONDEMN**, it would greatly strengthen the

hands and encourage the hearts of the friends of temperance. This however is a question that the church must settle. Still as a member of that church, I could not free my conscience from the guilt of abetting error, without alluding here to this almost universal neglect of duty.

Taking into view all the opposing influences to the great movement, the friends of it have a most appalling work before them. But the end to be attained is great and glorious. Let us all therefore with the greater zeal, and putting our trust in God, betake ourselves to the work, and that with the greater earnestness because the night cometh in which no man can work. The cause of temperance cannot triumph while the making, importing and vending of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage are permitted; so that *these* must terminate before the victory can be won. This, the friends of temperance should fully understand, and in all their efforts have the ultimate extermination of the traffic constantly in view. To effect this, more years may be required than have been required to bring the reformation forward to its present state. But whatever time it may require to bring about this glorious result, it will by all holy beings, be accounted time well spent.

In taking the statistics of five of the most temperate counties in this State, it was found that *one-third* of the male adults had, for a long series of years, *died drunkards*. The same result would hold good on the average, I have no doubt, throughout the State and Union. These drunkards, for the most part, had wives and children; and so long as this making, importing and vending intoxicating liquors shall continue, the work of death with unjust and unequal taxation will go on. Hereafter as heretofore, youth will be corrupted, wives made wretched, and poor-houses and prison-houses filled with inmates. Citizens of this free republic, members of the Christian Church, in closing

this article, I ask, shall this state of things continue? And if it does, on whom will rest the dread responsibility? This question must be answered at the day of Judgment, and well will it be, if in the light of that day, we anticipate that answer.

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## A TRUE STORY.

BY REV. J. T. CRANE

Principal of New Jersey Conference Seminary.

To most people there is something pleasant in a fall of snow. In our earliest recollections, it is associated with merriment and lightness of heart. We all remember the wonder with which we beheld, for the first time, the whole air filled with soft noiseless flakes, coming down in swift succession, hiding the surface of the earth, and the roofs of the houses beneath a fleecy covering, and quietly loading the trees and shrubbery, till every twig became a white graceful plume. Light hearts still hail the snow as the boon of heaven. When the clouds have passed away, and the sun-beams light up the earth with dazzling radiance, as they smile upon the architecture of the storm, the whole community is roused to noise and bustle. Then the modest country beaux, after many a vain effort to summon up courage for the perilous feat, invite the young ladies to accompany them in an excursion. Then the streets are in a ferment with sleighs swiftly gliding past; and school boys pelting each other with snow-balls, and the cold bracing atmosphere vibrates with joyous shouts, and merry peals of laughter, mingled with the jingling sound of myriads of bells.

During the winter of 1848-9, when I was a resident of the town of Orange, N. J., there occurred one of those snows, which gladden the hearts of the young and the gay, and cause even gray heads to remember, more vividly, the innocent pleasures of their own early days. The broad main street of the beautiful village was soon polished by the gliding runners, so that its smooth surface shone like glass. And during the long bright evenings, when the snow glittered in the soft radiance of the moonlight, the number of vehicles increased, the merry voices of the votaries of pleasure rung more loudly, and the whole scene became more full of life and joy.

The evening of the third of January was such as I have just described. The next morning, as I was passing down the street, and had proceeded only some two hundred yards from my door, my attention was called to certain strange marks in the snow, on the margin of the footpath. There were many prints as of struggling hands, for several yards, along the little declivity; and near a post, there was a large red spot, as of blood. On my asking the meaning of these things, I was pointed to the cellar of a house near by. I went to the place and descended the steps. It was a cheerless apartment, apparently given up to the wind and the snow which came driving in at the open windows. In the middle of the floor lay the corpse of a man. He was clothed in coarse garments, soiled and ragged; and outside the door, in the snow, lay an old battered hat. The lower part of the face seemed to bear the brutalized expression of one who had fallen into degrading habits, and had been given up to the sway of debased appetites; but the broad high forehead, surrounded with thick clusters of dark hair, was such as we usually associate with intellectual power. The body was unattended. No relative, no friend was there; and no one seemed to be making preparations for

the burial. As I stood alone with the dead, musing upon the sad spectacle, a person or two came down the steps, looked a moment, and passed away ; and I thought of the touching salutation of the Arabs, as they pass each other in their wanderings in the desert.—“ May you die among your kindred.”

After much inquiry, of all whom I supposed to have any knowledge of the deceased, I learned the main facts in his history, an outline of which I give, as a warning to all whom it may concern.

J—— B—— was born in England, about the year 1810. Of his parentage, and early life, I could ascertain nothing. It may be that a christian father guarded his youth, and sought to impart lessons of wisdom and virtue. It may be that a pious mother watched over his childhood, and taught him to fold his infant hands in prayer. He grew up, and in mind, and in energy of character, as well as in stature, became a man. He chose him a wife, and loved, and was loved, as fervently, probably, as other men. He possessed considerable property, too, and his earthly prospects were, doubtless, deemed very flattering.

He emigrated to the United States, and settled in the city of Philadelphia, where he became the keeper, perhaps the proprietor, also, of what is termed, in phrase polite, a “ respectable hotel.” But while he placed the cup of death in the hands of others, he learned to taste it himself. While he smiled blandly upon his victims, and taught them specious apologies for their sin, the habit of drinking grew strong upon him, and after a time, those who loved him began to be alarmed. Nothing could induce him to pause in his career. The friends of temperance sought to reason with him ; but he scorned their interference, and called their earnestness weakness and fanaticism. Drunkards were perishing around him. The

reeling forms, and the bloated faces which he so well knew, one by one disappeared ; but he spoke of them, as dealers in alcohol now speak of him, with a sort of contemptuous pity.

His course worked out its natural results. He was a fallen man. His now reputable companions deserted him ; his property wasted away till all was gone. His sorrowing wife sickened and died. His child, too, was taken from the evil to come, and was laid in the earth beside its mother. J—— B—— was alone in the world, a friendless, hopeless victim of despotic appetite. He became a mere wreck. Sometimes, in his sober moments, a fitful gleam of intellect would shine forth ; but the strength of the manly frame was gone, and his sad countenance betrayed the heaviness of his despairing heart. The man of forty years tottered along with faltering steps, and all the weakness of four score.

In the summer of 1848, he came to Orange, seeking employment in the simpler parts of the hatter's vocation, for he must needs do something to enable him to meet the demands of his master passion. The chains of evil habit were riveted upon him, and he spent his scanty earnings either at the bar of the licensed tavern, or in the den of the lawless dealer in alcohol. On Wednesday evening, January 3d, he came up into town, a distance of a mile and a half, to drown his sorrows in the lethe of rum. He went to the house of a lawless seller of the poison ; but *she* (for the vender was a woman,) makes oath that he did not obtain any alcohol there that evening. He then went to the tavern and asked for liquor, but according to the oath of the attendants there, he was refused, and went out. This was about nine o'clock in the evening. Whither he next directed his steps is a secret, hidden, perhaps, in silence only ; but more probably in perjury. One thing is certain, he obtained rum, he drank, and became intoxicated ; and about midnight, as near as



can be conjectured, he was turned out of doors to find his way home.

All was still in our peaceful village. The moon shone bright upon the snow. The wind blew from the north, and the night was intensely cold. The poor man began his weary journey ; but the misdeeds of years had rendered him decrepid ; he was now intoxicated and benumbed, and his palsied feet were placed upon an uncertain, icy path. He slowly labored on a little way, but soon he slipped and fell. In his efforts to rise, he rolled from the sidewalk, down a little declivity of a foot or so, towards the street. Again he attempted to rise, but he was weak, and chilled by the intense cold, and he failed. He tried to draw himself up the bank, by laying hold upon the snow with his hands : but the frozen crust broke in his grasp, leaving the bloody prints of his fingers, as tokens of the earnestness of his struggle. He tried it long, for it seemed his only hope. As the marks of bloody hands bore witness, he dragged himself along to a post, and tried to raise himself by its means. He battled hard with death, in vain. The cold was curdling his blood, and life was fast departing. At last he gave up, and stretched himself out to die. Perhaps he called for help ; but his feeble cry was lost in the whistling winds. Perhaps he thought of the loved ones he had lost, and wept an icy tear. Perhaps he thought on his God, and prayed.

At early dawn, a young man, passing down the street, saw the prostrate form, and gave the alarm. Speechless, but still alive, he was lying with his eyes wide open, gazing upwards as if into the world to come. He was carried into a house, at whose very door he had lain all this time. As those who bore him, brought him towards a fire, he groaned, made a feeble effort to stretch out his hand toward it, and died. His pocket contained  
**THREE CENTS, AND A BOTTLE OF RUM.**

The coroner called together his jury, and made inquisition in the case. The rum-sellers, legal and illegal, who were suspected of knowing anything of the matter, were summoned to the inquest, and strictly interrogated; but they were all as innocent as lambs! None would admit, even when under oath, that they had sold him liquor the previous evening; and it was with great difficulty that some could be made to recollect that they had even seen him for some days. The verdict, of course, could not go beyond the facts legally elicited.

The community in general expressed much pity for the friendless stranger, and they gave his remains decent burial. Quite a number assembled in the Methodist church, at his funeral, and a sermon was preached from the words:—“*By it, being dead, he yet speaketh.*” A few men followed the body to the cemetery, where a cold grave had been dug in the snow, and the icy ground. The coffin was lowered, the frozen earth was replaced; thanks were returned, in the name of our common humanity, to those who had thus shown their sympathy for the stranger; and we left him to await that morn when “they that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.”

“*By it, being dead, he yet speaketh.*”

Every man's faith, or his unbelief, has a voice; and the result of his course, whatever that course may be, speaks lessons of wisdom. Unlike as pious Abel and poor J—— B—— were, there are yet certain points of resemblance.

1. J—— B——, like Abel, was *murdered*. His death was caused by certain means, which were employed by himself and others, *knowing* that untimely death would result. He knew that his evil habits were killing him. The venders who sold him alcohol knew it; yet for paltry coppers they helped him

on in his wanton sacrifice of life, and thus became accessory to virtual murder.

2. He was slain by a *brother's* hand. The ocean-storm did not engulf him; the flame did not devour, nor the beast of prey rend. The icy wind merely extinguished the taper which a destructive life had already caused to wax dim. Alcohol was the real instrument of his death; and that instrument was placed at his lips by his brother man, amid smiles, and pleasant words, and ringing laughter.

3. Those guilty of the murder *denied all knowledge of it*.

When the question was put to the first murderer—"Where is thy brother?" he answered "I know not," and then indignantly added—"Am I my brother's keeper?" Point the vender of alcohol to the wide-spread ruin which his own hand has scattered around and ask him, who did this? and he answers, "I know not." Point him to the prisons and the alms-houses which he has filled, and the untimely graves which he has dug; and he replies, sometimes with coward rage, sometimes with a cold sneer, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

4. The blood of the slain *cries unto God from the ground*.

That bloody spot which J—— B—— left on the snow, long remained. I often stopped to look at it, and pondered till my zeal for the glorious temperance cause was fired afresh. There the red witness of murder lay, in the bright sunshine, or in the paler beams of the moon, crying unto God and man, till the descending rain, the tear-drops of pitying heaven, fell upon it, and wept it away.

5. *A mark was set upon the murderer*. The cry of the slain reaches Heaven, and the wrath of Him who is the Judge of all men, rests upon all the agents in the bloody deed. The curse of the Almighty is pronounced against them; the disapprobation of all good and honorable men rests upon them; the orphan's

eye, dim with weeping, follows them with bitter reproach. In the view of truth and justice, and every right and honorable principle, a mark as dark, and as withering as that which branded the first murderer, is fixed upon them. And if they repent not, there let it rest, evermore.

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## EARTH'S HEAVENLY VISITOR.

BY MARY MIDDLETON.

An angel now is speeding

    This wide world o'er and o'er,

As it hears the voice of wailing

    Like ocean's ceaseless roar—

It comes from low roofed hovels,

    It comes from palace halls,

An endless-endless chorus

    Upon the *heart* it falls!

What tears of woe and sorrow,

    And anguish hath it seen—

What broken hearts still bleeding,

    And graves still fresh and green—

The fairest home is desolate,

    The brightest hopes have fled,

And many loved most fondly

    Have gone down to the dead!

Millions of bones are bleaching

    Within the drunkard's tomb

Wild flowers have wreathed them over,

    Yet oh, how deep their gloom—

Murder—and crime—and poverty—  
Linked here—man's direst foes  
Have gathered all their weapons  
From this forge of endless woes !

Oh blessed—blessed angel—  
We welcome thee to earth—  
And hope for it, a happier day,  
A new and brighter birth—  
When sealed up every Fountain  
That flows with *liquid sin*,  
How glad a day from that blest time  
*Would here on earth begin !*

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“AND NATHAN SAID UNTO DAVID, THOU ART THE MAN.”—  
In Bucks county, Pennsylvania, a rum-seller went to the guardian of a poor murdered drunkard who owed him a goodly sum, to urge his claim. Now the guardian in question was a plain speaking man, and a member of the Society of Friends. After a conversation, in which the MERITS of the CLAIM had been somewhat discussed, the rum-seller still persisted in the right of being paid. The Quaker, without going into a recapitulation of his arguments, looked his opponent sternly in the face, and made this dreadful rebuke—“Pay thee”—“Pay thee !” “WHY, THOU ART THE MURDERER OF THAT MAN !” This was too much for Cloutie to bear ; he turned away, and the conversation closed. But he was afterwards heard to say, that — had “hurt his feelings very much !” He could “bear such saying from Frank,” but he had not expected to hear “such a rebuke from that quarter”—meaning the mouth of an honest Quaker.

## JOHN B. GOUGH.

(With a Portrait.)

PASSING down Broadway, on a rainy day, in May 1844, our attention was arrested by a flaming handbill, announcing that "Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH, of Boston," would deliver an Address on Temperance, on the next evening, in the Broadway Tabernacle. The bill announced him as a *young* man, and our first feeling was one of pity and surprise. That a youthful stranger, whose name had scarcely been heard in our American London, should presume to arrest any attention by so threadbare a subject as Temperance, appeared well nigh as absurd as for the ambitious orator of a village Lyceum to startle New York by a course of lectures on political economy. Meeting a quiet, old-fashioned friend a few days after, he said, "Did you hear young Gough the other night?" "No," said we, with some surprise, that he should have taken the trouble to go. "Well," he replied, "he is a prodigious fellow, although somewhat theatrical."

An opportunity was soon afforded me of hearing the new oratorical debutant, and I eagerly embraced it. As I entered the house it was already jammed by an audience composed of the most intellectual citizens of the town of P——. Public expectation had been raised to the highest pitch by the flattering paragraphs with which the newspapers, for several weeks, had been teeming. Presently there was a stir in the crowded

aisle, and a pale stripling, apparently just out of his teens," made his way to the rostrum. He was slender, and boyish in his figure, with long dark hair, partially hiding a thin and somewhat melancholy face. He cast his full fine eye over the crowded auditory for a moment, and then bent his face timidly towards the floor. When introduced to the assemblage by a celebrated and venerable divine who sat by his side, he arose, and pronounced a modest exordium, which gave us the impression that he was a well-meaning youth, who *would like* to say something for our profit if he could. Presently he exclaimed,—“My friends! when the Temperance Reform first originated, it was among the middle classes, and, like a mine exploded in the sand, it soon did its work without any violent concussion. Then came the Washingtonian movement, when the match was kindled in the solid granite of the lower orders, and the mighty explosion shook the whole nation! And now, to-night, I want to thrust a fusee into the upper strata!” This happy geological simile was received by his refined audience with pleasant surprise—their surprise increased as one flash followed another—surprise gave place to wondering delight—the house grew still as the grave—and before twenty minutes elapsed, he had gained the complete sway of his audience. At one moment we were all convulsed with laughter at the ludicrous picture of a young inebriate in his first revels, for Mr. Gough’s mimicry is irresistible. In the next moment we were sobered into the most intense pity for the *man* who was thus brutalizing the image of his God—and then we were goaded into indignation towards the pitiless cormorant who would put the bottle to his neighbor’s lips for paltry gain, and then make a mock at the broken-hearted victim of his cupidity. In the midst of all this intense mental excitement, sustained for nearly two hours, he did not give utterance to a single violent or fanatical expression, and with all

his unlimited play of language and gesture, he seldom for a moment "o'erstepped the modesty of nature."

The capacities of his voice we soon perceived to be remarkable. It sunk at one time to a thrilling whisper, and then resounded through the hall like a trumpet. His fund of wit, too, *was* rich, and his dramatic style of telling a ludicrous anecdote convulsed his audience. But we were soon impressed with the fact that his chief power lay in his graphic delineations of thrilling and pathetic scenes. His arguments were to the eye and to the feelings. In this respect he resembles Mr. Dickens. His description of the boy rescued from the burning house—of the sister supporting the head of her degraded brother and weeping over him—of the lean, pale wife, who shows the bruise on her scarred neck, and yet excuses the monster husband because he was drunk—these and many other touches were worthy of the hand that described the murder of "Nancy," and portrayed little "Nell." The masterpiece of his whole address was the terrific presentation of the *delirium tremens*, in all its multiplied horrors; here his power of bringing before the mental eye the intense agonies of this frightful disorder, become so painful that the whole assembly seemed to suffer in sympathy with the poor victim, and ready to cry out with anguish. A distinguished professor, who sat near us, pronounced this scene superior to anything in the "Opium-Eater" of the celebrated De Quincey.

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With the life of this extraordinary young orator and philanthropist—whose style of speaking we have been attempting to describe—the American public is already made familiar through the published "Autobiography," a volume which for straight forward simplicity always reminds us of Benny Franklin's account of his early adventures. He is a native of the county of



Kent in England. His early advantages of education were very limited. What he has learned has been by a varied observation and a sharp experience, so that he has acquired from the open volume of human nature, a store of knowledge that is never to be got from books. God has led him, too, through wonderful scenes; and there was a happy point in the remark of an eminent College President, that the "Almighty had educated Mr. Gough."

We need not review his familiar history—how he came to this country with but half a dollar in his pocket—how he struggled on in poverty and want—how he ran behind the paupers' hearse that bore the remains of his poor, pious mother, to the Potters' Field—how he fell into the most degrading drunkenness—how he sunk into the buffoon of the tap-room—how he was rescued, and signed the pledge with a trembling hand—how he relapsed, and signed again, until at last, through God's grace, he was enabled to stand up an emancipated man. His talent for addressing popular assemblies was soon discovered, and he was impressed into the service. His first speech was made in the Town Hall of Worcester, and he made his *debut* "clad in an old brown surtout, closely buttoned to his chin, so that his ragged under-habiliments might not be visible." Mr. Goodrich, of Worcester, then took him by the hand, and his first speech was followed by several others in the neighboring villages.

In 1844 he came on to New York, and since that time his name has become the property of the whole community. It is probable that Mr. Gough has already addressed a larger number of individuals than any man of his years in America—and has achieved greater triumphs of popular eloquence than any young man since the days of the lamented Summerfield. He has travelled over seventy-four thousand miles, or what is equal to going three times around the globe! Under his appeals more

than one hundred and seventy thousand have signed the total abstinence pledge, of whom seventy thousand have given their names during the year just closed! His age is about thirty-four, and he is just entering the prime of his eventful life.

Who will not unite in the sincere prayer that such a life may be long preserved, and that abundant grace may be vouchsafed to him for his lofty and arduous work? His perils are great, but his work is noble. What a view we gain of the value of a well-spent life when we contrast his early wasted years with the last eight years of self-denying toil. How ineffable appears the luxury and glory of *doing good*! When such a laborer for God and humanity goes to his rest, he leaves something more behind him than a mere tomb;—there is a fragrant perfume lingering about his memory—there is a trail of light that attends his luminous pathway when he has departed. A true philanthropist never dies childless. No son or daughter may attend him to his resting-place, but “his *works* do follow him.” These make up his invisible procession—these are his long posterity, and live for ever in the stars that sparkle in the crown of his enduring glory.

T. L. C.

THE  
INDUSTRIAL TEMPERANCE HOME.

(With an Engraving.)

THE following sketch of this Institution for the relief, employment and restoration of Inebriates, has been furnished expressly for this work,

BY REV. C. J. WARREN,

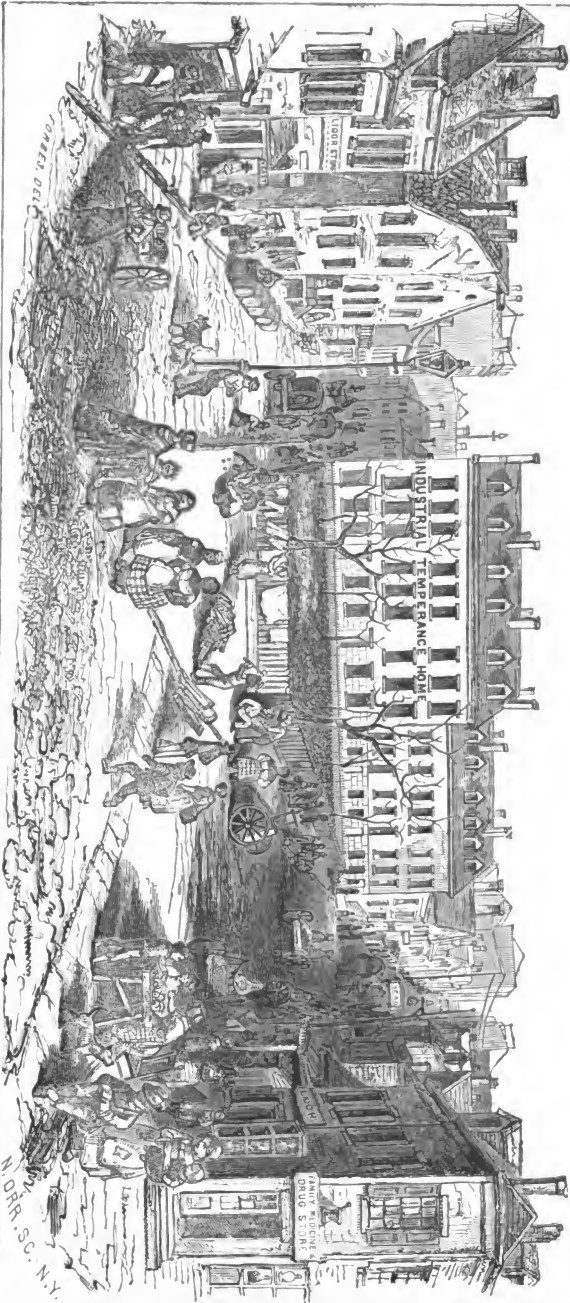
SECRETARY OF THE

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

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ORIGIN.—FIRST EFFORTS.

IN May, 1850, the Ladies Methodist Domestic Missionary Society engaged Rev. L. M. Pease to labor as a Missionary in the vicinity of the "*Five Points*," a centre of most notorious wickedness in the city of New York. A *place where* the Banner of the Cross should be raised, was at once seen to be no less necessary than a *time when* the Word of Truth was to be preached. The first work of the Missionary was then to lease the old rum-shop, at the corner of Cross and Little Water streets. Having exorcised the evil spirits, and cleansed the premises, as far as possible, he opened that room as a place of worship, and gave notice that religious services would there be regularly performed every Sabbath day, at the usual hours.



Engraved on Wood by N. Ott,

Stickers & Price, Print, 100 Fulton St.

# INDUSTRIAL TEMPERANCE HOMES

(Five Points, New York)



## TEMPERANCE.

Fully confirmed in the general belief that Intemperance was the poisonous fountain whence flowed nearly all the wretchedness, vice and crime of that wicked place, Mr. Pease very soon established a Temperance Society, and set apart for temperance purposes, two evenings, Sabbath and Friday, of each week. These temperance meetings have been continued, without interruption, to the present time, nearly eighteen months. They have never lost their interest. The room has always been crowded, the audience attentive and orderly, and the results far beyond the most sanguine expectation. More than 1600 persons have joined this society, most of whom had been intemperate for from two to twenty years. Very few had ever before taken the Pledge, and a large proportion are now believed to be living a life of sobriety and virtue.

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## EMPLOYMENT.

Early in his labors Mr. Pease became convinced that there was but little hope of restoring these unhappy men and women to anything like a sober and virtuous life, but by furnishing them employment, in which they could be relieved from some of the strongest of their former temptations. He therefore opened a workshop by day, in the same room where they met for public worship, and for morning and evening prayers.

Materials and implements were provided, and as the news of this strange invitation spread from street to street, scores of poor, ragged, half-drunken women came gladly in, thankful for an opportunity to be employed. Many had to be taught the first use of the needle, and for some time bags of cotton cloth, and flannel shirts of the coarsest kind, were the only articles on which they could be trusted to try their skill.

More than ONE HUNDRED WOMEN, who were taken from utter destitution and wretchedness, and carried through this process of reform and instruction, have since supported themselves and children comfortably, by making various garments for the stores.

Encouraged by the success of these efforts, by the approbation of many, and the more substantial aid of a few, Mr. Pease rented the two buildings next to the corner, moved into them with his own family, and opened them as a "Retreat for the Inebriate, the Friendless and the Outcast." To persons of both sexes, and of all ages, sustaining either of these characters, he freely gave food, shelter, clothing, sympathy and care. He furnished work for both men and women, and soon had in his employ, or boarding with him, while in various services abroad, twenty-five or thirty women engaged in housework, sewing, &c., and about as many men, Shoe-makers, Tailors, Basket-makers, Cartmen, Carpenters, Printers, Clerks and Salesmen.

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#### CHILDREN INSTRUCTED.

Early in the season, a school was opened for the neglected, and no less wretched children of this degraded and vicious community. Several hundreds of these children, gathered from the miserable abodes of poverty and vice, the dark garrets and muddy basements around the Five Points, have been fed, washed, clothed and instructed gratuitously. This school has been kept in constant operation, with two competent, experienced and devoted teachers. The average attendance has been about one hundred. The results of all this moral, religious, intellectual and physical training of these hundreds of worse than orphan children, Time, nay, Eternity only, can develop.

For nearly a year this Institution was managed by Mr.

Pease on his own private responsibility. The Ladies Missionary Society paid his salary, as their preacher, but all other expenses were borne by the very generous donations of a few individuals, and by various gifts that flowed in from uncertain, unreliable, and in some cases unknown sources.

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#### NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

On the first of May, 1851, the National Temperance Society entered into an arrangement with Rev. Mr. Pease, by which they assumed the entire management and support of the Institution, agreed to meet all its liabilities, appointed Mr. Pease their agent and superintendent, and gave to the establishment the name it now bears,

#### THE INDUSTRIAL TEMPERANCE HOME.

Mr. Pease had already enlarged the premises by securing the lease of the entire corner building, so that the Home now occupies the whole of the three large three-story brick buildings, in the centre of the engraving, fronting on Little Water street, over against the Public Square, and one small two-story building round the corner on Cross street. The basements contain the bakery, kitchen, store-room, and place for wood and coal. On the first floor are the Chapel, Tailor's-shop, Infant School-room, Dining-room, and Sitting-room for the men. The other stories contain the office of the superintendent, apartments for the family, work-rooms for the women, and dormitories. The rooms for the men are perfectly separate from those for the women, and there is no access from one to the other but through the apartments for the family. In the two-story building on Cross street, not seen on the engraving, are the shoe-maker's shop, and the bakery store.



## A WORD FOR THE BAKERY.

This department is managed entirely by one of the inmates, and is a source of some profit to the Institution. One of its best influences is, that it furnishes for the families of that vicinity, and for a number of groceries, bread of a better quality, in larger loaves, and at less price than any other bakery. It is also the only place, within a great distance, where children can be sent for a loaf of bread without coming in contact with rum and drunkards. The daily receipts for bread, cakes, pies, &c., are to the amount of ten or twelve dollars. About half as much more is consumed in the Home, to supply this great family of seventy-five or eighty persons.

The chief baker was a church member in Scotland. His aged parents, still living, are both pious; but, sad to tell, their eight sons have all been intemperate. This, the youngest, had been a slave to the habit for fifteen years, and had served through the Mexican War. He came to the Home just ready to break down with delirium tremens, and more scarred in the service of King Alcohol, than almost any soldier from the tented field. He has never broken the Pledge, has always been attentive to religious duties, appears to enjoy religion, and is rapidly coming back to the manifest life of a Christian. By his upright conduct he has gained the highest approval of the superintendent, and the confidence of all who have had opportunity to know his worth. Yet he is only one of more than *One Hundred*, whose history would exhibit most striking illustrations of the good results of this Institution.

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THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

Properly to appreciate the good results of the Home, its necessity, the obstacles it has had to encounter, and the amount of good it will in the end achieve, we must know something

more of the neighborhood. An outline, at least, of this is necessary to show the nature, extent, or difficulties of this effort to plant Temperance, Virtue and Religion there. Mr. PEASE has often said "Would you not, to catch the flood-wood, throw your connected booms across the stream just above the falls? Let us, then, throw our moral net across the river of death, as near the Gates of Hell as possible." Listen, then, while we tell you a few things about

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#### THE OLD BREWERY.

There it is! that large building, on the left of the engraving, standing with the gable end to the street. That is the "Old Brewery." It has, at times, been tenanted by more than six hundred human beings. We do not mean to say that so many persons ever lodged and slept in that building during the same night. The night is not the time for owls and bats to sleep. In former days it was said "They that sleep, sleep in the night; and they that be drunken, are drunken in the night." But the habits of this people have almost reversed this maxim. Of many of them, it may well be said: If they sleep at all, *they sleep in the day*; and if they drink at all, *they are drunk all the time*.

The Old Brewery has no regular and proper lodging places for six hundred persons, but it has been the home, and the only home, of at least as many human beings, men, women and children, of all countries and all colors, and of every shade of character and condition, from the simply poor, ignorant and degraded, unaccustomed to see, and unambitious to enjoy anything better,—down, *down*, DOWN—deeper, *deeper*, and still DEEPER—so low, *so wretched*, so LOST—so vicious, *so guilty*—so FULL OF SIN—the pencil of a Hogarth, or the crayon of a Cruikshank could not portray, nor hardly the pen of an angel describe.

Yet, even here, in the Old Brewery, one man remained true to virtue. If you enter the door nearest the Home, and pass on through that long, dark, muddy entry, you will find the room where JOHN BURKE and his wife lived for ten years, strict teetotalers, and, we hope, Christians. If of any man in modern days, it might be said of him, "For that righteous man dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul with their unlawful deeds." In consideration of his good character, extreme poverty, faithful labors and declining years, and of the fact that he was in constant fear of his life, as well as "vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked," Father Burke and his wife, in September last, were removed to a small upper room in the Home, where he partly sustains himself and wife by making the frames of mahogany rocking-chairs.

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#### MURDERERS' ALLEY.

At the left hand of this old building is a long dark passage-way, called "Murderers' Alley;" and every appearance well befits the name. Here, one morning, long after the sun had risen, the superintendent of the Home found a man, in a drunken sleep or stupor, lying in the mud. He had been apparently not only robbed, like many others, of money, watch, coat, hat and boots, but was stripped of the last rag of clothing, and laid out by somebody in the alley, where he had doubtless been passed and repassed by some scores of men and women, boys and girls. Oh! when "the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it," who will be able to hear the revelation of all that has transpired in the Old Brewery?

This property has recently been sold to a temperance grocer. As soon as he can get possession of the premises, they will no longer be rented for the sale of rum. The building

may be demolished, and a workshop or block of dwellings be erected on the site. But by whatever means the rum traffic is driven from the Old Brewery, it will be a victory of no small value to the Temperance Cause.

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#### COW BAY.

On the other side of the engraving runs Anthony street, from which, at its junction with Little Water, sets up a court, called in the vernacular of this locality, "Cow Bay." At each of the three corners is a grog-shop of the most remarkable character. Before each door, and within each shop, at all hours of day and night, motley groups of black and white, old and young, males and females, are gathered, altogether beyond the writer's power to describe. We will not offer to take you into the interior of these temples of pollution, wretchedness and crime.

Should you read and study this sketch, till every word is in your memory—should you read all that has been issued from the press, "Life in New York," "New York in Slices," "New York by Gas Light," &c., you might by one hour's visitation with a guide, see, even on the Sabbath-day, what would compel you to say, "the half had not been told me." To obtain anything like a clear idea of the strange commingling of bad, *worse*, *worst*, around these corners, and up "Cow Bay," and all along Anthony Street, and across the square, into the "Old Brewery," and out through "Murderers' Alley," the whole needs to be repeatedly *seen* both by Day Light, and by Gas Light.

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#### DARK DEEDS IN DARK DENS.

At the door of that miserable looking grog-shop, at the corner of Anthony and Little Water-sts., that unhappy man, infuriated by rum, committed the cold-blooded murder in April last, for which, on the 19th of September, he was hung in the City Prison

Pass up this street a few rods, turn the corner of Centre Street, and in front of another grog-shop, you may see the spot where another drunken man, committed another atrocious murder, a few weeks earlier. They were both, on the same day, sentenced to death ; but the punishment of one was commuted, and he has gone to the State Prison for Life.

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TRUTH STRANGE AS FICTION.

Between the two last named points, the Superintendent of the Home, and a police officer, at ten o'clock, one night last spring, found a man asleep, hanging on a post, too drunk to stand, or even speak intelligibly. Being carried to the Home, and partially relieved by an emetic, he narrated his story. He was a merchant from a western county, a church member, and of good repute. Feeling unwell he resorted to the traveller's fatal medicine. He took some brandy in one of the shops. Receiving no benefit, he drank again. He then became suddenly confused and bewildered, and could not tell where he had been, nor how much he had drank. He had nearly \$2000 about his person. Strange that he had not been robbed twenty times before that hour of the night. The incident shows that the Home has been valuable, and may be still more necessary for many others besides the drunkards of New York City.

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LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

We forbear any further attempt to describe the indescribable. The various features surrounding the Home, were thrown into the engraving to deepen the impression of the destructive, demoralizing, *dehumanizing* influences of the liquor traffic. This is the main instrument of evil, though not more truly so at the wretched locality we are considering, than up and down Broadway, and throughout the city, and all over the land.

Could the rum traffic be banished from the "Five Points," gambling would soon cease, licentiousness would flee away, and murders be known no more. The rest of Little Water street, and the other sides of the triangle, including Cow Bay and the Old Brewery, might soon be as clean and virtuous within, if not quite as snug and tidy without, as now are the buildings occupied by the Home.

In the midst of all this wretchedness, there stands this noble Institution, THE INDUSTRIAL TEMPERANCE HOME, a bright shining star, made visible, and more and more lustrous, by the very blackness of the darkness that surrounds it.

There, in the Chapel of the Home, the Gospel is preached to the poor, every Sabbath, this year by Rev. John Luckey. There, each Sabbath and Friday evening, Temperance meetings are held. There, each Wednesday evening, is the Children's Singing School. There, every Tuesday and Thursday evenings, meetings are held for prayer and religious instruction. And there, on each returning eve and morn, all the inmates of the Home, to the number of 60 or 70, assemble, to render thanks to God for his distinguished mercies, and to pray for their continuance.

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#### LEGISLATIVE AID.

At the extra session of the Legislature, the necessity and utility of such an institution, its worthiness compared with other objects of public munificence, and the origin, design and good results of this Home, were, by printed documents, impressed upon the attention of the Legislature.

Testimonials in behalf of the Home, were presented from several ecclesiastical bodies, from the Grand Jury, from the Recorder of the city, Police Justices, District Attorney, &c.,

and, after well weighing the subject, the Legislature made an appropriation of TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The donation was received with gratitude by the National Temperance Society, and by resolution of the Executive Committee was "sacredly devoted for the relief, support, and employment of those unfortunate men and women, who, by means of intemperance, are unable to take care of themselves." The money was immediately invested, and a due portion has been taken for each month, to which all necessary additions have been made from the ordinary receipts of the Society

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#### STATISTICS.

When the Home passed into the hands of the National Temperance Society, May 1, the number of adult inmates was 60

|                                                  |     |
|--------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Adults received from May 1, to October 24, . . . | 200 |
|--------------------------------------------------|-----|

|                                                   |     |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Whole number under treatment in six months, . . . | 260 |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----|

The number of inmates and boarders has varied from 60 to 90. The average may be . . . . . 75

The exact number in the Agent's Report for August, was . . . . . 71

Their employments were as follows:—

|                          |                       |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| In the Tailors' Shop, 10 | At Dressmaking, 2     |
| " " Shoe Shop, . 7       | " Common Sewing, 4    |
| " " Bakery, . . . 4      | " Housework, . . 15   |
| Printers, . . . . . 3    | On the Sick List, . 2 |
| Book Keeper, . . . 1     | Unemployed, . . . 5   |
| Paper Dealer, . . . 1    | Children, . . . . 13  |

This classification is a sample of other months.

Since May, about sixty men and women have left the Home for varied situations, concerning whom there is good reason to believe that they are now adhering faithfully to their Pledge. Nearly as many, it is with sorrow acknowledged, have, in the same time, left dishonorably, or without having received any

*permanent* benefit. Many of these, however, had been inmates but a short time, and left before the appetite for rum had abated. All who have returned to former habits, all who had ever broken the Pledge, have been ensnared by the temptations of the innumerable grog-shops they have been obliged to pass.

As many as ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MEN AND WOMEN may be called "brands plucked from the burning," whose reformation is most truly a source of joy and rejoicing, both to themselves and to their friends.

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#### RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES.

The religious meetings, especially on Thursday evenings, have been seasons of deep interest. These have been conducted by MR. C. C. NORTH, a christian merchant, who has devoted to the Home a great amount of time, redeemed from such relaxation and domestic enjoyment, as most business men deem necessary to their health and happiness. The blessing of heaven has rested on his labors, in the temperance meetings, and among the children; but, more especially in meetings strictly religious, which he conducted according to the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Most of the minds on which he thus tried to make truth shine, were shrouded in midnight moral darkness. Ignorance, depravity, and irreligion combined, to resist and thwart his efforts. By the grace of God, at least twenty of these persons give evidence of a saving change, and show the power of religion in their life. Twelve of them, after six months trial and rigid examination, have been admitted to Christian churches; the rest are looking forward to the same with hope; and two have gone in the triumphs of faith, to their Eternal Reward. Surely there is reason to rejoice in the establishment and continuance of THE INDUSTRIAL TEMPERANCE HOME.



## RESPONSIBILITY OF FATHERS IN REGARD TO TEMPERANCE.

BY REV. O. SUMMERS, D. D.

Of Charleston, S. C.

ONE of the most popular topics among modern philanthropists and reformers is maternal influence. Its discussion affords occasions for the introduction of poetic sentiment and a dash of gallantry—a species of flattering unction not altogether offensive to those to whom it is administered. That we may not be charged with a want of capacity to appreciate the claims of the better moiety of our race, we say, once for all, it is difficult to overstate their importance. Nevertheless, a theme may be so hackneyed, as to require a little repose; interesting as it may be, it may be dwelt on *ad nauseam*, in the form and style, quality and quantity of discussion. As we have nothing new to offer on the subject of a mother's love, we beg leave to suggest a thought or two on the kindred and equally important, yet less attractive, and therefore more neglected, subject of paternal responsibility.

It is worthy of remark that the holy Scriptures hold fathers, rather than mothers, accountable for the government and culture of their children. It was the fathers of the Hebrew nation who were specially charged with the sacred trust of transmitting the knowledge of God to their posterity in every successive generation. Ps. lxxviii. 3-6. And so in Christian times. The

apostle says, "And ye, fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." The father is considered the sovereign of that small, yet important realm, the family. The head of his offspring, "and the head of the woman is the man"—albeit the *barbarous* sentiment of St. Paul may shock the exquisitely civilized sensibilities of our modern progressionists.

The principles involved in the premises is strengthened by the consideration that God himself has been pleased to assume the relation and reveal himself by the condescending title of Father. If we are to address him in prayer, it is by the appellation, "Our Father, who art in heaven." If he wishes to excite expectation of success in our approaches to the throne of grace, he suggests the beautiful and impressive idea of the paternal relation: "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?—if ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" If he elicits our confidence, it is by the same method: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." If he demands submission from us, it is in view of this relation: "We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of Spirits and live?" If he exacts honor, it is in his paternal character: "A son honoreth his father—if then I be a Father, where is mine honor?"

We do not mean to insinuate that the Scriptures are oblivious of maternal influence. By no means. We have not lost sight of the masterly portrait of a *mater familias* in the book of Proverbs, or the frequent recognitions of the value of a mother's instructions in that incomparable *vade mecum*, or of the brief but

suggestive motives of the excellent mothers of Moses, Samuel, Timothy, and our Lord. But no one will deny that the sacred writers give greater prominence to the responsibilities of the paternal, than to those of the maternal, relation.

If any suppose that this indicates a state of semi-barbarism, which always keeps females in the back ground, we shall hand them over to GRACE AGUILAR, who has eloquently and successfully defended her Hebrew ancestors from the unfounded charge. It is an undeniable fact, that while women were nothing but slaves or toys among other nations, the Jews had a just and delicate appreciation of their claims and capacities; and the Bible brings them to notice on all occasions. But this is done without disturbing the harmonies of nature, or antagonizing the arrangements of Providence.

Reason and Revelation alike prove that the supreme authority in the family is vested in the husband, father, and master. We do not mean to say that the wife, mother, and mistress has no authority. She has authority; but then it is subordinate to that of the man. All the laws of the civilized world, as well as the ancient statutes of Moses and of the apostles of Christ, are based upon this principle. The man is accordingly held responsible for the government of his household. He is censured, as in the case of Eli, if his sons make themselves vile, and he restrains them not. He is entrusted with a delegated sovereignty, which he is to extend over all under his roof; and he is laid under obligation to the full measure of its exercise.

It is not, indeed, seemly for him to indulge a pragmatic concern in regard to the details of domestic life, which fell properly within the sphere of woman's operations. But he is bound to make provision for the comfort of his family—to feed them with food convenient for them, to furnish them with

suitable raiment and shelter, with intellectual and moral training, and all other things necessary to prepare them for an honorable and virtuous career in life. While they are young, he is in the place of God towards them; his will must be their law, and he is bound to enforce its observance. His prerogative extends to the control of all their habits and associations—the books they read and the friendships they form. His government is absolute; but it need not, therefore, be rigorous and tyrannical. If a father present in his own character a model on which his children may safely form their own—if he exhibit the paternal virtues in harmonious development, combining dignity with familiarity, authority with condescension, strictness with compassion, he will almost inevitably secure the affection and reverence of his children, whose highest ambition will be to meet, and if possible, anticipate, all his demands. How easy for such a father to keep his sons from the haunts and purlieus of vice, so that they will not take the initial step in that course of lawless indulgence which ruins so many tens of thousands before they have reached the maturity of manhood: “the taunts and blames” of those who have been otherwise trained will be “strangers to their nature.”

“Otherwise trained”—alas! thereby hangs many a doleful tale. Few fathers, even if they are not remarkably virtuous themselves, wish their children to follow a vicious course of life. We seldom hear a drunkard say, with the dramatic monster: “If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be, to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.” If men drink themselves they usually express a desire that their sons should be sober. We do not, however, see how they can really expect that such will be the case. The instinct or disposition which children manifest to imitate their parents, and the facilities for acquiring the unna-

tural appetite for strong drink which a drunkard puts in the way of his family, guaranty to a moral certainty that they will tread in his steps. And even if a father be not a drunkard, still, if he be not decided and consistent in his abstinence from intoxicating beverages, if he allow his children to tamper with the sweetened poison of which he occasionally partakes himself—nay, if he do not warn them tenderly, earnestly, constantly, against the fiery ruin, they are in danger of first gaining a taste for it, then of using it occasionally, then regularly, then copiously, and then—but the rest need not be told. Tens of thousands of degraded inebriates—miserable wretches now above ground, with ruined fortunes, broken constitutions, bankrupt characters, blasted hopes—were made what they are by this very process. Does any man believe that one out of a hundred of these poor outcasts would have become a drunkard, if the responsibilities of the paternal relation, in reference to them, had been faithfully discharged? The timely and oft-repeated counsels, the beautiful example, the green old age of a virtuous father, are considerations which exercise a more than talismanic power in preserving his offspring from the seductive influences of vice. Yea, long after he has descended to the tomb, his reverend form will rise up before the mind as a monitor, a guardian angel, to prevent the first fatal act of vicious indulgence. And the mind, toned and habituated to virtue, will, with the ease and promptitude of nature, enforce that moral discipline which originated in the blended authority and affection of an honored and much-loved sire.

We are so persuaded of the soundness of this philosophy that we are not afraid to embody it in the bold assertion, that if the next generation be drunkards they will become so in consequence of the defective training they are now receiving from their fathers. Let the responsibilities of the paternal relation

be duly met, and we have no fears for the youth of our country.

If the friends of Temperance would see their cause triumphant they must press their energies upon this point. They must reason, remonstrate, plead, and obtest with parents that they will not suffer their children to run, or to be decoyed, to destruction—much less to lead them to ruin themselves. We must not, indeed, spare our efforts to reclaim those who have entered upon a course of debauchery; for, thank God, drunkards may be saved. We must not abate our zeal in securing pledges of total abstinence, as the only safeguard from intemperance. We must not relinquish our hopes of procuring such salutary legislation as will abate the greatest nuisance and limit the most grievous curse under which the community groans. We must not cease our attempts, hopeless as they may seem, to induce the makers and venders of intoxicating drinks to close up those mouths of hell which are sending forth “liquid fire and distilled damnation,” to devastate our otherwise happy country. In short, we must keep all our “irons in the fire,” for all may be used, and we have need of all.

But if we consult Revelation, reason, experience, they will tell us that our greatest hope of success is in laboring to preserve the young from the paths of the Destroyer; and that the surest way to reach that object is to induce parents, especially fathers, by the love they bear their offspring, the authority they have over them, the responsibility they are under to them, the moral certainty of success in their efforts, to use their utmost endeavors to train them up in a rigid adherence to the principles of virtue, and an utter abhorrence of vice, and in particular, an eternal enmity to the prolific and damning evil of intemperance.



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## GOSSIP WITH OUR READERS.

As we draw toward the close of another year, we have great pleasure in meeting our patrons around the editorial table. It is a fitting time and place to announce the success which attends the publication of the *National Temperance Magazine*. Our circulation has already reached a regular issue of FIVE THOUSAND COPIES. We consider this unprecedented, in a work that has been published but five months.

Our heart-felt thanks are tendered to the kind friends who have interested themselves in our benevolent enterprise. May they long enjoy the meet satisfaction which ever results from the performance of right deeds from right motives.

Encouraged by our favorable reception, we shall continue to improve the *Magazine* by every means in our power. In addition to our regular EDITORIAL ASSISTANCE, we have secured a large number of ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS of the most valuable character. It is our determination, and, shall be our pride, to place the *American Temperance Magazine* at the head of the popular literature of the country. The benign and patriotic cause to which it is devoted is second to none in importance; and we intend that our work, in the fulness of a national character, shall ever be its fitting representative.

We shall not only pay particular attention to the truly noble Order of the SONS OF TEMPERANCE, but the TEMPLE OF HONOR and CADETS will occupy a fair share of our pages. Official statistics from all branches of the great TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT will always find a welcome reception at our hands. Our aim is to make the *Magazine* a PERMANENT RECORD of useful TEMPERANCE FACTS—a VOLUME OF BENEVOLENT ARGUMENTS—an ARMORY OF MERCY—from which the friends of humanity may draw many of their choicest weapons for the holy war they are waging against one of the direst enemies of the human race.

A series of beautiful PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS is now in course of preparation, and will shortly appear. The splendid STEEL PORTRAITS of distinguished temperance men will be continued in each number. Our ORIGINAL TALES, ESSAYS and POEMS, will be furnished liberally, for the gratification of our rapidly-extending circle of patrons. It is our high purpose to show, by the enduring record of these pages, that LITERATURE, SCIENCE and the ARTS can be and shall be divorced from the foul pollutions of the Wine-Cup. We mean to do our humble part in showing to the world that the lofty fountains of Helicon are by nature pure and holy; and that if Genius has defiled them it is "a grievous fault" for which Genius alone can make atonement.

In view of our arduous exertions and of the large expenses we are constantly incurring in this good work, we confidently appeal to the FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE and of a sound AMERICAN LITERATURE for their generous support. We really feel that our *Magazine* deserves it—that it is, and will ever continue to be, while under our direction, a GUIDE, a COUNSELLOR, a COMPANION which the lovers of sound morals and human happiness ought to aid in introducing to every temperance organization and family in the land.

Our new volume will open with several marked improvements; and we intend to render each succeeding number more and more worthy the generous patronage of the public.

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### PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

BRITISH PROVINCES.—Ours is a pleasant task this month, while noting the progress of temperance among the neighboring Provincials. They are doing right well.

In New Brunswick the act passed last winter for the destruction of all intoxicating liquors, seized for breach of the revenue laws, has received the royal sanction. It is now the law of the Province, and as such will be faithfully enforced.

Much evil has been caused in the Provinces by the extensive rum-smuggling carried on for many years. It is now hoped that the recent temperance enactments will go far toward preventing it. The good effect of such a reform will be felt all along the eastern part of the Atlantic coast.

Canada West sends in a cheering report. The Daughters of Temperance and Cadets have held numerous meetings during the season. A successful tour has been made through Norfolk by the editor of the *Toronto Son of Temperance*.

Dr. JOHN ROLPH, M. S. BIDWELL, Esq., Hon. MALCOLM CAMERON, Mr. MACKENSIE and Mr. WATTS, of Montreal, are spoken of as prominent advocates of total abstinence. Some of these gentlemen are in the cabinet of Lord Elgin. His Worship the Mayor, the Ex-Mayor, and several other distinguished persons recently signed the



pledge at Kingston, C. W. An effort will be made in Canada West, at the next session of the Legislature, to put down the present license system.

A large Convention of the right kind of working temperance men was recently held at Oakville, C. W.

Mr. J. B. GOUGH has been laboring very successfully in Canada. At one of his visits to Toronto fourteen hundred persons signed the pledge. A splendid Temperance Hotel is to be opened in that city, as one of the results of his visit. The *Son of Temperance* predicts that it will be successful.

There are one hundred and thirty-three Divisions of the Sons of Temperance reported in the Toronto paper before us.

The Orangemen of the Provinces have extensively introduced the temperance pledge into their Lodges. It is reported that they number ten thousand men.

Several new Divisions of Sons have recently been formed in the vicinity of Montreal. A Union of Daughters and several Sections of Cadets are flourishing in that part of the Provinces.

At the great Temperance Celebration, last spring, in Toronto, at least twenty thousand persons were present, and not a drunken man was seen that day on the route. During a late Railroad Celebration, in the same city, an equal number participated, and yet fifty drunken men were seen in a single street, and probably two hundred more were in the same pitiable condition in other parts of that beautiful City of the Lakes! What made the difference? Let the Temperance Pledge answer the question.

The Maine Law is attracting much attention throughout the Provinces.

The Methodist clergy of Upper Canada are taking an efficient interest in the Temperance cause.

A large deputation of gentlemen waited on Mr. GOUGH in Montreal, to thank him publicly for his very successful labors in that city. He is spoken of in the highest terms, as a lecturer and a consistent Christian, by the able editor of the *Montreal Advocate*.

Petitions to the next Legislature are in circulation among the people, asking for laws suppressing all traffic in alcoholic liquors as a beverage. "To this complexion *all* must come at last."

The "illicit grog-shops" in the District of Quebec and Gaspe are denounced in strong terms.

A new tent of Rechabites, called "Perseverance Tent," has been instituted at Montreal. It meets every Friday evening in Rechabite Hall, Great St. James Street.

The speech and letter of the editor of this Magazine respecting the Methodist professor who carries on a distillery near Cincinnati, Ohio, is creating quite a sensation in Canada. A communication from our associate on the subject, appears in the *Toronto Watchman*. He shows that professed Methodists are by no means alone in this nefarious business of making and selling rum, and concludes by in-

forming them that "he knows a Presbyterian minister who had three distilleries under his pastoral care." *Tell it not in Gath! Publish it not in the streets of Askelon!*

The Sons of Temperance turned out largely and produced a favorable impression at the celebration of the opening of the Northern Railroad, at Toronto.

The proceedings of the late Massachusetts Temperance Convention are copied at length in the Canada papers.

The Maine liquor law is to be the temperance standard of the British Provinces.

The Order of the Sons of Temperance is certainly making good progress among our neighbors. At the last meeting of the Grand Division of New Brunswick, at St. Johns, the best spirit prevailed. J. Johnson was chosen G. W. P.; T. W. Bliss, G. W. A.; W. H. A. Kearns, G. S.; R. Salter, G. T.; Rev. S. Elder, G. C.; J. Steadman, G. C.; S. D. McPherson, G. S.

The last session of the Grand Division of Canada West was held recently at Brockville. The attendance was large. The following are the officers for the ensuing term: A. B. Bardie, G. W. P.; J. P. Sutton, G. W. A.; H. W. Jackson, G. S.; C. Leggo, G. T.; T. Nixon, G. C.; J. Bull, G. S.; Rev. W. Wilkinson, G. C.

Some idea of the growth of the Order of the S. of T., in Canada, may be formed by the following inscription on one of their banners: "June 1848, 1 Division, 16 members."—"Sept. '51, 330 Divisions, 20,000 members."

Well done; men, women and children of the North!

MAINE.—We continue to look with heart-felt pride on the rising light of the Star in the East. The effect of the operation of the new law is truly glorious. It is daily strengthening the hearts of its friends, and confounding those of its enemies. The tenants of the prisons and poorhouses of the State are rising up in its favor. Alarm is everywhere spreading in the camp of the Rum Power. The pine woods of Maine are moving before its affrighted vision, as Birnam Forest appeared to the guilty Macbeth, at Dunsinane. So may it be, and that right speedily, in every quarter of the world!

The most conclusive testimony continues to appear as to the favorable workings of the law. Letters to this effect have been extensively published from Prof. STOWE, of Bowdoin College, Rev. F. YATES, of the Gardner *Fountain*, J. E. GODFREY, Esq. of Bangor, Hon. N. Dow, Mayor of Portland, and other efficient men.

By this single act Maine has made herself felt in every quarter of the Republic, and the adjacent Provinces.

It is still believed that the law can and will be fully sustained. There is, of course, some reaction; but no more than was expected, and prepared for.

The January session of the G. D. S. of T., will be held in Norway. The officers for the ensuing year are: N. Dow, G. W. P.; K. Brooks, jr., G. W. A.; J. W. Mansfield, G. S.; W. G. Kimball,

G. T.; T. J. Whitehead, G. C.; I. Roberts, G. S.; Rev. B. D. Peck, G. C.

The following are the officers of the Maine Grand Section of the Cadets of Temperance: Rev. Kendall Brooks, jr., Eastport. G. W. P.; Moses Littlefield, Skowhegan, G. W. A.; Rev. James Belcher, Ellsworth, G. S.; J. W. Mansfield, Portland, P. G. W. P.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The tone of public sentiment continues to rise in several parts of the State. But there must be a great improvement yet before the Maine law can be efficiently carried. Strenuous exertions will be made by the friends of temperance in the next Legislature. We have not a doubt but that the Maine law will eventually be passed and maintained in the Old Bay State.

Rev. E. W. JACKSON is President of the Chelsea Club of Temperance Watchmen, and not Rev. Mr. OTHEMAN, as has been reported. Mr. JACKSON is very laborious in the good cause, especially in connection with the new State Central Committee.

Country and town committees, in alliance with the State Committee, are being chosen quite generally. By means of these organizations many thousand copies of the Maine law, and arguments in its favor, will be scattered in all parts of the Commonwealth.

A large meeting was recently held in the western part of the State, at which Ex-Governor BRIGGS presided, that passed resolutions unanimously in favor of the immediate passage and execution of the Maine law.

The last session of the G. D. S. of T., was quite animated. The Order in Massachusetts has a powerful ally in Rev. A. L. Stone, P. G. W. P., from Connecticut, now located as a Pastor in Boston. He is an able speaker, and should be enlisted in the cause as much as possible.

For the ensuing year the following are officers of the G. D.: N. W. Harnon, G. W. P.; G. Alden, G. W. A.; E. B. Dearborn, Boston, G. S., at Cochituate Hall.

THE TEMPLE OF HONOR is advancing steadily in Massachusetts.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—We are not in receipt of as much temperance intelligence from N. H. as we expect, ere long. What we do learn is decidedly favorable. The Northern and Eastern parts of the State will go for the Maine law by a large majority.

VERMONT.—Several conventions are projected for this State. There is much that is healthful in the tone of public sentiment.

RHODE ISLAND.—“Little Rhody” is coming nobly up to the work. By a letter from a gentleman in Providence we learn that in Oct. '50, there were 12 working divisions and 468 contributing members in the Order of the S. T. In Oct. '51, there were 34 working Divisions, and 1360 contributing members. The number has increased since then.

The officers of the G. D. for the ensuing year are: C. Whipple, G. W. P.; S. G. Benedict, G. W. A.; P. B. Stines, G. S.; W. H.

Taft, G. T.; O. B. Hicks, G. C.; N. Rice, G. S.; Rev. W. H. Hastings, G. O.

The people of Rhode Island are coming up to the standard of the Maine law. In this work of reform the Order of the S. of T. will be (as it is everywhere) a powerful ally. It has already put in circulation six thousand copies of the Maine law, and placed a petition to the Legislature for its passage in every School District. These petitions were numerously signed by the people, and presented to the Assembly at its last session. They were referred, promptly, to an efficient committee; and it is believed that at the January term of that body a law similar to that in Maine will be passed, by a large majority. It would undoubtedly receive, at once, the signature of His Excellency the Governor.

Over twenty thousand names were obtained in a few weeks to the legislative petitions. The question now is, (in view of the relative increase of the S. of T. in the narrow State,) Which shall have the banner,—Maine, Canada, or Rhode Island? New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, big as they are, must look to their laurels.

The following resolutions were passed at the last session of the R. I. G. D.:—1. *Resolved*, That we want the Maine law; 2. *Resolved*, That we will have it; 3. *Resolved*, That when we get it, it shall be sustained.

Nine cheers for the Diamond State of Roger Williams!

CONNECTICUT.—The prospect continues to look ominous of good in the Land of Steady Habits. The highest moral and legislative ground has been taken by the State and County organizations. The G. D. resolved to do all in its power to secure and support the Maine law.

Officers of the G. D. for '51: Rev. M. Reed, G. W. P.; A. Hill, G. W. A.; H. N. Hawkins, G. S.; E. Cutter, G. T.; W. French, G. C.; F. Keeler, G. S.; Rev. R. P. Warren, G. C.

We consider Connecticut perfectly safe.

NEW YORK.—There has been a decided gain in the members elect of the next Legislature. The battle for the Maine law will be fought hard in New York. Temporising will not do any longer. No half-way measures now. No exceptions of great cities. No halting for fear of the politicians. *The people are the politicians in this country.* And what the people will to do, **MUST BE DONE.**

There is loud talk of riot and bloodshed should the attempt be made to enforce the Maine law in the city of New York. But we are much mistaken in the temperance Host of this city, if its ranks are composed of men who are frightened by any such threats. They know their duty, and they dare maintain it, let the consequences be what they may.

The G. D.'s of both Eastern and Western New York, have just held important sessions. There are four hundred and fifty working Divisions in the Western District. L. Mills is chosen G. W. P.; H. I. McCollun, G. W. A.; W. Bailey, the efficient editor of the

Utica *Teetotalter*, G. Scribe; B. S. Merrill, G. T.; H. N. Merriman, G. C.; H. Chapin, G. S.; Rev. E. P. Cooke, G. C.

We have great pleasure in commending to our friends the Cayuga *Chief*, at Auburn.

The G. D. of E. N. Y. has instituted several new Divisions within a few weeks past: C. St. John is G. W. P.; E. Jacobs, G. W. A.; T. Edgerly, N. Y. City, G. S.; D. H. Sands, G. T.; H. S. Allen, G. C.; J. J. Clute, G. S.; Rev. G. Brown, G. C.

The State Temperance Alliances in the city of N. Y. appears to be an efficient body. Just the kind wanted for the times. It is proving its efficiency by organizing auxiliary associations in all parts of the Empire State. Glorious work—God speed it!

The great objects of the N. Y. Temperance Alliance is to put down drunkenness on Sundays—to remove the polls and political meetings from dram-shops and rum-taverns—to prevent bribery, by means of intemperance and its allies, at elections—to procure laws for the entire suppression of the rum traffic—to aid in the nomination and election to office of known temperance men.

Noble objects! Who does not fervently pray that they may prevail?

The State of New York will be the greatest Temperance Battle-Ground in this country.

NEW JERSEY.—There is a decidedly improved tone of feeling in some parts of this State. We do not think it sufficiently strong, however to bear up the Maine law. The G. D. has a work before it that summons all its energies. Several spirited meetings have been held recently, and some staunch temperance men are returned to the Legislature. But there is a vast deal of hard labor yet to be done in New Jersey. We notice with pleasure the formation of several Divisions in the Northern and Western portions of the commonwealth. The counties of Gloucester and Camden are doing well. Rev. Mr. WAKELY, Dr. C. JEWETT and Rev. T. P. HUNT have been laboring with marked success.

Rev. T. L. Cuyler, is G. W. P.; A. W. Cotter, G. W. A.; H. B. Howell, G. S.; W. N. Searles, G. T.; J. Gopsill, G. C.; J. F. Randolph, G. S.; Rev. J. B. Wakely, G. C.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The great enemy to temperance in the Keystone State is the Beer Traffic. This has increased fearfully within a very short time. It is a kind of business, too, which so completely permeates society that grand processions, and banners, and martial music will not put it down. It must be met, single-handed, by the pledge, and routed in every department of moral, social and political life. Public sentiment is to be reformed by personal, pressing, persevering application. Without this as a basis, all other efforts, however well meant, or well managed, are but as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

We have high hopes of Pennsylvania. She numbers in her ranks some of the most efficient temperance men in the Union.

The following is the G. D. officers for the ensuing term: P. Hay, G. W. P.; R. Steel, G. W. A.; S. J. Pickards, G. S.; E. Tracy, G. T.; J. R. Batters, G. C.; W. M. Hughes, G. S.; Rev. A. Hamilton, G. C.

MARYLAND.—The prospect opens well in the State. The last session of the G. D. was a noble one. We look forward with confidence to a great increase of temperance influence the coming year.

Rev. E. Y. Reese is chosen G. W. P.; G. Winterson, G. W. A.; W. H. Gobright, G. S.; J. Young, G. T.; Rev. W. H. Chapman, G. Chap.; R. R. Ross, G. C.; N. S. Harrison, G. S.

DELAWARE.—This little State, like her twin sister, Rhode Island, has done well for the temperance cause. For several years the sentiment of her people has been steadily improving on this question. Within a few months past several important movements have been made in the political department, that must tell powerfully for the public good. At the last session of the Legislature a law was passed making the sale of intoxicating liquors on the Sabbath, at tavern-bars, an indictable offence. A highly restrictive bill passed the House, and failed in the Senate by only a single vote. The legislative action of Delaware is onward. Mark it.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—We have cheering news from the Capitol of the Nation. The personal example of President FILLMORE (whom we have the honor of numbering among our patrons,) is felt perceptibly. The passage of a law to suppress the Sunday traffic will undoubtedly be attained ere long. This will be a great victory.

The Sons of Temperance and Rechabites, and Cadets, are faithfully at work. We hope to have the pleasure of recording the revival of the Congressional Temperance Society, the present Winter. Several prominent members of both Houses have signed and keep the pledge.

VIRGINIA.—It is with great pleasure we notice marked signs of improvement in the Old Dominion. The *Southern Era*, of Richmond, comes to us greatly beautified in appearance, and giving unmistakable proofs of prosperity.

The temperance men of Virginia are coming out in favor of the Maine law. We had a right to expect this from a State that was one of the first in the American Revolution, and that gave WASHINGTON to the world.

The officers of the Grand Division are: J. D. Mitchell, G. W. P.; H. H. Payne, G. W. A.; T. J. Evans, G. S.; H. K. Ellyson, G. T.; O. F. Weisiger, G. C.; J. W. Fuller, G. Sent.; Dr. W. S. White, G. Chap.

An able exposition entitled the "*Temple of Honor*," has been issued at Richmond, and is for sale at the office of the *Southern Era*.

W. W. GREEN is continued as a travelling Deputy in Virginia. His labors are eminently successful. There are nearly twenty thousand Sons of Temperance in the State.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The advices we receive from Raleigh are encouraging. The religious element of the State is becoming more

and more enlisted in the temperance cause. The Order of the S. of T. is in a healthy condition. These are truly gratifying signs of the times. North Carolina has several able writers and speakers in the field. The labors of Hon. P. S. WHITE will long be remembered for good in the Old North State.

A grand celebration of the Sons of Temperance was recently held in Raleigh. The attendance was very large.

Officers of the G. D.: J. B. Odem, G. W. P.; L. Blackman, G. W. A.; A. M. Gorman, G. S.; J. Lichford, G. T.; Rev. P. Doub, G. Chap.; G. L. Gould, G. Cond.; J. J. Freeman, G. Sent.

**SOUTH CAROLINA.**—There is much to hope in the Palmetto State from the Sons of Temperance. They constitute a vital element there in the progress of our cause. Much reliance is justly placed on the continuance of the valuable labors of Judge O'NEALL.

The G. D. officers in S. C. are: J. B. O'Neill, G. W. P.; A. M. Kennedy, G. W. A.; Z. S. De Hay, G. S.; S. S. McCully, G. T.; Rev. W. Lewis, G. Chap.; S. G. Barkley, G. C.; E. Thayer, G. Sent.

A new and beautiful Temperance Hall has just been dedicated at Sumterville.

The G. Section of the Cadets recently held its annual session at Columbia. The Order is flourishing in the State.

**ALABAMA.**—There has been quite a revival of temperance feeling in the Southern District. A vote has been passed by the citizens of Tuscaloosa requiring the payment of one thousand dollars for a license to sell intoxicating liquors. Arguments in favor of the Maine law are being circulated through the State.

**GEORGIA.**—Our reliance in this State continues to be placed, to a considerable extent, on the Cadets of Temperance. The Sons are doing well; and nothing is wanting but more combined action. Nearly one hundred public gatherings are notified for the present winter, to listen to appeals in behalf of the good cause.

**MISSOURI.**—We are happy to receive a new temperance semi-monthly from the City of Louisiana, Mo., called the *Standard*. It is a handsome sheet, and well filled. We confess, however, that we should like our fresh ally rather better if he had given this Magazine due credit for that part of our Compend copied into its columns. Never mind, brother *Standard*. You are not alone in this matter of cribbing from our pages.

The Order of the S. of T. is in a prosperous condition in Missouri. St. Louis city and county are said to be an exception. Sorry to hear it.

**KENTUCKY.**—The recent session of the G. D. gave cheering signs of progress. Systematic efforts will be made to influence the next Legislature in a right direction. The talented editor of the Louisville *Era* is stumping the State.

Officers of the G. D.: M. D. McHenry, G. W. P.; W. F. Evans,

G. W. A.; J. F. Huber, G. S.; W. Kendrick, G. T.; W. Drysdale, G. C.; Rev. J. H. Haywood, G. Chap.; J. M. McLinn, G. Sent.

Kentucky is going ahead.

TENNESSEE.—A grand temperance rally took place in Nashville on the occasion of the recent meeting of the Grand Division. The session of the body was harmonious and efficient. The following officers were chosen: Hon. S. C. Pavatt, G. W. P.; D. D. Nelson, G. W. A.; A. Nelson, G. S.; I. Paul, G. T.; Rev. J. C. Holt, G. Chap.; H. H. Erwin, G. Cond.; H. Carroll, G. Sent. The Order is steadily advancing in Tennessee. Gen. W. T. HASKELL is the Grand Lecturer for the State. He is everywhere well received. Both branches of the Legislature adjourned to attend the session of the G. D.; Judge DILLAHUNTY is exerting a powerful influence for good in all that quarter of the Union.

OHIO.—The ensuing session of the Legislature of this State is destined to be much agitated by the machinations of the Rum Power. A large association of rumsellers has been formed, with secret auxiliaries, in certain places called the "Society for the Protection of Trade." The protection of trade!—the protection of poverty, disease, violence and crime. Yes! it is such protection as the old Peruvian warned his countryman of—the protection that vultures give to lambs.

Nothing short of the Maine law will do in Ohio—or, indeed, anywhere else.

ILLINOIS.—The Temperance Leagues are working successfully in several quarters. They bid fair, if directly managed, to prove efficient allies in imposing powerful legal restraints in the accursed rum traffic.

We would remind our brother of the *Chicago Messenger*, that he has omitted to credit this Magazine for the article of Rev. Mr. CUYLER, entitled "The Moral Right to Drink and Sell Spirituous Liquors." Remember the golden rule, Dear *Messenger*? It is as good a rule for editors as for others.

INDIANA.—We are still in the receipt of cheering news. The last session of the G. D. at Indianapolis, was a good one. Officers: Rev. T. A. Goodwin, G. W. P.; E. P. Loveland, G. W. A.; C. Woodward, G. S.; J. Hall, G. T.; Rev. A. H. Myers, G. Chap.; M. Brown, G. Cond.; T. Robinson, G. Sent.

Six Grand Lecturers are visiting all parts of the State. Temperance Camp Meetings have been held, with good effect, in various quarters. A spirited meeting of the Grand Union of the Daughters of Temperance was held recently at Indianapolis. The increase of the Order of the S. of T. has been fifteen hundred during the year. It is believed that at least three thousand will be added the year to come.

WISCONSIN.—The editor of the *Bucket*, at Milwaukee, has been absent, which accounts for the lack of temperance matter in his columns. Wisconsin has some of the best material in the country for promoting the temperance reform. We are earnestly looking for cheering tidings. LOUISIANA, FLORIDA and TEXAS are on our List for notice.



## GENERAL ITEMS.

We close our Compend the present month amid grateful omens of success.

In England we learn of the introduction, for the first time, of the American Temple of Honor. Application has been made for a Charter from St. James Street, Liverpool, by Jos. THOMAS, Esq., and twenty others. The principal petitioner is a leading bookseller in Liverpool. The Temple is to be called "ST. GEORGE TEMPLE OF HONOR, No 1." The Charter was sent out by the Nov. steamer. Charters and work for six other Temples accompanied it. It is expected that a Grand Temple will soon be called for. The Order is destined to progress in the Old World.

✂ Divisions, Unions and Sections are steadily increasing in different parts of England and Scotland.

✂ Rev. THEOBALD MATHEW returned to Ireland by the first Collins' steamer of last month. His temperance mission to this country has been highly successful.

✂ The investigations of M. GRANT, Esq., of Boston, have brought to light startling facts with reference to the number of grog-shops in the Puritan City. We shall recur to the subject hereafter.

A new Ritual for subordinate Divisions of the S. of T., is advertised for by the M. W. P. of the National Division. A prize of one hundred dollars each is offered for an original charge for the P. W. P. W. P.; W. A.; and C. For a Series of Poems, one hundred dollars. Address J. W. Oliver, Esq., New York; or, F. A. Fickardt, Esq., Philadelphia.

✂ We tender our thanks for the documents forwarded to the office of the Magazine, and request a continuance of these valuable favors.

✂ On the 1st of Jan., '52, we shall commence publishing a list of all the additions to our rapidly-increasing array of patrons. Now let us see which will be *our* banner State.

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